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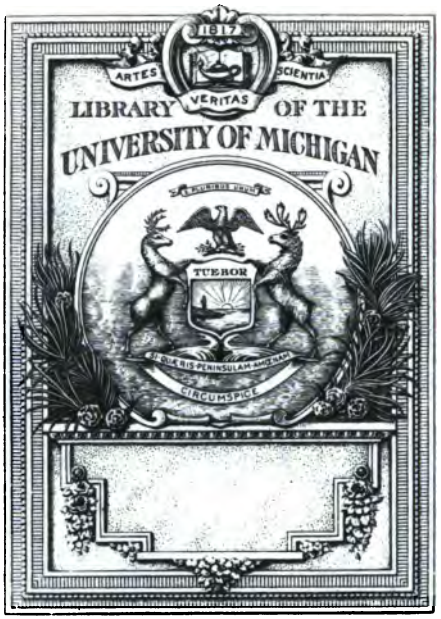
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FRANCE OF TO-DAY.

A SURVEY

COMPARATIVE AND RETROSPECTIVE.

BY

(M.) BETHAM-EDWARDS, Matilda Barbara

AUTHOR OF

"THE SYLVESTRES," "DOCTOR JACOB," "FELICIA," ETC.

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INTRODUCTORY.

WHERE should a survey of France towards the close of the nineteenth century begin? The historian, glancing over the map, would naturally fix his attention upon the circle comprising Paris. There, for him, France properly speaking begins; the tiny kingdom represented by its third capital, Lutetia, being the nucleus of the vast hexagon spread before us. Portion by portion, lot by lot, as a child's picture-puzzle is put piecemeal together, as a spider's web takes shape and proportion, the French map was made, the process occupying just a thousand years. Hugues Capet, first king of France, counted two provinces only as his dominion, the Île de France and the Orléannais; not till the eighteenth century had nearly lapsed were the little states of Avignon and Orange incorporated into French territory.

Of the eighty-three departments created by the National Assembly in 1789, eight, no more, were formed from the original kingdom of France. The traveller passing from Beauvais to Paris, from Paris to Laon, and visiting in another direction, Chartres, Orléans, and Blois, would have made the circuit of Hugues Capet's small empire.

Agglomeration at first took place slowly. First was added to the crown the province of the Berry. From 1100 A.D. the country of Jacques Coeur and George Sand formed part of France. Next in succession came Touraine, cradle of Balzac and of the French language in its purity; the vast Languedoc, land of lagoons and changing contours; the small but all-important Lyonnais followed with Lyons, city of saints and silks, now, as in the fourteenth century, first centre of silk manufacture throughout the world. Then, enormously increasing the map, we have Champagne, land of sparkling wine, truly, "a fair champaign with less rivers interveined"; Dauphiné, adding scenes of Alpine grandeur; Poitou, with its Vendean plain and sea-front, in our own day offering many a holiday haunt to Parisians. In the same century were annexed the Limousin, with its chestnut woods, the Angoumois, Aunis, and Saintonge, that charming region extending from Limoges, city ever famous in the history of faïence, to the superbly placed Angoulême, thence threaded by the sinuous Charente, "fairest river of my kingdom," wrote the gay Gascon, Henry IV., to the sea-girt beautiful La Rochelle of heroic story, and many a minor stronghold of Protestantism lapped by the waves of the Atlantic. The map still shows huge breaches, many of which the fifteenth century will fill up. Normandy, a second England to the English; Picardy, the familiar highroad to Paris; Aquitaine, which gave France Gascon gaiety and the noble seaport of Bordeaux; Burgundy, as delightful a land as any to live in were it not for Alpine blasts; Provence, the land of troubadours and of flowers; dance-loving Anjou; the Maine, with its stupendous

cathedral of Le Mans; these last the acquisitions of that astute king who loved France and wit, but scantily his fellow-men. To the great stateswoman, his daughter, the crown was next indebted for sombre Brittany, home of Druidism, austerity itself, yet birthplace of many a playful genius; Bourbonnais, "the sweetest part of France," wrote Sterne; and the Marche, one of the many borderlands called by that name, and immortalised in the pages of *Mauprat*.

And now the map grows apace. With the Comté de Foix and the little kingdom of Béarn, Henry Quatre gave France the Pyrenees from Bayonne to Pau. Early in the next century, the highest summit of central France, the Puy de Dôme, with the craters of volcanoes that had blazed thousands of years before, became French. Following Auvergne, Roussillon filled in the gap from Pau to Perpignan; the Nivernais, with its fair city of Nevers on the Loire, whence Vert-vert started on his memorable journey, was magnanimously purchased from its Italian sovereign and presented to the crown of France by Mazarin; Alsace, alas, unhappy Alsace! Artois, small domain over against the Sussex coast, whence Artesian wells derive their name; Flanders, most densely populated, perhaps wealthiest region of wealthy France; Franche-Comté, with its grand pine forests of the Jura, in turn cover empty spaces and round off jagged edges of the chart. Lorraine—home of Jeanne d'Arc,—Avignon, and Orange complete the outline. When the members of the National Assembly took in hand the division of French territory into departments, the splendid hexagon was perfect.

To reconstruct the map of France is to summarise

its history. The ethnologist would set to work after different fashion. For him such a bird's-eye view as I propose might appropriately begin in the Morvan. Diverging from the Paris-Marseilles Railway at La Roche, thence taking train to Autun or Avallon, the traveller may penetrate one of the most curious and least-known regions of France. The word "penetrate" will hardly apply much longer, railways now being in course of construction which will render Château-Chinon accessible from all sides. This marvellously placed citadel, ancient capital of a little Celtic kingdom, has considerable interest for students of ethnology. As the diligence winds at a snail's pace around the wooded escarpment, affording at every turn a wider and yet wider perspective, two strangely contrasted sights greet the eye. By the roadside, within reach of half-a-dozen cottages, rises a handsome village school, work of the Third Republic; beyond, slowly and laboriously turning an ungrateful soil, or gathering in his scanty crop of rye or potatoes, may be seen the Morvandial peasant, over his shoulders flung the short cloak or saga as worn by the countrymen of Vircingétorix. We have surely a clue to the labyrinth of French ethnology here. Yon husbandman, with his ancient costume, outlandish speech, may be accepted as a type of the true Gaul, offspring of those warrior races fearful even to the Romans, whom in the words of the Roman poet—

> ille timorum
> Maximus haud urget leti metus.

The ethnologist's task is also a piece of patchwork. How many centuries elapsed ere the various elements

making up France were amalgamated into one, and how does each temperament and characteristic lend strength and subtlety to the whole! In order to realise the heterogeneous composition of the French nation, we must study its members from life—the monosyllabic, self-contained Breton; the hot-tempered, vivacious Southerner; the Angevin, gentle of manner and disposition; the Auvergnat, once set down as the type of sordidness, rehabilitated by the picture, veritable Dutch painting with the pen, of Mr. Barham Zincke; the Franc-Comtois are hard-headed, one and all, born mathematicians; the Bourguignon, affable, convivial, of the world worldly, with whom life runs smoothly; the mountaineer of the Cévennes, in whose veins flows the all-enduring Huguenot blood, dignified, reserved; the Gascon, light-hearted, affectionate, of sunny mood,—these but a few of the long category. Nor are physical distinctions less marked than moral and intellectual idiosyncrasy. The Highlander does not more widely differ from the Welshman than the dalesman of the Lozère from the sardine-fisher of the Breton coast. A Kentish ploughman and a Cornish miner are less unlike than the Norman farmer and the Languedocien shepherd. There are yet remote regions of France in which French is imperfectly spoken, and still more imperfectly understood. The Caussien, or inhabitant of the great central plateaux, or Causses, the Bas Breton, the Morvandial will in these days shake their heads if interrogated in French.

The germ, the prototype of the great nationality, must undoubtedly be sought amid the dark-foliaged hills which gave the tiny kingdom its name. In that rustic

of the Morvan, with the saga thrown over his shoulder, we behold the true son of Gaul, descendant of the race "that feared not death."

A geographer's task, equally varied, equally instructive, would again begin differently. With the map spread before him, his survey must naturally first take into account the waterways, those mighty rivers that have secured France a foremost place in the history of the world. Here too experience serves us better than knowledge at second hand. Just as it is impossible to realise the divergence and beauty of French landscape without personal observation, just as the manifold, social, and mental qualities of the French people can only be appreciated by living among them, so the matchless geographical position and natural resources of France must be appraised by the eye. The voyage from Lyons to Avignon by the Rhône, lasting a long summer day, and one of the finest, most exhilarating of Europe, affords an incomparable lesson in geography. This Rhône valley has well been called the principal historic highway of France, the road of nations. Each opulent city crowning its banks has played an important part in European history. Every stage of the way, to say nothing of picturesqueness sometimes attaining the sublime, is rich in associations.

In the Loire, again, the "revolutionary torrent," we have, if not French history epitomised, illustrations of many a splendid and momentous page. It is her rivers that make the grandeur of France, and each has its characteristic, its special features. A fairy scene is the Loire on a warm July day. As the traveller slowly steams from Angers to Nantes, amid flowery banks and

low-lying meads, it is difficult to believe that a few months later all may disappear, only the loftiest tree-tops being visible above the engulfing waters. An unforgetable, unimaginable sight is an inundation of the Loire,—Nantes, the Liverpool of western France, suddenly turned into a second Venice; locomotion in its busy streets only possible by boats; far away, looking seaward, the terrified townsfolk behold vista upon vista of gradually vanishing islets, holiday haunts in summer, riverside villages, and verdant hills; church bells are set ringing, brave sailors hasten to the rescue, no power is able to stem the deluge. Perhaps of all other French rivers the Loire takes the strongest hold of the imagination. Its chronicles are so stirring, its characteristics so marked, its humours so capricious; the very genius of the nation seems embodied here. The "revolutionary torrent" has ever appeared to me an image of the French temperament—ebullient, impetuous, apt to ferment and effervesce, yet generous in compensations, abounding in tender, winning, graceful moods.

Other rivers as equally deserve, and have found a volume, nay, volumes, to themselves. The Seine; the Saône, fortunate in her English lover, the author of *Round my House;* the Garonne, equally fortunate in her latest poet, immortaliser of the peasant, who had "never seen Carcassonne!" These are the mighty river gods and goddesses. No less beautifying and beneficent are the minor deities and sister streams. Balzac's favourite was the Indre, delicious little river, playing hide and seek with the wanderer in Touraine; George Sand's, its sunny sky-blue affluent the Creuse; captivating is the Erdre farther west, reminding English travellers of

"winding Winandermere, the river lake"; dear to painters the sleepy Marne, on either side the delicate foliage of poplars making a blue-green screen against the sky. Most romantic of all, perhaps, is the crystal, clear, malachite-hued Tarn as it forces boisterous way through shining limestone cliffs. Then there are the lovely rivers of the Jura, the limpid Loue, flowing by the abode of Courbet, amid cherry orchards and terraced hills; the Lison issuing from ebon cavern, tumbling in a dozen cascades down glistening black rocks; and how many more flashing silvery white beneath the pine forests!

But we must stop. The catalogue is too long. In the rivers of France we have to take in hand no mere chapter on geography, but a history, a literature only to be dealt with voluminously and at leisure. A fanciful mind might see here embodiments, rather suggestions, of every mood of French genius and temper,—the sparkling, the tender, the masterful, the passionate, the deep, the calm-flowing; now a Rabelais, now a Jean Reynaud, here a Victor Hugo, there a Lamennais, imaged by kindred river, each having his own.

A writer describing France, rural, social, economic, towards the close of the nineteenth century, from personal observation, is bound by no arbitrary divisions, as would be the case with historian or geographer. Such an account may begin east, west, north, south, provided that the characteristics of no important region are left out. Above all, pictures must be impressions, details the result of personal experience. An apology were otherwise needed for a work disclaiming encyclopaedic epitome and the light touches of a tourist's note-book.

I have therefore adopted two principles throughout

the following pages. In the first place, France is described as seen with my own eyes, and this rule is rigidly adhered to, no place unvisited by myself being described in the text, many having been returned to again and again. For the convenience of those unfamiliar with French geography, in order also to avoid the cut-and-dry manner of a mere compendium, I have thrown each section of my work into the form of a journey, beginning and ending in Paris. My endeavour has been to give a bird's-eye view of the entire country, whilst dwelling at length upon features of special interest and importance. The pictorial aspect of French scenery and French towns is only touched upon, ample information for the tourist being afforded elsewhere.

Only upon some such plan were a survey of manageable proportions possible, to say nothing of the first quality of any book, namely, its readableness. Statistics, bibliography, and other extraneous information I give in an appendix. The text is strictly confined to matters that have come under my own observation.

In the second place, as was inevitable, my review in some degree is a comparative and retrospective one, glancing back from time to time at the great landmark of modern French history, the pole star of modern universal history, the great Revolution.

A century has now elapsed since that vast upheaval, and the time has come when its effects may be adequately computed. In order to arrive at just conclusions, we must study the pages of contemporary history spread before us, familiarise ourselves on French soil, amid French people, with the France of to-day. A year of to-day. A year of honest investigation, a few months

of sympathetic intercourse, will better serve us than accumulated hours of laborious study at home; but a glimpse, a hint, a perception, will not suffice. Just as the niceties and intricacies of French speech are only mastered by long-continued, unfettered intercourse, so the subtle composition of French character and social life demand the most intimate acquaintance to be properly understood. Of first importance is a knowledge of the people. Courtesies from distinguished personages, friendly relations with charming women and thoughtful, instructed men, what is called an introduction into society, do not of themselves answer our purpose. Thoroughly to understand a nation we must mix with those who chiefly constitute it: the toilers and moilers, who in the words of Schiller, are too much occupied in gaining daily bread to search after truth, but who, as is specially the case in France, show alertness in receiving it when placed in their way. The small official, the peasant proprietor, the artisan, of these is the nation made, by these its future history shaped.

Whilst it is impossible to describe modern France accurately without constant reference to the Revolution, we must take care not to generalise with undue haste. The notion is current among us that the year 1789 worked much after the fashion of a conjuror, who with a turn of his hat displays toys, flowers, and sweetmeats, where a second before had been potatoes, a brown loaf, or perhaps cotton nightcaps! Nothing could be farther from the truth. A metamorphosis, or rather, modification on gigantic scale took place, but of conditions, not of component parts. The small landowner of to-day is no more the offspring of the revolutionary epoch than his

little freehold is a slice unceremoniously cut from some feudal lordship. The Parisian Communard, the Bordelais Radical are not, socially and politically speaking, children of the Montagne and the Girondins, but possess a lineage far more remote. For the forefathers of the peasant, as we know him, laborious, far-sighted, self-denying, with unerring political instincts, we must go back to the Crusades. When seigneurs emancipated their serfs for their soul's good, and sold parcels of land in order to obtain a ransom, the Third Estate of rural France may be said to have come into being. Ambitious, liberty-loving municipalities set the country-folks an example. In the twelfth century we find the right of assembly accorded certain parishes; initiatory step towards the attainment of local independence.

In 1484 elections to the États Généraux were for the first time effected on purely representative principles; the peasant, no longer a chattel, an appendage of the fief, became the townsman's equal, a voter, a citizen. Equally fallacious is the notion that but for the besiegers of the Bastille and the Terror we should have seen no popular risings in Paris. The barricade was an invention of the fifteenth century. The great Communard, Étienne Marcel, first representative of the middle class of France, then as now democratic to the core, must be regarded as the creator of French democracy. The spiritual founder of the Republic, the political ancestry of the Girondins, with equal clearness may be traced to the Fronde. Turn to the history of Bordeaux during the seventeenth century, study carefully the popular movement entitled *L'ormée*. We have here a revolution in embryo, a fierce struggle for municipal liberty, a dim

foreshadowing of the tremendous tempest looming afar. The Vergniauds, the Pétions, the Brissots have lived already!

A still more widely-spread misapprehension exists concerning the division of land. The Revolution has figured up till now as a land-grabber or buccaneer looting France for the benefit of the have-nothings and ne'er-do-weels. Rather should we keep in mind that noble embodiment of Justice in the Cathedral of Nantes, blindfold, balancing right and wrong in her scales.

As a matter of fact, peasant property dates from the beginnings of French history. What the Revolution effected was to render the condition of the peasant proprietor enviable. Hitherto the cultivation of the soil might well appear to devotional minds as the curse of Adam, penalty vicariously endured for original sin. The Revolution inculcated a new creed and more hopeful philosophy. "The golden age lies before us and not behind," although hardly as yet formulated into words, was the basis of the Declaration of the Rights of Man. The oak tree is not more surely product of the acorn than the rich, intelligent, cheery farmer of Champagne or Vendée, descendant of the dehumanized beings described by La Bruyère, men and women wild as animals, yet possessing articulate speech, faring on black bread and roots, sleeping in huts or caves, sowing and planting with the obstinacy of despair. Truly, a stupendous evolution, but an evolution of which each stage may be distinctly traced!

We must first of all, then, cease to regard the breaking-up of feudality and the subdivision of French soil as cause and effect. A hundred years ago a fourth part of

the territory was in the hands of the peasant. Of a population numbering twenty-five millions, four millions were small freeholders. In our wanderings we shall come upon communes of which the holdings remain precisely as they were at the time of the Revolution, being neither larger nor smaller, the very names of their owners handed on from generation to generation.

The gigantic changes that have taken place must rather be set down to quite normal causes, namely, the clearing and bringing under cultivation of vast tracts of waste, improved systems of agriculture and stock-rearing, increased facilities of communication, and last, but not least, the localisation of numerous industries, stimulating enterprise and circulating capital. In many places, as we shall see, farming goes hand in hand with some specific branch of trade, whilst the prosperity of poorer agricultural districts largely depends on local manufactures. One considerable agent of rural progress we may with some complacency attribute to an English lover of France. The Suffolk squire whose name will long be associated with French agriculture, in his peregrinations throughout the length and breadth of the land, took upon himself the apostleship of the turnip. Pertinaciously as a Chadwick preaching the gospel of sanitation, with the zealotry of a Booth enlisting recruits in the Salvation Army, Arthur Young a hundred years ago descanted on the merits of his inestimable root; and his homely propagandism perhaps did more to fill the peasants' pockets than did immediately any measure passed by the National Assembly. Upon the well-being of the animal world the effect was incalculable. Harrowing as it is to learn the privations of the husbandman

at this time, the sufferings of his herds and flocks awaken keener pity. When men, women, and children ate bread made of hay and wild roots, what was left for their cow or sheep?

The "innumerable squalid women" who besieged Versailles demanding bread, the "Menadic hunger" so picturesquely described by Carlyle, found a voice, advocates past counting. Who thought of the dumb, patient, unrevolutionary beasts left behind to starve?

Statistics and official reports only lately published here come to our aid, and bring before the mind a picture to move the least sensitive. The sufferings of animals from hunger at this time were appalling. Not only were new products taxed, a measure directly arresting agricultural progress, the planting of foreign crops, and experiments generally, but enormous tracts of pasture appropriated for the use of seigneurial mills and turned into swamps, proved detrimental to the general health and fatal to the interests of agriculture. We read of a flock of two thousand English sheep imported by a French landowner during Necker's ministry perishing of insufficient or unsuitable food.*

Two guest-friends of Arthur Young, following his initiative, gallantly pleaded the cause of the turnip, the public-spirited, amiable Duc de Liancourt and his Polish secretary Lazowski, who has hardly received justice at the hands of Madame Roland.

"The culture of the turnip," said M. Lazowski in a sitting of the Administration of Agriculture, held 3d March 1787, "is the most important that can be introduced

* See *L'Administration de l'Agriculture*, 1785-87, par H. Pigeonneau et A. de Foville. Paris, 1882.

into France. Fifty-five years ago, this root was unknown in Norfolk, then one of the poorest, least productive counties of England. Owing to the revolution thereby effected, it is now one of the richest, being highly cultivated and abounding in cattle."

The eloquent apologist of East Anglian farming, who, we may be sure, had received many a practical lesson when visiting his friend Young at Bradfield, later threw himself into the vortex of Jacobinism, we are told by Madame Roland, that he took part in its excesses, and that Robespierre pronounced his funeral oration. Much may be forgiven the pioneer of the turnip, the Providence of starving herds and flocks! In the Walhalla of the animal world the Polish refugee will have his statue.

The mangel-wurzel was introduced about the same period by another friend of Arthur Young's, the Abbé de Commerell, and played a hardly less beneficent rôle in the development of French agriculture. Take a single fact. An *arpent,* five-sixths of an English acre, at that period produced in France two-fifths less than its equivalent in England.*

Marvellous as are the changes that have taken place since Arthur Young's time, hardly less striking are those witnessed in our own. Certain localities are hardly recognisable when revisited by us after a few years' absence, rural districts as well as towns showing enormous strides.

The wretched pre-revolutionary hovel, yet to be seen here and there, and now used as outhouse or stable, does not more widely differ from the dwelling

* See Appendix, Note 1.

superseding it than the latter from the trim commodious cottage peasant and artisan are every day building for their own use. In equal degree have improved clothes, furniture, diet, stock, crops, and farming implements; the advance we are enabled to appreciate with our own eyes being far greater than any revealed by statisticians of the two previous generations. But perhaps the most noteworthy change has taken place in the peasant himself.

Sorrowfully, almost passionately, on the eve of the great outbreak, the friend of Arthur Young, the confident of the king, had reproached his country-people for this neglect of the people.

"Popular instruction is too much overlooked in France," said the Duc de Liancourt just three years before the fall of the Bastille. "It is a duty of the State to take in hand the happiness of its subjects, to ameliorate their condition; and in the acquittal of this duty its own best interests will be found. For the ignorant and wretched are more prone to vice than the enlightened and well-to-do. We are apt to believe that the people are corrupt. This is an error. It is the government that renders them mistrustful and vicious. Kindness, foresight, the discrimination of knowledge, care for their well-being, will render them confiding and honest."*

The good duke's advocacy of cheap, popular literature, especially of a practical nature, found ready supporters. A copy of his discourse was forwarded to every agricultural society throughout the country.

* See the volume quoted before, by M. M. Pigeonneau and De Foville.

These public-spirited measures, emanating, be it remembered, from the upper ranks, were interrupted by the storm of Revolution. The National Assembly elaborated a comprehensive scheme of popular education, in its turn to be checked by political disturbances. It remained for the Third Republic to complete the work, and give the peasant an instruction worthy of his high mental and moral capacities.

In the first years of its régime the task was an uphill one indeed. We may still pick up on bookstalls and at second-hand shops stray numbers of that halfpenny literature which has perhaps done more for the consolidation of the Republic than the hundreds of millions spent upon the construction of forts and raising of turret-ships. Sixteen years ago, although the Tricolour waved from the Élysée, the propagandists of representative government and lay instruction were compelled to work almost stealthily as Nihilists at the present time in Russia.

In the teeth of obstacles without number and petty, ignoble persecution, the pamphleteer gallantly struggled on, some of the most illustrious pens entering into the fray. The *Instruction Républicaine,* thus was the halfpenny series called, received more than one contribution from the eminent historian Henri Martin. His little résumé, *Les Napoléons et les frontières de la France,* accompanied by a map, and winding up as follows: "What would remain of France after a third empire? Nothing,"—may be said to have despatched the snake which Sedan had scotched. That booklet, distributed by hundreds of thousands, opened the

peasants' eyes. The Napoleonic legend existed for him no longer.

The much-disputed accuracy of Zola's delineations of rural life need not detain us. The novelist may have seen here and there types loathsome as those he portrays. Every population has unhappily its scum, its dregs. Two facts suffice, and more than suffice, to rehabilitate the French peasant, redeem him from the foul imputations of so-called realistic writers. It was the uncompromising self-denial, foresight, and laboriousness of the peasant that freed French soil from the conqueror twenty-one years ago. It was his unerring common sense, coolness, and love of peace and liberty that lately saved France from a band of reckless spoliators, civil war, and perhaps Europe from a conflagration.

The homely yet dignified figure in blue blouse may well call up a familiar image. He is indeed the helmsman at the wheel, whose business it is to steer the good ship into port. Troubled waters she is sure to encounter, squalls, hurricanes will from time to time render her course perilous, the hour may again come when her very existence seems at stake. Unmoved, the helmsman keeps his post, and once more, and yet once more, the voyage is successfully accomplished. The Repubic triumphs, France is saved, *La Terre* crushingly refuted.

PART I.

PROVINCES: BOURBONNAIS, AUVERGNE, VELAY, LANGUEDOC, PYRENEES.

I.

DEPARTMENTS: NIÈVRE, PUY DE DÔME, HAUTE LOIRE.

THE traveller who should draw a line on the French map from Paris to Nîmes, then add a triangle, the second and third points touching Bayonne and Bordeaux, would have before him the figure of a child's kite suspended to a string about three times its length. Follow that line and three-cornered loop by road, rail, or river, and he would gain a fair conception of France as a whole, its unrivalled geographical position, its unimaginable resources, its diversity of race, now amalgamated into one—that one perhaps the most gifted on the face of the globe.

We may halt at insignificant places. We are at once brought face to face with a condition of things that has awakened enthusiasm where we should hardly look for bare justice. From the same pen have come the bitterest arraignment and the most delicate flattery of modern France. Mr. Matthew Arnold's inexcusable and unquotable epigram concerning certain phases of French life could yet have been preceded by such conclusions as these: "In France the whole middle class makes upon life the demands of civilised men, and this immense

demand creates the civilisation we see; and the joy of civilisation creates the passionate delight and pride in France which we find in Frenchmen. Life is so good and agreeable a thing there, and for so many." A little lower down he adds: "It is surely impossible to deny that the whole immense middle class in France makes upon life the demands which are elsewhere those of a limited upper class only, and that French civilisation gains enormously in both volume and quality by this being so." *

Nothing could be better or more happily said, and we might search far and wide for a more appropriate heading to a work on nineteenth-century France. The holiday tourist, no matter whither he bends his steps, can but come to the same conclusion.

Let us on this journey take any town from the cathedral city and *chef-lieu,* or departmental capital, to the townling of a few thousand souls, settle down after the fashion of Mr. Barham Zincke among the peasants of Auvergne, or as has been my own lot to do, among the mountaineers of the Cévennes, we shall everywhere find the immense demands upon life and the joy of civilisation which are the real characteristics of France. If English tourists ever travelled except by express trains, they might convince themselves of this fact by a chancewise halt between Paris and Melun, say at Brunoy. We are at once struck by the flower-gardens adorning the little railway station. When we inquire into the matter we find that the order and beauty of these beds and borders are due to the public spirit of the railway companies. So necessary is the cheerfuller, more orna-

* *Fortnightly Review*, 1st Nov. 1878.

mental aspect of life to all classes that the beautifying of stations forms part of the organisation of great lines. The companies have their own gardeners, who are despatched from one place to another, with the results before us, a wealth of flowers and flowering shrubs wherewith to brighten the scene, to delight the eyes of passengers, and beguile the tedium of waiting.

It is not only that French towns, the smallest as well as the largest, are made outwardly agreeable—one and all are agencies for the cultivation of the beautiful. The artisan as well as the capitalist has ever aesthetic and intellectual resources within his reach. Just as in the country we find a diffusion of material good, so in the towns do we see a general participation in the immaterial; and both are due to the Revolution, the bestowal of civic equality not more indisputably its achievement. The demolishers of seigneurial mills and ovens, the enfranchisers of Protestants, Jews, and negroes, the authors of trial by jury, of a free press, and of equitable taxation, were also founders of museums, picture-galleries, and industrial exhibitions.*

I envy the traveller who for the first time stands on the bridge of Nevers; and could he have been brought thither blindfold from England, and after having seen all that the city had to show him be straightway transplanted to native shores, he would realise that "joy of civilisation" of which Matthew Arnold speaks.

The deep, rich bells of the cathedral boom in our ears as we gaze on the beautiful picture, for picture it seems rather than mere background of an ordinary work-a-day world. A French town resembles a perfect

* See Appendix, Note 2.

romance. It has ever a central point around which other interests turn. Under its brilliant sky, in the luminous atmosphere, every feature stands out clear as in a landscape painted on white porcelain—terraced city, ancient and modern, cathedral tower and vast many-buttressed nave surmounting both; far away, bright yellowish-green open country dotted with villas and cottages. The wealth of bright, gem-like colour, the combined majesty and graciousness of outline, the noble bridge spanning the Loire, are no exceptional characteristics of French riverside cities. Yet how unlike is one to another!

It is difficult, after a torrid season, to conjure up an image of the *torrent révolutionnaire* as seen during an inundation. In August at Nevers the Loire is often a mere thread of blue amid white sands, the water too shallow to float the lightest craft.

A thousand kilometres, six hundred miles, as the bird flies, separate Nevers from the capital of Western France, journey of the immortal Vert-vert, to whom, as to how many others, commerce with the world proved moral undoing. But although the river was now almost dry, the prospect was animated and imposing. From the country poured in blue-bloused, white-coifed peasants with their fruits and vegetables, some bearing huge cornucopias on their head, others drawing heavily-laden barrows, the cargoes showing richest colour. For three sous I purchased more wild strawberries, peaches and green-gages than I knew what to do with. Each market-gardener being on his own account, no middleman to minimise the profits, the choicest fruits are within everybody's reach. Grapes and melons were here in abundance,

also that infinite variety of vegetables which contributes so much to the excellence and variety of home cookery.

A century or two ago boats busily plied the Loire with wares of other kind. Nevers, long famous for its faïence, at that time did a brisk trade in memorial plates and dishes, mostly made to order. The pious bespoke figures of patron saints or sacred subjects, the merchant and artisan chose for decoration some emblem of their commerce or trade, the name of the purchaser and date of purchase being usually added. This fashion set in when the golden age of Nivernais majolica had seen its apogee.

It was a Duke of Mantua, relation of Catherine de Médicis, who hither summoned Italian artists in the sixteenth century, among these a native of Faenza. Under his supervision a faïencerie was established, the ware resembling that of his native town—scriptural, allegorical, and mythological subjects traced in manganese. The unrivalled blue glaze of Nevers is of later date. Just as Rouen potters were celebrated for their reds, their Nivernais rivals surpassed them in blues. No other French or foreign potters ever achieved an azure of equal depth and purity; on this cerulean ground birds, flowers, and arabesques standing out in white.

Later, Oriental influences crept in, and Chinese porcelain was imitated; later still came into vogue the coarse memorial ware just mentioned.

The Town Museum attests the excellence of native artists. We have here a collection as interesting as those of Rouen and Limoges, although on a smaller scale and more magnificently housed. Most provincial museums in France are located in palaces or ancient buildings of palatial splendour. And on Sunday afternoons alike

faïence, antiquites, geological specimens, and pictures attract eager lookers-on. White-capped housewives, blue-bloused peasants, raw recruits, mechanics with babies on their arms, then throng these charming rooms, all acquiring knowledge and love of beauty, tasting to the full the "joy of civilisation."

Our late distinguished Astronomer-Royal, Sir George Biddell Airy, in his *Popular Lectures on Astronomy,* speaks of the extraordinary scientific ardour displayed "in the hottest times of the Revolution," citing instances in point.* What was done for art and culture generally awakens keener surprise still. The creation of local picture-galleries and of art schools was decreed in 1798, and a few years later twenty-two departmental museums were opened, nuclei of the magnificent collections of Bordeaux and other towns.

The Third Republic is not behindhand in fostering the arts and diffusing aesthetics among all classes. Every year a certain number of pictures are purchased by the State for distribution among provincial museums; the municipal councils, following tradition and example, grant yearly sums to the same purpose. Thus it comes about that from capitals of departments numbering 50,000 souls down to *chefs-lieux* of cantons counting 5000 only, or less, each possesses its picture-gallery and museum, and, it is hardly necessary to add, public library. One inhabitant—man, woman, or child,—one book, is the generous rule of French municipalities in forming libraries for the people, the proportion most often being that of three to one. We will go into figures here and there. In 1884 the population of

* See Appendix, Note 3.

Nevers was 23,846, and the number of volumes in the town library, 25,000. These collections, be it remembered, are absolutely free, and every measure is taken to encourage their use by mechanics and the working-classes generally. Most often books are lent out; and popular illustrated periodicals are taken for the diversion of errand-boys and shop-assistants during their dinner-hour.

Nevers by no means surpasses other towns in the number and variety of its resources. On the contrary, I know many small bishoprics and *chefs-lieux* even better off; but it may serve as a type.

As a natural result of such intellectual and artistic opportunities, we find that the old spirit animates living craftsmen. Charming, even exquisite things are turned out of the ateliers of Nevers faïencerie, which occupy many hundred hands, and represent a considerable revenue. In 1880 the value of porcelain and faïence manufactured here amounted to over a million of francs.

The condition of the peasants whose acquaintance Mr. Barham Zincke made in Auvergne does not more essentially differ from that of the Suffolk labourer than the surroundings of a French artisan from those of his English fellow. At every stage of our way we shall be reminded of the material advantages enjoyed by the one, of the intellectual superiority of the other.

Let us now see what a town of half the size of Nevers has to offer its inhabitants in the way of instruction and amusement. Reaching Auvergne by the Bourbonnais, it is worth while to halt at the clean, trim little town of Riom, not far from Clermont.

There are many reasons why such townlings should

be more engaging and animated than our own. First of all, there is the window and pavement gardening, the streets blazing with pomegranate trees, oleanders, and other tropical plants, attic windows hardly less brilliant with geranium and nasturtium; secondly, there is that out-of-door life impracticable in northern climates. Here all who can do so ply their trade in the open air from June to October. Cobbler, tailor, seamstress, clear-starcher work before their front doors; children, cats, and dogs making up sociable groups. The long hours of toil are thus relieved and enlivened by conversation and good fellowship. These cheery pictures have for background fine architecture, domestic and ecclesiastical. Riom, built of gray lava or volvic, wears that Auvergnat sobriety so grateful to the eye; and besides two magnificent churches and several fine old houses, possesses a delightful little museum and picture-gallery—mostly made up of portraits of local notabilities,—public library, and beautifully laid-out pleasure-ground,—very well this for a town of ten thousand souls! The present work will deal more with rural than urban life, but it is necessary to emphasise the influence of the towns upon the country-folks. The mere fact of seeing rare and beautiful things exquisitely kept is in itself an education. On Sundays and holidays the peasants flock to Riom to enjoy museum, picture-gallery, and military music. Here, as elsewhere, a Paris in miniature lies at the peasant's door. Auvergne possesses the rudest, most variable of the seven distinct climates of France.* "Summer here," wrote George

* These are:—(1) Climat Limousin (Limoges); (2) Climat Breton (Brest); (3) Climat Séquanien (Paris); (4) Climat Vosgien (Nancy);

Sand, "only lasts two months, and spring is horrible." August is considered the least capricious month of the year, and then the heat is often torrid. My first visit to Clermont lasted from the beginning of August till the beginning of September, during which I enjoyed an unbroken spell of tropical weather. A fortnight later a great and sudden change set in, snow fell a foot thick on the Puy de Dôme, the hydropathic establishments of the Mont Dore were closed, and winter had begun.

Even during the burning heats I speak of, large patches of snow lay on the slopes of the Mont Dore, yet the height of these mountains is inconsiderable, the highest point, that of the Puy de Sancy, being only a third of the altitude of Mont Blanc.

Encircled by pleasant green hills and purple volcanic ranges, its dark, gray cathedral towering above sombre masonry, Clermont-Ferrand wears perpetual mourning amid a bright and glowing landscape. The gray lava of the building-stone has for artistic eyes a strange fascination, whether seen from near or afar. Not on the most dazzling summer-day are the eyes blinded by glare; the harmonious hues of the architecture relieved by that aerial gardening so well understood in France, and carried to perfection here. Above, on the airiest perch, below, on the street pavement, midway, turning each balcony into a terrace, are flowers and foliage. The passion for flowers vanquishes every difficulty. The wayside *sabotier,* whose tenement is a mere shed, brightens and beautifies his poor dwelling by means of a trellised convolvulus. The small shopkeeper turns

(5) Climat Girondin (Bordeaux); (6) Climat Rhodanien (Lyons); (7) Climat Mediterranean (Montpellier).

the angle of his doorway into a rockery, twines climbing plants around his wooden lattice; and once there, they bloom all summer.

The capital of the Puy de Dôme is one vast camp. The streets swarm with soldiers; from morning till night we hear the tramp of cavalry and military bands; at every turn we come upon brand new barracks; whilst from end to end of the wide-stretching town echoes the note of horn and bugle.

French officers led too soft an existence before the late war; they fully earn their pay now. During the tropic heats I speak of the regiments of artillery stationed at Clermont-Ferrand were drafted off for practice on the plain below the Puy de Dôme during the meridian heat of the day. At eleven o'clock a commodious waggonette, drawn by four horses and driven by soldiers riding postillion-wise, was in readiness to pick up officers' wives and others having business at the Puy. Upon this particular day, the great heat prevented all but a military surgeon, my friend, the wife of an officer of artillery in command, and myself. The surgeon was obliged to attend daily in case of accidents, which will happen during the practice despite every precaution. The burning, blazing heat I shall never forget, our white cotton umbrellas were scorching to the touch; we wanted not one but a dozen such screens to shelter us from the sun. What must the soldiers, especially the recruits, have endured going through violent exercise during the middle of the day? Military exercise during the meridian heat of the day has since been forbidden by the civilian Minister of War.

Towards four o'clock the booming of artillery ceased, the last puff of smoke died away, and we saw firing-parties hastening towards us, the red and blue-coated uniforms, the gleaming pieces of artillery, and the horses in full gallop, making a picturesque sight. Soon the captain rode up, hot, tired, adust, but trim and genial. He conducted us to the temporary quarters erected for himself and brother officers, a tiny hut with just room for a soldier's bed, accoutrements, and writing-table. Chairs and refreshments were brought out, my host restoring himself with two enormous glasses of vermuth taken neat. A long campaign in Algeria and Senegal, he declared, had rendered him sun-proof. Having French acquaintances, the stranger will find life at Clermont agreeable enough. Everything is taken with a light heart. Music, the drama, amusement of all kinds is eagerly seized upon. In a garrison town, it is officers and their wives who give the tone to society, what is understood by the word being at times a responsibility of trying nature. Thus my friend here on arrival had to pay no less than eighty-six visits of ceremony to wives of brother officers. She was doing this during my stay, by weekly instalments of eight. Visits of ceremony necessitate fashionable toilettes, not always compatible with means. A French soldier, no matter his rank, is forbidden to contract debt. Indebtedness means dismissal from the service. On no point is military law more explicit. As the uncompromising, unassailable solvency of the French army is doubtless no inconsiderable element of its strength, let me dwell for a moment upon this subject. I repeat, indebtedness is non-existent in the army of France. Even before the

reorganisation of the army in 1872, of which I shall have more to say presently, an officer could not contract debts. A first infringement of the law entails a reprimand; if the debts remain unpaid, the offender is suspended by the Minister of War for a term of three years. At the end of that term he is summoned before a commission of inquiry, composed of five members, one of whom holds the same rank as himself. This commission has power to decide, after the strictest investigation, whether or no the subject of it can be reinstated in his position. In some cases, alas! such is not the case, and debts bring not only disgrace, but a ruined career. As the pay of officers is considerably less than our own, they are compelled to exact a small dowry with wives, namely, capital bringing in not less than £48 a year, and in many cases have to practise rigid economy. Matters are made the best of, false pride is a rare growth on French soil, and that skeleton of so many English cupboards, the dun, being unknown, it cannot be said that garrison-life presents unattractive features. Of course the tone differs in different places. And there are officers and officers. The type in France, as in Algeria, is generous, chivalrous, devoted to duty, in the best sense of the term a man and a patriot. The officer is, in the noble words I heard from the impassioned lips of Gambetta, "L'armée Française, c'est le patrotisme."

Lest I may appear unduly enthusiastic in writing of French towns, I will here quote Mr. Barham Zincke. "In my previous visits to Clermont," he writes, "I had already seen its admirable geological museum. We now went over its general museum and botanical gardens.

The latter cover ten acres. They contain, scientifically arranged, all the plants of Auvergne, and generic types of exotics, either in the open air or under glass, all well cared for. There is a horticultural department for flowers, fruit, and vegetables. The establishment provides instruction in botany, geology, chemistry, geometry, drawing, and physics. The course requires three years. I do not know of any provincial town in the United Kingdom which can show such an educational apparatus as these museums and gardens." How much the Third Republic has contributed to such results the following figures will show:—in 1879 there were only twenty-six technical schools throughout France; in 1883 their number had risen to four hundred. The results of these technical schools for both classes cannot be overestimated.

Clermont has immensely improved of late years. The shops are now magnificent, and the streets, especially those of suburban quarters, are cleaner and better kept. Formerly the gutters did duty as city sewers, and the smells and filth of side streets were intolerable. Let me also certify that the Loi Grammont, for the prevention of cruelty to animals, is not a dead letter in the provinces. On the occasion of my third visit I was gratified by the spectacle of an inhuman cab-driver carried off to the police-station amid general approval.

It would be a good thing if extortioners and bullies could be as summarily dealt with. On the occasion of my first visit to Clermont, some years ago, a friend hired a pretty lodging for me, for which, according to custom, I paid four weeks' rent in advance. At the end of three days I was compelled to leave, my landlady turning out

a woman of disreputable character, foul-mouthed, and a slattern. I next betook myself to a small hotel of second rank, where I was not uncomfortable, but cheated from first to last. On my second visit, some years later, I patronised a first-class hotel, so called, where I met with unparalleled insolence on the part of both master and servants. My last experiment, made a year later, proved more successful. Of the Hôtel de la Poste I cannot complain.

Auvergne, in spite of its grand scenery, is the only part of France I recall without enthusiasm, and revisit by compulsion. The tremendous influx of tourists and valetudinarians has demoralised the townsfolk. An English writer has given a very different account of the peasants. It was a happy inspiration of Mr. Barham Zincke to take up his abode under a rustic roof, and putting up with minor discomforts, live the daily life of a small farmer. In this writer's minutely-detailed picture, we are introduced to a condition of things surpassing the wildest dream of Utopians. His host, a man of forty-six, had begun life without anything, and, by dint of thrift and exertion, became owner of between fourteen and fifteen acres. His wife helped him in the labours of the farm, and their only son was being educated, at a cost of £40 a year, for one of the learned professions. They lived in a good house, which, after the manner of French peasants, they had built for themselves. The produce of the farm in one year had amounted to £160, and as there was no rent to pay, and the family habits were very economical, Mr. Barham Zincke calculated that a considerable portion of this income would be saved. No wonder, he exclaims, that

France has more than five million fund-holders. Honest, contented, hardy, hard-working, self-respecting, thrifty, self-supporting,—in such words are the characteristics and condition of the Auvergnat peasant summed up. After a picture so condensed, yet so complete, nothing remains to be added by other writers.

Wild, picturesque scenery is traversed between Clermont and St. Étienne, the gloomiest solitudes relieved by signs of grace and domesticity. About blackened factory-walls may be seen trellised vine, creepers, and flowers, and children sporting beside some patient-faced mother as she washes the family linen in the mountain stream. The abrupt crags, dark ravines, silvery cascades, and scattered tenements of these mountain knife-grinders, with their tiny vineyards and flower-gardens, make striking pictures.

Thiers, the Ville Noire of George Sand's perfect novel thus called, invites a halt by the way. Never a colony of knife-grinders and scissors-makers so superbly situated! Its site is worthy of a cathedral. These grand heights and rocky dark eminences commanding the Limagne, are crowned instead with cottages of retired or flourishing artisans, whilst below—we might almost drop a plummet-line from the upper to the lower town, —close underneath the shadow of the ravine, are massed together tiny workshops, and before these an inky little river turning thousands of mill-wheels on its way.

Thiers, the black town, is as black as can be, and its prevailing sombreness is all the more striking by comparison with its bright belt of garden and vineyard. The building materials, whatever may have been their original hue, are now begrimed with the smoke of ages;

the river rushes by Tartarean as these; whilst toilers, one and all, are begrimed with the dust of their smithies and wheels. In the upper town we are under warm blue skies, amid luxuriance and floweriness, calling up a vision of the Homeric Islands of the Blest; in the lower we are in gloomy abodes of Vulcan and the Cyclopes, groping our way through streets almost narrow as ribbons, unpenetrated by a sun-ray in the longest day in the year. Descending from the railway station, whence we obtain a magnificent view of plain and mountain range we may take any street, steep as ladder placed against a wall, each conducts us from the open heavens and broad, sunny landscape to subterranean, almost preternatural darkness, noisy with the hum of mill-wheels and hammers.

The streets are composed of workshops lighted only by the openings at which the workmen sit, getting what daylight they can. Upper windows of the larger factories are made bright with scarlet-runners and ivy, few flowers being hardy enough to blossom in such an atmosphere. Only on the topmost storey, open to the sun, are seen roses and geraniums. What a flower is to smoke-begrimed artisans this pathetic gardening teaches us. Immediately beside the dwarf Tartarus foaming over its stony bed are the more curious workshops, mere caverns, unwholesome to dwell in, but regarded as pictures, of fine effect, the funereal background relieved by the glow of smithy flames and sparks. Here all day long sit men and women polishing knife-blades and scissors-handles, with a look of wonderful dignity and patience. They are exceedingly suave in manner, and answer questions with intelligence and urbanity. Passing out of the town,

we find pleasant, open spaces, with aged women, children, and household pets sunning themselves amid flowers and trees. Toil has also its cheerfuller aspect, many well-to-do artisans possessing a vineyard and summer-house in the suburbs.

The manufactures of Thiers and the outlying villages employ 20,000 hands, 12,000 of whom are employed in cutlery, and represent a commerce of over thirty million francs yearly. A speciality of this little Auvergnat town is the fabrication of the most cheering commodity in the world, to wit, the stamped paper used in the making of bank-notes.

Uninviting as St. Étienne appears from the railway, it is a cheerful place. In the hearts of its dingy streets we see those charming squares and gardens peculiar to French towns, miniature Trocadéros and Parc Monceaux, with fountains, marble terraces, elaborately laid-out flower-beds, and always a stand for musicians. The great seat of the ribbon trade is also the State manufactory of arms, its tutelary deities being Venus and Mars. The coquette is indebted to St. Étienne for her weapons; the soldier also,—who can say which work most mischief?

The Stéphanois are affable to strangers and evidently proud of their ribbons, as well they may be. In the tiniest haberdasher's shop are displayed gems of the weaver's skill, whilst the Musée de Rubans contains veritable works of art. From every side flash upon the gaze hues rich and dazzling as those of tropic plumage. Every imaginable variety of colour, texture, and design is seen here. Oriental arabesques, flowers, and birds raised in satin on a soft silken ground, landscapes, por-

traits in silk, to say nothing of fabrics for ordinary use, each case furnishing some novelty. To discover what an artistic and beautiful thing ribbon may become, we must visit St. Étienne. The peacoack's tail, the pheasant's wing, sea-shells, gold and gems, leaves and blossoms are reproduced by the weaver. There is nothing that a skilled workman cannot effect with his loom *à la Jacquard.* Unfortunately deterioration of taste, caprices of fashion, and other causes render the trade a fluctuating one. The clamour for cheaper and yet cheaper goods, the extermination of beautiful birds in order to adorn ladies' headgear, protective tariffs alternately shake the prosperity of this time-honoured, elegant commerce. An American diplomatist observed encouragingly to a French statesman after the Franco-Prussian war: "You have but to send us a few shiploads of ribbons and flowers, and your war indemnity will soon be paid." Until the year 1872, indeed, the United States imported French ribbons to the annual value of seventy-two million francs. The heavy duties levied in that year almost stopped the importation. Again, Lyons has become a formidable rival in the ribbon trade, and manufactures have been set up elsewhere. Nevertheless, four-fifths of the ribbon and silk-braids made in France, and nearly half of those made throughout Europe, come from St. Étienne. Several thousand weavers still work in their own homes, as their predecessors of the Middle Ages; but machinery is gradually superseding the old system, and without doubt an entire revolution of this kind is not far off. In fairly good times forty thousand hands are employed, the yearly commerce representing a hundred million francs; the silk consumed in the manufacture, almost half that sum.

The average earnings of workmen are from three to four francs a day, of women considerably less; the usual hours of labour are twelve, an interval being allowed for meals. The artisans have a pinched, pallid look, out of keeping with the freshness and beauty of their productions. Here, as at Limoges and Mulhouse, described farther on, the seat of special manufacture is at the same time a school of special training. Artistic tradition is kept up and taste fostered by schools of art and design. The perfect weapon as well as the matchless ribbon is also a speciality. The State manufactory of arms, founded by François Premier, employs from four to five thousand hands, sends out two hundred thousand weapons of destruction yearly, a hundred thousand more firearms being made in private factories. So enormous is the commercial activity of St. Étienne in these days, that the four lines of railway now connecting the town with great centres are wholly inadequate, and new channels of transport are clamoured for. If we go into matters, we shall find that although the coal-beds to which this prosperity is due were discovered in the twelfth century, it was the fiscal reforms effected by the Revolution that developed this source of national wealth. When markets became free,* the working of the coal mines was begun in good earnest. Since 1801 the population has quintupled.

French towns should be fallen in love with at first sight, not wooed deliberately as are French heiresses. Le Puy, ancient capital of Le Vélay and *chef-lieu* of the Haute Loire, is one of these. The colossal pyramids and pinnacles rising abruptly from the plain appear

* See Appendix, Note 4.

rather the laboriously piled-up monuments of man than Nature's handiwork; where else has she comported herself so freakishly? No less sharply defined than the pyramids and the sphinx, and, although on a smaller scale, hardly less surprising, are the rocky eminences crowned by the ancient town's venerable cathedral, the fantastic pile of Corneille, and the airy pinnacle of St. Michel. The town itself, with its narrow, sunless streets and antiquated hotels, is not very healthy, judging from the poor physique and wan looks of the population generally. Seldom throughout France are seen so much lameness and deformity. The lameness is easily accounted for; the steep, almost perpendicular ways of the ancient quarter being paved with sharp pebbles, very trying to the feet. Glimpses of these narrow streets, almost permitting a handshake from window to window, and the overhanging eaves, dark walls, and bits of blue sky overhead, recall ancient cities of Spain and Italy.

By every doorway in the old town you see lacemakers at work, the older women having a withered, hag-like look, as they ply their reels, the veritable incarnation of patient laboriousness. In the market-place and on the church steps may be seen these indefatigable lacemakers, like the venerable straw-plaiters of Dunstable, survivals of an industrial phase passed away. And just as the decay of the native straw-trade affected the prosperity of Bedfordshire, so has the decadence of handmade lace at Le Puy injured the entire community.

No reader of these pages can be unfamiliar with what is called *torchon* lace, that cheap, durable, thread lace sold at every draper's shop for sixpence and up-

wards a yard. More elaborate and expensive kinds still find their way into the market, but the staple industry consists of the former kind, and may be almost said to have supplanted the other. What a degeneration! To realise the beauty, finish, and elaborateness of this lace in its most flourishing epoch we must visit the Musée de Dentelles of Le Puy, no less characteristic a collection than the Musée de Rubans of St. Étienne. When the lace-trade flourished in the department of the Haute Loire, ladies indulged in a flounce, scarf, or shawl of rich *torchon* or *guipure,* which like a jewel was the ornament and possession of a lifetime, a heritage to bequeath to others. Lacemakers at that time could easily earn from five shillings and upwards a day, and it was a local proverb that the men minded the house whilst the women supported the family. Nowadays costly hand-made lace is little patronised, or even ordinarily genuine lace, dressmakers supplying instead odiously stiff and unbecoming edges of beads, tinsel, and ribbon ruching. Such a fashion will doubtless pass away; but the love of cheap finery amongst all classes and international competition militate against a real revival of hand-made lace. Yet the cheaper kind, that durable lace for which the maker receives twopence a yard and the purchaser pays fivepence, has much to recommend it. Caprices of taste, ill-directed economy, and machinery are driving even this commodity out of the market. A good deal of *passementerie,* or ornamental gimp in black silk thread, is also made here, housewives taking it up at odd times. A decent living is hardly to be gained by the lace-pillow or gimp-card in these days. An old woman keeping a stall in the market-place told me that

in her youth she used to earn five shillings a day by making Alençon point. Now she plies her reels at fivepenny lace, eking out an existence by means of a fruit and cake stall. It is chiefly in winter that the pillows are called into requisition. When the labours of the field are stopped for several months, women meet at each other's houses and work in company. A hundred thousand lacemakers are often at work in fairly good seasons. Children learn to handle the bobbins from four years old and upwards.

The Musée de Dentelles offers a rare treat to connoisseurs. Nothing to be called colour meets the eye, nothing is here to dazzle or bewilder, only hues negative and restful as the vellum of some ancient manuscript or the weather-stained marble of classic frieze; and in harmony with these are the daintiest artistic fancies ever made subservient to personal adornment. No one can study such chefs d'œuvre of taste and skill without a pang of regret. The stately, durable, and elaborate ornamentation that formerly made the dress of both sexes so beautiful has given way to frippery and tinsel too often indicative of moral degradation.

The city of Le Puy recalls some piece of antiquated, battered plate set in a brand-new case of bright green velvet. Around it stretches a beautifully cultivated plain, patchwork of manifold pasture and crops, the air in autumn scented with newly-mown hay, the landscape fresh and verdant as in April. It is difficult to believe on a sultry September day that we are here in what has been called the Siberia of the south, so rude is the six months' winter. Towering above this sweet pastoral country is the famous château of Polignac, no finer

feudal ruin in France. The masses of dark volcanic formation are everywhere strikingly contrasted with the dazzling verdure, and no less so the weird, canny picturesqueness of Le Puy with the uniformity of the plain.

Here, as in the Cévennes, the Dauphiné, and other regions, State replanting of trees is actively carried on. Hundreds of thousands of acres chiefly mountainsides, have been replanted with saplings of late years. Medicinal and aromatic plants abound, and form an important article of commerce. Large quantities are sold to chemists, perfumers, and especially herbalists—*herboristerie*, or simpling, being still a recognised profession.

Out of every thousand inhabitants, eight are chemists or herbalists, the two callings being bracketed together in the census, their total number making forty-five thousand. We may compare these figures with the sum total of doctors, seventy thousand for the entire population of France, or sixteen out of every thousand.

II.

DEPARTMENTS: THE GARD, AUDE, HAUTE GARONNE, TARN AND GARONNE.

THE department of the Gard offers an anomaly pleasing to English observers and progressists generally. Here and here alone throughout the length and breadth of France are found villages without a Catholic church, villages that have held fast to Protestantism and the right of private judgment, from time immemorial. Nor is it among the meek and the lowly that the more enlightened doctrine has chiefly prevailed.

In higher places the Protestant element is overwhelming. Alike moral and material, spiritual and intellectual forces are here arrayed against intolerance and superstition. Were the same spectacle witnessed elsewhere, and the Gard no phenomenon on the French map, we might draw good augury for the future. Half-a-dozen departments, Protestant to the core, and Boulangisme were impossible, Lourdes a survival to blush at, the cloistered convent out of date as an *auto-da-fé*, France saved by the remnant. We must be thankful to find one such department out of the eighty-six.

That this tremendous Protestant supremacy should excite concern and disquietude in the opposite camp

need not surprise us. A Nimois Catholic recently writing to the Ultramontane organ, *L'Univers,* pointed out that the three senators then representing the Gard (1891) were all Protestants. At the last general elections of 1889, out of six Republican candidates, five were Protestants; of the six deputies who sat in the Chamber, five were Protestants, the sixth being a Jew. "The County Council of the year (1891) is made up of twenty-three Protestants and seventeen Catholics. The seven members of the Board of Hospitals at Nîmes are all Protestants; three out of the four Inspectors of Health are Protestants, as well as the four chairmen of the Councils of Hygiene in the four departmental districts. Nine out of the twelve head-mistresses of the public schools for girls belong to the Reformed Faith; the Chamber of Commerce numbers eleven Protestant members out of twelve, and ninety-five out of one hundred and twenty excisemen. Twenty-nine out of forty *Juges de Paix* are Protestants. In 1889 when the Bishop of Nîmes died, the Government appointed a Protestant notary as trustee of his estate." The *Daily News* correspondent, here quoted, adds, "The Catholics denounce this as intolerable oppression. But the truth is that the Protestants are as a rule highly educated, whilst the Catholic peasants are utterly illiterate." One quarter of the entire population of this department is Protestant, none other showing a comparable muster.*

There are material as well as moral characteristics no less sharply defined. Besides specific crops, we find here some of those curious and highly ingenious rural

* See Appendix, Note 5.

industries which often account for the well-being of the peasant.

Not the Proteus of Odyssean story could more easily transform himself than the French son of the soil, husbandman to-day, mechanic to-morrow; at one season of the year skilfully plying the pruning-hook, at another the turner's lathe. This adaptability of the French mind, strange to say, is nowhere seen to greater advantage than in out-of-the-way country regions, where we should expect mental sluggishness. Not one of Millet's heavy-looking peasants in sabots and blouse but is master of a dozen handicrafts.

Half-way between Nîmes—the fair city of Nîmes, Pradier's city, the one worthy of the other!—and Le Vigan, lies the little town of Sauve, at which Arthur Young halted and moralised somewhat more than a century ago. "Leaving Sauve," he wrote in July 1787, "I was much struck with a large tract of land, seemingly nothing but huge rocks; yet most of it enclosed and planted with the most industrious attention. Every man has an olive, a mulberry, an almond, or a peach tree and vines scattered among them; so that the whole ground is covered with the oddest mixture of these plants and bulging rocks that can be conceived. The inhabitants of this town deserve encouragement for their industry; and if I was a French minister, they should have it. They would soon turn all the deserts around them into gardens. Such a knot of active husbandmen, who turn their rocks into scenes of fertility, because, I suppose, THEIR OWN, would do the same by the wastes, if animated by the same omnipotent principle." "The same" has been done, and is still being done. Turn

which way we will, we find evidence of unimaginable patience and enterprise, the last being stimulated by public spirit. Portions of communal waste are from time to time accorded the peasants on condition that they should be put under cultivation. We see huge blocks of stone that have been wrenched up, piled into heaps, between these flourishing miniature cornfield, orchard, or vegetable garden. The French peasant is not only a Proteus, able to transform himself at will, there is also something of a Paracelsus about him, he can transmute the most unpromising material into gold. The special industry of Sauve is an instance in point. No tree is really ugly, but there are degrees of beauty in the vegetable world, and the *Celtis australis,* or nettle tree (*Ulmaceæ*) is more useful than ornamental. It is the goose that lays the golden eggs; but, unlike the feathered providence of fable, is many-lived. Hack and hew as you may, it springs up again. From its forked branches, which seem to shoot out in three directions on purpose, are made yearly thousands upon thousands of the three-pronged forks used in agriculture, this rustic article of commerce representing a considerable revenue. The wood is very hard, tough, and flexible, thus lending itself to manipulation. Its leaves are of a light, cheerful green, and its berries, first yellow, then turning black, are much relished by children and birds. When the peasant's corn crops fail, or his bit of vineyard is ruined by the phylloxera, he falls back upon the manufacture of three-pronged forks.

The cherry-tree comes next in importance to the *micocoulier.* During a single season cherries were sold at Sauve to the value of £8000. Trees, like human

beings, are capricious, and we never exactly know why an especial kind flourishes in an especial spot. The immediate neighbourhood of this town may be called a cherry-orchard, just as a certain spot near Dijon has won for itself the name of raspberry-valley. Sauve is a picturesquely-placed, most prosperous little town, famous in the annals of the Camisard war; and, I should say, from a sanitary point of view, precisely on the footing of that horrible epoch. In striking, almost grotesque contrast with its malodorous, unswept streets, are the spacious, handsome schools recently erected by the town, and other signs of lavish municipal expenditure. The communal forests alone bring in a revenue of several hundred pounds. Yet hygiene and sanitation are utterly disregarded.

Between Sauve and the neighbouring town of Quissac is a suggestive sight—nursery gardens of the vine, acres and acres of young plants for sale. Most of these are grafted upon American stocks, which from their hardness and dryness resist the phylloxera. From four to five years are required for the maturing of a vineyard,—in other words, the *vigneron's* capital is sunk for that period.

Quissac, a cheerful, cleanly little town, displays even more ingenuity in making money out of nothing than her richer neighbour. The heraldic bearings of Sauve should be a three-forked branch of *micocoulier;* of Quissac—with all respect be it suggested—an old shoe! To make a fortune out of old boots and shoes seems really next door to alchemy, yet this, in sober truth, is what the good folks here are doing. Some native genius discovered that however well worn a shoe may be,

valuable bits of leather are found in the sole. These better portions are cut out, and from them boot heels are made; the remainder, boot, shoes, and slippers, no matter their material, being thrown on the land as manure. What fattening property exists therein analysts must determine. Just outside the town lie heaps of such débris, a puzzling sight enough to the uninitiated.

High above Quissac, amid beautifully-diversified foliage, rises the château of C——, noble residence of beneficent owners, an Anglo-French home, in which are found the *gros bon sens* of John Bull and English comfort combined with French esprit, amiability, and elegance. From its terrace, the eye commands a vast and most beautiful panorama, a richly-cultivated plain dotted with villages and homesteads, the blue Cévennes framing in the picture. Here I stayed, and made excursions in the neighbourhood.

I reached Quissac on the 22d of August 1891, and already the corn was gathered in, thrashing machines were at work, ploughmen turning up the ground. It is difficult to believe that the climate of this favoured land is one of the most changeable in the world, hot days being succeeded by frosty nights, the thermometer often showing a change of ten degrees within twelve hours. The dryness of the air must be said in some degree to compensate for these great and sudden variations of temperature. Even delicate persons can sit out of doors till a late hour on summer nights without risk of rheumatism or bronchitis. The rocky, chalky soil is only adapted to certain crops, of which the chief are the silk-worm mulberry tree, corn, and vine. The average price of land here is £25 per acre, not much more than

half the price of the rich land round about Nîmes. Of late years the devastations of the phylloxera have told upon the prosperity of the country-folks, but matters are now improving. Métayage, the mi-fruits or half-profit system, is common, and the land much divided. As I shall fully describe the métairies of the Berry farther on, I prefer here to confine myself to peasant-farms managed by their owners. One may be accepted as typical of the rest.

The holding I visited in company of my host and hostess consisted of 32 acres, with stock and crops representing capital to the extent of £2000, or thereabouts, the owner having in addition £1000 invested, bringing in about £42 a year. The farm is the property of four persons, namely, father, married daughter, son-in-law, and unmarried daughter, who on her marriage will receive a portion of land, an allowance, or share in money. This farmer had in former days made as much as £400 in a single year by his vintage alone. These halcyon days are over for the time, but may return. Throughout the length and breadth of France, as we shall see, the phylloxera is being combated as if each insect were a human foe waging war to the knife. Meantime there are the silkworms and the corn, to say nothing of minor crops and makeshift industries.

The good people received us with that ease and agreeableness of manner which so forcibly struck Mr. Barham Zincke among the Auvergnats. Outside the farmhouse an enormous oven was being heated by the men for their eight days' baking, whilst in a huge drawer indoors the bread was rising,—good wheaten bread, not the mixture of buckwheat or maize we find

in the Pyrenees. The large kitchen, although unscoured, was clean swept and tidy, with rows of copper cooking vessels and earthen pots neatly arranged on shelves. The bedrooms, which had also a neat, comfortable appearance, were upstairs. I find, indeed, wherever I go, an improvement taking place in this respect, the alcoved bed gradually disappearing from the kitchen. Two horses were kept here for farmwork, and the unmarried daughter, as is usual, guides the plough. Wages of adult male labourers are three and a half francs a day; of women working in the house two francs with board. We next visited an elderly woman who would, I suppose, be accepted by certain writers as a representative peasant proprietor. This old lady enjoyed a life-interest in two acres and a cottage, her stock consisting of a goat, a pig, and poultry, her invested capital about one hundred pounds. Meagre as appear these resources, she is by no means to be pitied or inclined to pity herself, earns a few francs here and there by charing, sells her crops and as much as she can spare of eggs and chickens, and above all enjoys absolute independence. Hundreds of thousands of such cases are to be found throughout France, but they hardly represent peasant property.

One little farm of thirty acres was pointed out to me as possessing a peculiar interest for the enquirer. This had lately been bequeathed by an old man, childless and a widower, to a young married couple, his stewards in advancing years,—the only instance of adoption among the peasants that has ever come under my notice. We are bound to infer, on the one hand, that the foster-children had acted conscientiously, on the

other, that affection as well as gratitude actuated their adopted father. What a charming idyll George Sand would have made of the subject!

These worthy country-folks stick to their prejudices tenaciously as their forefathers to Protestantism. As soon persuade a nineteenth-century Huguenot of the Cévennes to worship the Virgin, as try a steam thrashing-machine! For nearly a quarter of a century the peasant farmers of Quissac and its environs have had before their eyes the most enlightened agricultural methods year after year, object-lessons of which one might suppose the least enterprising would alertly profit. But no such thing! Although a steam thrashing-machine could be had for the asking, and proof positive was forthcoming of the enormous saving of time and labour, wherever we went we came upon scenes of Biblical primitiveness, horses treading out the corn as in the days of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Here and there a farmer more advanced than his neighbours will resort to the modern system, but the exceptions are rare.

The staple commodity of the Gard is, as every one knows, raw silk; the most important crop, the silkworm mulberry tree. This is the *morus alba,* or white mulberry, a native of China, and grown here as are pollard elms in England. It is in spring that the silkworm-farms, or *magnaneries,* are to be seen at work. So voracious are the worms that the rearers are then up till three o'clock in the morning, and often all night long, the munching of the hundreds of thousands of tiny feeders making a peculiar and wholly indescribable noise. Alike large and small owners rear silkworms, the Gard being foremost of all departments in this in-

dustry, the Ardèche alone surpassing it in the number of silk factories. At the charmingly-placed little town of Le Vigan we may see the process of silk-weaving in all its stages, rows of girls manipulating in hot water those "golden tombs whence a worm emerges in the form of a butterfly," and throughout vast ateliers, hundreds of shuttles being swiftly plied, broad bands of the pure, gold-coloured silk dazzling the eye.

The silk industry has of late years suffered heavily from two causes; firstly, excessive competition, cheap Oriental and other silks supplanting the richer and costlier Lyons manufacture; secondly, disease among the moths. However vehemently we may disapprove of M. Pasteur's so-called method of stamping out hydrophobia, we must acknowledge the great services rendered by him to commerce. By a simple method of selection, he has taught silkworm-rearers to breed only from healthy moths. The eggs are examined microscopically, and all showing signs of disease are thrown away. This discovery has benefited French industry to the amount of five milliards of francs—the sum total of the Prussian war indemnity and also of the loss caused by the phylloxera. France still maintains her old supremacy in this field. More silks are manufactured in French looms than in those of the rest of Europe put together.*

The sobriety of the people, especially of the women, is noteworthy; as a rule the country-women are water-drinkers.* A drunken woman in France may indeed be pronounced non-existent. Neither town or country

* See Appendix, Note 6.
** See Appendix, Note 7.

are disgraced by the spectacles of everyday occurrence in England. Throughout my long residences in France I have never seen one of my own sex in the least the worse for drink. They are also very saving. My hostess informed me that she was never under the necessity of inducing her maid-servants to put by, one and all do this as a matter of course. The uniform neatness and appropriateness of female dress strikes an English eye. Finery is considered not only unbecoming but disreputable in working women.

Mr. Barham Zincke noticed that in Auvergne the men eat whilst their mothers and wives serve, taking their own meals afterwards. The same custom prevails here. In Anjou it is quite otherwise, as we shall see, the family meal being the most sociable and gayest hour of the day. Large farmers board their labourers, and they live apart from the household, their lodging *la ferme* being under distinct management. Most of the large landowners hereabouts are Protestants, and as a natural consequence, we find admirable communal schools, evening classes, lending libraries, and other aids to self-instruction. A great similitude of type prevails, dark hair and eyes, olive complexions and regular features being the rule.

The small profits of State forest-farming will be alluded to farther on. Individuals as well as communes of the Gard, on the contrary, make a good deal by their trees. One proprietor told me that his faggots and brushwood brought in a yearly sum of £30, and he received £2000 every twenty years for his timber. Trees are systematically cut here as elsewhere, twenty years being allowed for growth. On the waste lands

wild lavender grows in enormous quantities, and in autumn cartloads are carried to the town for sale. A few miles from Quissac, on the road to Le Vigan, is Ganges, a name for ever famous in the annals of rural economy and progress generally. It was here that Arthur Young halted on the eve of the Revolution, and penned the memorable words which alone entitle him to a tablet in Westminister Abbey—or at least a statue!

"From Ganges," he wrote in July 1787, "to the mountain of rough ground which I crossed" (in the direction of Mondardier), "the ride has been the most interesting which I have taken in France; the efforts of industry the most vigorous, the animation the most lively. An activity has been here that has swept away all difficulties before it, and has clothed the very rocks with verdure. It would be a disgrace to common sense to ask the cause; the enjoyment of property *must* have done it. Give a man the secure possession of a bleak rock, and he will turn it into a garden."

Yet a little farther southward of Nîmes, we come upon transformations much more startling.

A visit to Aigues-Mortes is no longer a pilgrimage of interest to the archæologist only. The economist is here brought face to face with a revolution, climatic, physical, and commercial, surely one of the strangest and most complete which nineteenth-century science can show. Not the once fever-stricken marshes of Algeria, changed by means of the *Eucalyptus globulus* into healthful, fertile plains; not the Landes, a generation ago mere shifting sands, barrenness itself, to-day intersected by canals, a vast, ever-increasing area of

vegetation and forest, show metamorphoses more surprising. Unique by virtue of position and picturesqueness, the ancient city of St. Louis now stands conspicuous in the history of progress. We have here before our eyes one of those beneficent and legitimate wrestlings with Nature the result of which will be felt by remote generations.

A few years ago Aigues-Mortes was described, and correctly described, in Murray's *Guide,* as a "desolate little city in the midst of salt marshes and lagoons, whose exhalations render it unhealthy." And just ten years since, a French writer thus writes: "The country round about Aigues-Mortes is of a sadness not to be matched anywhere. Perhaps ages must elapse before vegetation will replace these salt marshes and lagoons. We have here a desert." *

Eastern in aspect as Damascus or Jerusalem, its unbroken line of ancient walls saffron-hued under a burning blue heaven, the Aigues-Mortes of to-day rises from an entourage of verdure dazzlingly brilliant, the green of an Irish vale not brighter or more luxuriant. This belt of richest, freshest gold-green reaches to the very edge of the sea, here of deeper, intenser azure than the sky; the whole a striking and wholly indescribable picture.

From Nîmes to the seashore, a distance of about twenty-five miles, we traverse one vast vineyard, the entire region being planted with vines, to be seen in all stages of growth—nurseries of tiny shoots, vines in the intermediate stage, others of mature growth, showing purple fruit. The effect is often that of large beds

* See Appendix, Note 8.

of potato plants, and on nearer view the mathematically-exact arrangement fatigues the eye. The distances between plant and plant seem calculated to the fractional part of an inch. When we remember that five years must elapse before the planting and maturity of a vineyard, we may form some notion of the enormous amount of capital temporarily sunk in these regions.

Already hundreds of thousands of pounds have been reaped by what may be described as *the* discovery of the day in France, namely, that the phylloxera avoids sand and salt marshes; but results are a mere bagatelle to possibilities. This once dreary, fever-stricken, unproductive region has a future which, to say the least of it, is incalculable, and alike small owners and great are straining every nerve to hasten their millennium. Looking landward, around the fortifications, close to the gates of the old town, vineyards are seen in full maturity. On approaching the coast we find the transitional stage, the ancient sea-bed, but yesterday sun-cracked salt marsh, being ploughed up and prepared for the vine. If dazzling is the contrast presented by emerald vineyard, crocus-coloured walls, and sapphire sky at Aigues-Mortes itself, more blindingly brilliant are the effects a little farther off. For the economist no less than the lover of the picturesque, a visit to the seaside resort of the Grau du Roi is of deepest interest. Half an hour takes us thither, our way now lying between vineyards and saltworks, the waxen-green foliage and glittering white salt between sea and sky of indescribable depth and intensity.

These symmetrically-arranged cone-shaped salt heaps awaken a fantastic image. The imaginative might well

conjure up the picture of St. Louis and his Crusaders as they halted under tents before embarkation. The scene is as instructive as it is strange and pictorial. Just as we may here observe the creation of a vineyard in all its stages, so we may see the process of salt-making, from the shining blue *mare* or pool of its liquid state, to the sugar-loaf, compact as a rock, and white as snow.

Turning our back upon the low line of hot, blue sea, line upon line of cone-shaped salt heaps, and patch-work of vineyard and marsh, we obtain an adequate view of Aigues-Mortes. It is a perfect little thing, gem of its kind, the rectangular ensemble of walls, intact as if finished yesterday, southward and close by stand the enormous circular mass of the Tower of Constance; a monument of feminine endurance, destined, let us hope, to outlast the Pyramids. What may last longer is the fine little poem consecrated to the memory of those grand Huguenot women by a Nîmois poet. It is composed in patois, but in a French translation is familiar to young and old.*

Martyrs of another kind as yet await alike their deliverer and their poet. As we drove home from the Grau du Roi, I noted cruelly overladen, overdriven horses carrying passengers to and fro. One bare-ribbed, feeble beast, with a large open sore on its side, was dragging a waggonette in which were twelve people besides huge boxes. The Loi Grammont needs drastic enforcement here. Can we wonder that it should be so whilst bull-fights are still permitted at Nîmes and Arles?

By way of Montpellier, once the Nice of English

* See Appendix, Note 9.

valetudinarians, and of Cette, fast developing into a lesser Marseilles, we continue our journey westward. On either side are vines, vines, vines; vineyards in every stage of growth, and little else excepting orchards and market-gardens in the vicinity of towns. Carcassonne —who, like the immortal peasant of Nadaud's song, would die without having seen Carcassonne?—stands amid a broad bright belt of verdure; and when we climb to its second and more ancient self, like Aigues-Mortes a perfect little thing, we find the same picture on a vast scale. The enceinte of rampart here is oval, not rectangular as at Aigues-Mortes, and from the openings, lofty vantage ground, we have a view, restful to the eye,—a vast expanse of vineyards spread before us as a carpet, broken by bright river, scattered homesteads, and little hamlets far away. Immediately around Carcassonne the scenery is very varied and beautiful; we get sweet pictures at every turn. The department of the Aude, with its neighbour the Hérault, stands among the foremost of wine-producing regions. In spite of the invasions of the phylloxera, the Aude supplies a tenth of the entire wine crop of France. Its grapes have not the fine flavour of more famous vintages—those of the Gironde, Burgundy, Champagne,—but nevertheless produce wine of excellent quality. The white wine of Limoux is held in high esteem.

Mediæval Carcassonne, crown lightly placed on the brow of fair hill, lies in perpetual trance, slumbers unbrokenly as the enchanted princess of fairy tale. The modern town is prosaic enough, wide awake as Chicago. Even English enterprise has found scope here. An English firm of capsule-makers employs six hundred

hands. The staple manufacture of Carcassonne is cloth, famous in Arthur Young's time. We smile as we read the Suffolk farmer's entry: "At Carcassonne they carried me to a fountain of muddy water and to a gate of the barracks, but I was better pleased to see several good houses of manufacturers, that show wealth." We could less easily forgive any other writer for ignoring that lovely vision close at hand, vision in truth it seems, dream-city lifted high above the common world.

Toulouse, next visited, is rehabilitating itself. The only city throughout France that welcomed the Inquisition has been among the first to open a high school for girls. Here, in the name of religion, were perpetrated some of the most diabolical crimes that disgrace humanity; and here, alas, in our own day, grovelling superstitions survive tigerish thirst of blood. Agnostics and Protestants are no longer tortured and roasted alive at Toulouse, but during the disastrous floods of 1875 the archbishop and clergy marched a certain miracle-working Black Virgin round the city in solemn procession, praying that she would stay the waters. Which she did, gravely asserted our cabman.

A pleasanter subject of contemplation is the Lycée, or public day-school for girls, opened in conformity with the Educational Acts of 1880 and 1882. It may here be worth while to say a word or two about these Lycées, now found in most French cities and the larger towns, —that of Toulouse may be accepted as representative of the rest. The course of study is prepared by the rector of the academy of the city, the rules of general management by the municipal council; thus the programme of instruction bears the signature of the former,

whilst the prospectus, dealing with fees, practical details, is signed by the mayor in the name of the latter.

We find a decree passed by the town council in 1887 to the effect that in the case of two sisters a fourth of the sum total of fees should be remitted, of three, a half, of four, three-quarters, and of five, the entire amount. Even the outfit of the boarders must be approved by the same authority. A neat costume is obligatory, and the number and material of under garments is specified with the utmost minuteness. Besides a sufficient quantity of suitable clothes, each student must bring three pairs of boots, thirty pocket-handkerchiefs, a bonnet-box, umbrella, parasol, and so forth.

Such regulations may at first sight look trivial and unnecessary, but there is much to be said on the other side. From the beginning of the term to the end, the matron, whose province is quite apart from that of the headmistress, is never worried about the pupils' dress, no shoes in need of repair, no garments to be mended, no letters to be written begging Madame A. to send her daughter a warm petticoat, Madame B. to forward a hair-brush, and so on. Again, the uniform obligatory on boarders prevents those petty jealousies and rivalries provoked by fine clothes in girls' schools. Alike the child of the millionaire and of the small official wear the same simple dress.

Children are admitted to the lower school between the ages of five and twelve, the classes being in the hands of certificated mistresses. The upper school, at which pupils are received from twelve years and upwards, and are expected to remain five years, offers a complete course of study, lady-teachers being aided by

professors of Faculté des Lettres and of the Lycée for youths. Students who have remained throughout the entire period, and have satisfactorily passed final examinations, receive a certificate entitling them to admission into the great training college of Sèvres or to offer themselves as teachers in schools and families.

The curriculum is certainly modest compared with that obligatory on candidates for London University, Girton College, or our senior local examination; but it is an enormous improvement on the old conventual system, and several points are worthy of imitation. Thus a girl quitting the Lycée would have attained, first and foremost, a thorough knowledge of her own language and its literature, she would also possess a fair notion of French common law, of domestic economy, including needlework of the more useful kind, the cutting out and making up of clothes, and the like. Gymnastics are practised daily. In the matter of religion the municipality of Toulouse shows absolute impartiality. No sectarian teaching enters into the programme, but Catholics and Protestants and Jews in residence can receive instruction from their respective ministers.

The Lycée competes formidably with the convents as regards fees. Twenty-eight pounds yearly cover the expense of board, education, and medical attendance at the upper school; twenty-four at the lower; day boarders pay from twelve to fifteen pounds a year; books, the use of the school omnibus, and laundress being extras. Three hundred scholars in all attended during the scholastic year ending July 1891.

Day-pupils not using the school omnibus must be

accompained to and from the school, and here an interesting point is to be touched upon. In so far as was practicable the Lycée for girls has been modelled on the plan of the time-honoured establishments for boys. As yet a uniform curriculum to begin with was out of the question; the programme is already too ambitious in the eyes of many, whilst ardent advocates of the higher education of women in France regret that the vices as well as the virtues of the existing system have been retained. Educationalists and advanced thinkers generally would fain see a less strait-laced routine, a less stringent supervision, more freedom for play of character. The Lycée student, boy or girl, youth or maiden, is as strictly guarded as a criminal; not for a moment are these citizens of the future trusted to themselves.

In the vast dormitory of the high school here we see thirty neat compartments with partitions between, containing bed and toilet requisites, and at the extreme end of the room, commanding a view of the rest, is the bed of the under-mistress in charge, *surveillante* as she is called. Sleeping or waking the students are watched. This massing together of numbers and perpetual supervision no longer find universal favour. Many regret that the organisers of Lycées for girls did not strike out a new path. There can be no doubt, nevertheless, that the revolution effected by these excellent schools is enormous.

Charles Lamb would have been a happy person at Toulouse. The city swarms with beggars, at every turn you come upon some bit of human deformity; begging seems the accepted livelihood of cripples, blind folk,

and the very old, all of whom ought to be cared for by the town, the public, or the church. Wrinkled hags besiege you wherever you go: here you see a living torso fearful to look upon, there conspicuously displayed a hideously-distorted limb or loathsome sore. That nervous matrons can walk these streets and bring well-formed offspring into the world is little short of miraculous.

One more stricture. The driving is as bad as it can be. Vehicles of all kinds are driven at a furious pace, as if the secret of driving lay in dangerous speed and abominable noise. Of the handsome city, its noble public gardens, superbly housed museum, of its canals I need not speak. Fullest information is afforded elsewhere.

An hour by rail from Toulouse lies the ancient city of Montauban, alike of deepest interest to art-lovers and progressists. We may taste to the full "the joy of civilisation" of which Matthew Arnold speaks, and at the same time breathe the invigorating air of mental freedom. This finely-placed *chef-lieu* of the Tarn and and Garonne is alike a shrine of art and religious liberty. Here was born that strongly individualised genius Ingres, here Protestantism withstood Madame de Maintenon's dragonnades and flourishes to this day. Nor flourishes only! Here may be read by those who run the most scathing criticism of intolerance. At the Protestant college for intending ministers are nowadays found Catholic priests, in their turn martyrs to conscience, reflecting, clear-sighted men who have unfrocked themselves for the Truth's sake, renouncing worldly honours, family ties, good repute, in exchange for a mind at

ease. A few years back three ex-priests, two of them men of distinction, former dignitaries of the Church of Rome, were preparing for the pastorate side by side. Shade of Madame de Maintenon! Could the ghost of that evil genius of France and humanity ever after rest in its grave?

The city of Ingres may be thought of by itself; there is plenty of food for reflection here without recalling the prude whose virtue caused more mischief than the vices of all the Montespans and Dubarrys put together. Let us forget the Maintenon terror at Montauban, the breaking up of families, the sending to the galleys of good men and women, the torturings, the roastings alive, and turn to the delightful and soothing souvenirs of genius! Every French town that has given birth to shining talent is straightway turned into a Walhalla. This ancient town, so strikingly placed, breathes of Ingres, attracts the traveller by the magic of the painter's name, has become an art pilgrimage. The noble monument erected by the townsfolk to their great citizen and the picture-gallery he bequeathed his native city well repay a much longer journey than that from Toulouse. We see here to what high levels public spirit and local munificence can rise in France. We see also how close, after all, are the ties that knit Frenchman and Frenchman, how the glory of one is made the pride of all. The bronze statue of the painter, with the vast and costly bas-relief imitating his Apotheosis of Homer in the Louvre, stand in the public walk, the beauty of which aroused even Arthur Young's enthusiasm. "The promenade," he wrote in June 1787, "is finely situated. Built on the highest part of the ram-

part, and commanding that noble vale, or rather plain, one of the richest in Europe, which extends on one side to the sea and in front to the Pyrenees, whose towering masses heaped one upon another in a stupendous manner, and covered with snow, offer a variety of lights and shades from indented forms and the immensity of their projections. This prospect, which contains a semicircle of a hundred miles in diameter, has an oceanic vastness in which the eye loses itself; an almost boundless scene of cultivation; an animated but confused mass of infinitely varied parts, melting gradually into the distant obscure, from which emerges the amazing frame of the Pyrenees, rearing their silvered heads above the clouds."

The Ingres Museum contains, I should say, more works from the hand of a single master than were ever before collected under the same roof. Upwards of a thousand sketches, many of great power and beauty, are here, besides several portraits and one masterpiece, the Christ in the Temple, brilliant as a canvas of Holman Hunt, although the work of an octogenarian. The painter's easel, palette, and brushes, his violin, the golden laurel-wreath presented to him by his native town, and other relics, reverently gazed at on Sundays by artisans, soldiers, and peasant-folk. The local museum in France is something more than a little centre of culture, a place in which to breathe beauty and delight. It is a school of the moral sense, of the nobler passions, and also a temple of fame. Here the young are taught to revere excellence, and here the ambitious are stimulated by worthy achievement.

III.

THE HAUTES AND BASSES PYRENEES.

BETWEEN Toulouse and Tarbes the scenery is quite unlike that of the Gard and the Aude. Instead of the interminable vineyards round about Aigues-Mortes and Carcassonne, we gaze here upon a varied landscape.

Following the Garonne with the refrain of Nadaud's famous song in our minds—

"Si la Garonne avait voulu,"—

we traverse a vast plain or low vale rich in many-coloured crops: buckwheat, sweeps of creamy blossom, dark-green rye, bluish-green Indian corn with silvery flower-head, and purple clover, and here and there a patch of vine are mingled together before us; in the far distance the Pyrenees, as yet mere purple clouds against the horizon.

We soon note a peculiarity of this region—vines trained to trees, a method in vogue a hundred years ago. "Here," wrote Arthur Young, when riding from Toulouse to St. Martory on his way to Luchon, "for the first time I see rows of maples with vines trained in festoons from tree to tree"; and farther on he adds, "medlars, plums, cherries, maples in every hedge with vines trained." The straggling vine-branches

have a curious effect, but the brightness of the leafage is pleasant to the eye. No matter how it grows, to my thinking the vine is a lovely thing.

The rich plain passed, we reach the slopes of the Pyrenees, their wooded sides presenting a strange even grotesque appearance, owing to the mathematical regularity with which the woods are cut, portions being close shaven others left intact in close juxtaposition, solid phalanxes of trees and clearings at right angles. The fancy conjures up a Brobdingnagian wheat-field partially cut in the green stage. Sad havoc is thus made of once beautiful scenes, richly-wooded slopes having lost half their foliage.

A hundred years ago Lourdes was a mere mountain fortress State prison, to which unhappy persons were consigned by *lettres-de-cachet.* Apologists of the Ancien Régime assert, in the first place, that these Bastilles were comfortable, even luxurious retreats; in the second, that *lettres-de-cachet* were useful and necessary; in the third, that neither Bastilles nor *lettres-de-cachet* were resorted to on the eve of the Revolution. Let us hear what Arthur Young has to say on the subject. "I take the road to Lourdes," he writes in August 1787, "where is a castle on a rock, garrisoned for the mere purpose of keeping State prisoners, sent hither by *lettres-de-cachet.* Seven or eight are *known* to be here at present; thirty have been here at a time; and many for life—torn by the relentless hand of jealous tyranny from the bosom of domestic comfort, from wives, children, friends, and hurried, for crimes unknown to themselves, most probably for virtues, to languish in this detested abode, and die of despair. Oh liberty, liberty!"

In the present day, epoch of telegraph wires, telephones, phonographs, and electric lighting, Lourdes affords a spectacle hardly less afflicting. The burning alive of Hindoo widows and processions in honour of Juggernaut would not be more out of keeping with nineteenth-century civilisation. In the midst of these pitiable scenes, grovelling superstition on the one hand, barefaced truckling to credulity on the other, we look round almost expecting the sight of a torture-chamber or *auto-da-fé*. Both would be consistent, of a piece with our surroundings at Lourdes.

Great is the contrast between the lovely entourage of this notorious place and the triviality and vulgar nature of its commerce. The one long-winding street may be described as a vast bazaar, more suited to Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims than to holders of railway tickets and contemporaries of the Eiffel Tower.

A brisk trade is done here, the place wearing the aspect of a huge fair. Rosaries, crosses, votive tablets, ornamental cans for holding the miraculous waters, drinking-cups, candles, photographs, images, medals are sold by millions. The traffic in these wares goes on all day long, the poorest "pilgrim" taking away souvenirs.

The Lourdes of theology begins where the Lourdes of bartering ends. As we quit the long street of bazaars and brand-new hotels, the first glimpse gives us an insight into its life and meaning, makes us feel that we ought to have been living two or three hundred years ago. We glance back at the railway station, wondering whether a halt were wise, whether indeed the

gibbet, wheel, and stake were not really prepared for heretics like ourselves!

The votive church built on the outer side of the rock from which flows the miraculous fountain is a basilica of sumptuous proportions, representing an outlay of many millions of francs. Its portico, with horse-shoe staircase in marble, spans the opening of the green hills, behind which lie grotto and spring. We are reminded of the enormous church now crowning the height of Montmartre at Paris; here, as there and at Chartres, is a complete underground church of vast proportions. The whole structure is very handsome, the gray and white building-stone standing out against verdant hills and dark rocks. A beautifully laid-out little garden with a statue of the miracle-working Virgin lies between church and town.

Looking from the lofty platform on the other side of the upper church, we behold a strange scene. The space below is black with people, hundreds and thousands of pilgrims, so-called, priests and nuns being in full force, one and all shouting and gesticulating with the fierce zealotry of dancing dervishes, egged on by a priest or two holding forth from a temporary pulpit.

Between these closely-serried masses is a ghastly array. On litters, stretchers, beds, chairs, lie the deformed, the sick, the moribund, awaiting their turn to be sprinkled with the miraculous waters or blessed by the bishop. These poor people, many of whom are in the last stage of illness, have for bearers volunteers; these are priests, young gentlemen of good family, and others, who wear badges and leather traces, by which they attach themselves to their burden.

All day long masses are held inside the church and in the open air; at a given signal the congregation stretching out their arms in the form of a cross, prostrating themselves on the ground, kissing the dust, as did the heathens of old. It is indeed a heart-breaking exhibition of credulousness and fraud, paganish gullibility and unblushing imposture. If these devotees who prostrate themselves on the ground and kiss the dust are sincere, what indeed removes them from the fetish worshippers of uncivilised Africa?

We must descend the broad flight of steps in order to obtain a good view of the grotto, an oval opening in the rocks made to look like a stalactite cave, with scores and hundreds of *ex-votos* in the shape of crutches. Judging from this display, there should be no more lame folks left in France. The Virgin of Lourdes must have healed them all. In a niche of the grotto stands an image of the Virgin, and behind, perpetually lighted with candles, an altar, at which mass is celebrated several times daily.

On one side, the rock has been pierced in several places, deliciously pure, cool water issuing from the taps. Crowds are always collected here, impatient to drink of the miraculous fountain, and to fill vessels for use at home. We see tired, heated invalids, and apparently dying persons, drinking cups of this ice-cold water; enough, one would think, to kill them outright. Closely by is a little shop full of trifles for sale, but so thronged at all hours of the day that you cannot get attended to; purchasers lay down their money, take up the object desired, and walk away. Here may be bought

a medal for two sous, or a crucifix priced at several hundred francs.

The praying, chanting, and prostrating are at their height when the violet-robed figure of a bishop is caught sight of, tripping down a side-path leading from the town. Blessing any who chance to meet him on the way, chatting pleasantly with his companion, a portly gentleman, wearing the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, the bishop hastens towards the grotto, dons his sacerdotal robes of ivory-white and gold, and celebrates mass. The ceremony over, there is a general stir. Adjusting their harness, the bearers form a procession, the bishop emerges from the grotto, and one by one the thirty and odd litters are drawn before him to be sprinkled, blessed—and healed! alas, such, doubtless, is the fond delusion of many.

The sight of so many human wrecks, torsos and living skeletons all agog for life, health, and restoration, is even less heart-breaking than that of their companions. Here we see a mother bending with agonised looks over some white-faced, wasted boy, whose days, even hours, are clearly numbered; there a father of a wizen-faced, terribly deformed girl, a mite to look at, but fast approaching womanhood, brought hither to be put straight and beautified. Next our eye lights on the emaciated form of a young man evidently in the last stage of consumption, his own face hopeful still, but what forlornness in that of the adoring sister by his side! These are spectacles to make the least susceptible weep. Grotesque is the sight of a priest who must be ninety at least; what further miracle can he expect, having already lived the life of three generations?

The last litter drawn by, the enormous crowd breaks up; tall candles are offered to those standing near, and a procession is formed, headed by the bishop under his gold and white baldachin, a large number of priests following behind, then several hundred men, women, and children, the black and white robes of the priests and nuns being conspicuous. Chanting as they go, outsiders falling on their knees at the approach of the baldachin, the pilgrims now wind in solemn procession round the statue in front of the church, finally enter, when another religious celebration takes place. Services are going on all day long and late into the night. Hardly do these devotees give themselves time for meals, which are a scramble at best, every hotel and boarding-house much overcrowded. The *table d'hôte* dinner, or one or two dishes, are hastily swallowed, and the praying, chanting, marching, and prostrating begin afresh. At eight o'clock from afar comes the sound of pilgrims' voices as the procession winds towards the grotto.

There is picturesqueness in these nocturnal celebrations, the tapers twinkling against the dark heavens, the voices dying away in the distance. We can but regret that the whole thing should be a gigantic fraud and speculation. Superstition has its season as well as sulphur-baths and chalybeate springs. The railway station is a scene of indescribable confusion; enormous contingents come for a few hours only, the numbered trains that brought them are drawn up outside the main lines awaiting their departure. Here we are hustled by a motley throng; fashionable ladies bedizened with rosaries, badges, and medallions; elegant young gentlemen, the *jeunesse dorée* of Boulangism, disciples of M. de Cas-

sagnac—of any enemy of representative government and liberty of conscience,—proudly wearing the pilgrim's badge, all travelling third class and in humble company for their soul's good; peasant women from Brittany in charming costumes; a few, very few, blue blouses of elderly civilians; enormous numbers wearing religious garb. Lourdes is indeed a happy hunting-ground of abbés, curés, sisters, and reverend mothers. An American would describe it as "high jinks," "a boom" for them all; and so complacent and self-satisfied is their expression, so jaunty their behaviour, that it seems morose to look askance or criticise. What most strikes an observer here is the complete ignoring of Christianity —that is to say, the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. The Mariolatry, pure and simple, taught and put into practice at Lourdes, is a wholly modern invention, has indeed no more affinity with the life of Christ and the New Testament than table-turning, spirit-rapping, or the so-called revelations of Madame Blavatsky. A late dignitary of the Church of England, it is true, could speak in the pulpit of "that magnificent woman, the Virgin Mary." Perhaps Canon Liddon had never visited Lourdes and witnessed to what mental aberrations the adoration of that "magnificent woman" may lead.

It seems a pity that a bargain could not be struck by France and Germany, the Emperor William receiving Lourdes in exchange for Metz or Strasburg! Lourdes must represent a princely revenue, far in excess, I should say, of any profit the Prussian Government will ever make out of the annexed provinces; and as nobody lives there, and visitors only remain a day or two, it would

not matter to the most patriotic French pilgrim going to whom the place belonged.

An adequate description of the Pyrenees, even from the picturesque point of view, would fill a volume. To do justice to the condition of the people in a work of the present scope is only possible by singling out types and sections. I shall describe farther on the large and wealthy peasant farmers of La Vendée and other regions. In the Pyrenees, for centuries a land of small ownerships, I have to deal with the more primitive stage of peasant property, perhaps indeed the most primitive throughout France.

The tourist brings evil as well as good in his track, and the tax upon glorious scenery here is not the globe-trotter but the mendicant. Gavarnie is, without doubt, as grandiose a scene as Western Europe can show. In certain elements of grandeur none other can compete with it. But until a balloon service is organised between Luz and the famous Cirque it is impossible to make the journey with an unruffled temper. The traveller's way is beset by juvenile vagrants, barefaced and importunate as Neapolitans or Arabs.

Lovers of aerial navigation have otherwise not much left to wish for. Nothing can be more like a ride in cloudland than the drive from Pierrefitte to Luz and from Luz to Gavarnie. The splendid rock-hewn road is just broad enough to admit of two carriages abreast. On one side are lofty, shelving rocks, on the other a stone coping two feet high, nothing else to separate us from the awful abyss below, a ravine deep as the measure of St. Paul's Cathedral from base to apex of golden cross. We hear the thunder of the river as it

dashes below by mountains two-thirds the height of Mont Blanc, their dark almost perpendicular sides wreathed with cloud, on their summits gleaming never-melted snow, here and there the sombre parapets streaked with silvery cascades. At intervals the Titanic scene is relieved by glimpses of pastoral grace and loveliness, and such relief is necessary even to those who can gaze without giddiness on such awfulness. Between gorge and gorge lie level spaces, amid dazzlingly-green meadows the river flows calm and crystal clear, the form and hue of every pebble distinct as the pieces of a mosaic. Looking upwards we see hanging gardens and what may be called farmlets, tiny homesteads with minute patches of wheat, Indian corn, and clover on an incline so steep as to look vertical. Most beautiful and refreshing to the eye are the little hayfields sloping from the river, the freshly-mown hay in cocks or being turned, the shorn pasture around bright as emerald. Harvest during the year 1891 was late, and in the first week of September corn was still standing; nowhere surely corn so amber-tinted, so golden, nowhere surely ripened so near the clouds. In the tiny chalets perched on the mountain ridges, folks literally dwell in cloud-land, and enjoy a kind of supernal existence, having for near neighbours the eagles in their eyries and the fleet-footed chamois or izard.

These vast panoramas—towering rocks of manifold shape, Alp rising above Alp snow-capped or green-tinted, terrace upon terrace of fields and homesteads—show every variety of savage grandeur and soft beauty till we gradually reach the threshold of Gavarnie. This is aptly called "chaos," which we might fancifully sup-

pose the leavings, "the fragments that were left," of the semicircular wall now visible, thrown up by trans-human builders, insurmountable barrier between heaven and earth. No sooner does the awful amphitheatre break upon the view, than we discern the white line of the principal fall, a slender silvery column reaching, so it seems, from star-land and moon-land to earth; river of some upper world that has overleaped the boundaries of our own. No words can convey the remotest idea of such a scene.

We may say with regard to scenery what Lessing says of pictures, we only see in both what we bring with us to the view. More disconcerting than the importunities of beggars and donkey-drivers are the supercilious remarks of tourists. To most of course the whole thing is "a sad disappointment." Everything must necessarily be a disappointment to some beholders; and with critics of a certain order, the mere fact of not being pleased implies superiority. The hour's walk from the village to the Cirque is an event also in the life of the flower-lover. We have hardly eyes for Gavarnie, so completely is our gaze fascinated by the large luminous gold and silver stars gleaming conspicuously from the brilliant turf. These are the glorious flower-heads of the white and yellow Pyrenean thistle that open in sunshine as do sea-anemones, sending out lovely fringes, sunrays and moonbeams not more strikingly contrasted. As we rush hither and thither to gather them—if we can—their roots are veritable tentaculae, other lovely flowers are to be had in plenty the beautiful deep blue Pyrenean gentian, monk's-hood in rich purple blossom, rose-coloured antirrhinum, an

exquisite little yellow sedum, with ferns rare. On one side, a narrow bridle-path winds round the mountain towards Spain, on the other, cottage-farms dot the green slopes, between both, parting the valley, flows the Gave, here a quietly meandering streamlet, whilst before us rises Gavarnie; a scene to which one poet only—perhaps the only one capable of grappling with such a subject—has done justice—

"Cirque, hippodrome,
Stage whereon Stamboul, Tyre, Memphis, London, Rome,
With their myriads could find place, whereon Paris at ease
Might float, as at sundown a swarm of bees,
Gavarnie, dream, miracle!" *

How to give some faint conception of the indescribable? Perhaps the great French poet has best succeeded in a single line—

"L'impossible est ici debout."

We feel indeed that we are here brought face to face with the impossible.

Let the reader then conjure up a solid mass of rock threefold the circumference of St. Paul's Cathedral; let him imagine the façade of this natural masonry of itself exceeding the compass of our great Protestant minster; then in imagination let him lift his eyes from stage to stage, platform to platform, the lower nearly three times the height of St. Paul's from base to apex

* "Un cirque, un hippodrome,
Un théâtre où Stamboul, Tyr, Memphis, Londres, Rome,
Avec leurs millions d'hommes pourraient s'asseoir.
Où Paris flotterait comme un essaim du soir.
Gavarnie!—un miracle! un rêve!"—*Victor Hugo Dieu.*

of golden cross, the higher, that of four such altitudes; their gloomy parapets streaked with glistening white lines, one a vast column of water, although their shelving sides showing patches of never-melted snows; around, framing in the stupendous scene, mountain peaks, each unlike its majestic brother, each in height reaching to the shoulder of Mont Blanc. Such is Gavarnie.

My next halting-place was a remote Pyrenean village admirably adapted for the study of rural life. Within a few hours' journey of the Spanish frontier, Osse lies in the beautiful valley of Aspe, and is reached by way of Pau and Oloron. At the latter town the railway ends, and we have to drive sixteen miles across country, a delightful expedition in favourable weather. The twin towns old and new Oloron present the contrast so often seen throughout France, picturesque, imposing antiquity beside utilitarian ugliness and uniformity. The open suburban spaces present the appearance of an enormous drying-ground, in which are hung the blankets of the entire department. Blankets, woollen girdles or sashes, men's bonnets are manufactured here. "Pipers, blue bonnets, and oatmeal," wrotè an English traveller a hundred years ago, "are found in Catalonia, Auvergne, and Suabia as well as in Lochaber." We are now in the ancient kingdom of Béarn, with a portion of Navarre, added to the French crown by Henry IV., and two hundred years later, named the department of the Basses Pyrenees.

Every turn of the road reveals new features as we journey towards Osse, having always in view the little Gave d'Aspe, after the manner of Pyrenean rivers, mak-

ing cascades, waterfalls, whirlpools on its way. Most beautiful are these mountain streams, their waters of pure, deep green, their surface broken by coruscations of dazzlingly white foam and spray, their murmur ever in our ears. When far away we hardly miss the grand contours of the Pyrenees more than the music of their rushing waters. No tourists meet us here, yet whither shall we go for scenes sublimer or more engaging? On either side of the broadening velvety green valley, with its tumbling stream, rises a rampart of stately peaks, each unlike its neighbour, each having a graciousness and grandeur of its own. Here and there amid these vast solitudes is seen a white glittering thread breaking the dark masses of shelving rock, mountain torrent falling into the river from a height of several hundred feet. Few and far between are the herdsmen's châlets and scattered cornfields and meadows, and we have the excellent carriage road to ourselves. Yet two or three villages of considerable size are passed on the way; of one, an inland spa much frequented by the peasants, I shall make mention presently.

For three hours we have wound slowly upward, and, as our destination is approached, the valley opens wide, showing white-walled, gray-roofed hamlets and small towns all singularly alike. The mountains soon close round abruptly on all sides, making us feel as if we had reached the world's end. On the other side of those snow-capped peaks, here so majestically massed before our gaze, lies Spain. We are in a part of France thoroughly French, yet within a few hours of a country strikingly contrasted with it; manners, customs, modes of thought, institutions radically different.

The remoteness and isolation of Osse explain the existence of a little Protestant community in these mountain fastnesses. For centuries the Reformed faith has been upheld here. Not, however, unmolested. A tablet in the neat little church tells how the original place of Protestant worship was pulled down by order of the king in 1685, and only reconstructed towards the close of the following century. Without church, without pastor, forbidden to assemble, obliged to bury their dead in field or garden, these dales-folk and mountaineers yet clung tenaciously to their religion. One compromise, and one only, they made. Peasant property has existed in the Pyrenees from time immemorial, and in order to legitimise their children and enjoy the privilege of bequeathing property, the Protestants of the Vallée d'Aspe were married according to the rites of the Romish Church. In our own days, here as elsewhere throughout France, the religious tenets handed down from father to son are adhered to without wavering, and at the same time without apparent enthusiasm. Catholics and Protestants live amicably side by side; but intermarriages are rare, and conversions from Rome to rationalism infrequent. The Sunday services of the little Protestant church are often attended by Catholics. Strangers passing through Osse, market-folk, peasants, and others, never fail to inspect it curiously. The Protestant pastor is looked up to with respect and affection alike by Catholic and Protestant neighbours. The rival churches neither lose nor gain adherents to any extent. This fact is curious, especially in a spot where Protestantism is seen at its best. It shows the extreme conservatism and stability of the French character, often

set down as revolutionary and fickle. In England folks often and avowedly change their religion several times during their lives. Is not the solemn reception into Rome of instructed men and women among ourselves a matter of every day? In France it is otherwise, and when a change is made we shall generally find that the step is no retrograde one.

If the aspect of Protestantism is encouraging at Osse, the same may be said of peasant property. Even a Zola must admit some good in a community unstained by crime during a period of twenty years, and bound by ties of brotherhood which render want impossible. A beautiful spirit of humanity, a delicacy rare among the most polished societies, characterise these frugal sons and daughters of the soil. Nor is consideration for others confined to fellow-beings only. The animal is treated as the friend, not the slave of man. "We have no need of the Loi Grammont here," said a resident to me; and personal observation confirmed the statement.

As sordidness carried to the pitch of brutality is often imputed to the French peasant, let me relate an incident that occurred hereabouts, not long before my visit. The land is minutely divided, many possessing a cottage and field only. One, of these very small owners was suddenly ruined by the falling of a rock, his cottage, cow, and pig being destroyed. Without saying a word, his neighbours, like himself in very humble circumstances, made up a purse of five hundred francs, a large sum with such donors, and, too delicate-minded to offer the gift themselves, deputed an outsider to do it anonymously. Another instance in point came to my

knowledge. This was of a young woman servant, who, during the illness of her employers, refused to accept wages. "You shall pay me some other time," said the girl to her mistress; "I am sure you can ill afford to give me the money now."

Peasant property and rural life generally here presented to me some wholly new features; one of these is the almost entire self-sufficingness of very small holdings, their owners neither buying nor selling, making their little crops and stock almost completely supply their needs. Thus on a field or two, enough flax is grown with which to spin linen for home use, enough wheat and Indian corn for the year's bread-making, maize being mixed with wheaten flour; again, pigs and poultry are reared for domestic consumption,—expenditure being reduced to the minimum. Coffee is a luxury seldom indulged in, a few drink home-grown wine, but all are large milk-drinkers. The poorest is a good customer of the dairy farmer.

I was at first greatly puzzled by the information of a neighbour that he kept cows for the purpose of selling milk. Osse being sixteen miles from a railway station, possessing neither semi-detached villas, hotels, boarding-houses, convents, barracks, nor schools, and a population of from three to four hundred only, most of these small farmers—who were his patrons?

I afterwards learned that the "ha'porth of milk," which means much more in all senses than with us, takes the place of tea, coffee, beer, to say nothing of more pernicious drinks, with the majority. New milk from the cow costs about a penny a quart, and perhaps if we could obtain a similar commodity at the

same price in England, even gin might be supplanted. Eggs and butter are also very cheap; but as the peasants rear poultry exclusively for their own use, it is by no means easy at Osse to procure a chicken. A little, a very little money goes to the shoemaker and general dealer, and fuel has to be bought; this item is inconsiderable, the peasants being allowed to cart wood from the communal forests for the sum of five or six francs yearly. The village is chiefly made up of farmhouses; on the mountain-sides and in the valley are the châlets and shepherds' huts, abandoned in winter. The homesteads are massed round the two churches, Catholic and Protestant, most having a narrow strip of garden and balcony carried along the upper storey, which does duty as a drying-ground. One of these secluded hamlets, with its slated roofs, white walls, and brown shutters, closely resembles another; but Osse stands alone in possessing a Protestant church and community, looked on, we may be sure, with no friendly eyes by the neighbouring curés.

Although the little centre of a purely agricultural region, we find here one of those small, specific industries, as characteristic of French districts as soil and produce. Folks being great water-drinkers, they will have their drinking-water in a state of perfection. Some native genius long ago invented a vessel which answers the requirement of the most fastidious. This is a pail-shaped receptacle of yewen wood, bound with brass bands, both inner and outer parts being kept exquisitely clean. Water in such vessels remains cool throughout the hottest hours of the hottest summer, and the wood is exceedingly durable, standing wear and tear, it is

said, hundreds of years. The turning and encasing of yewen wood, brass-bround water-jars is a flourishing manufacture at Osse.

Here may be seen and studied peasant property in many stages. I will begin with the lowest rung of the ladder, methodically working my way upwards. I would again remark that any comparison between the condition of the English agricultural labourer and the French peasant proprietor is irrelevant and inconclusive.* In the cottage of a small owner at Osse, for instance, we may discover features to shock us, often a total absence of the neatness and veneer of the Sussex ploughman's home. Our disgust is trifling compared with that of the humblest, most hard-working owner of the soil, when he learns under what conditions lives his English compeer. To till another's ground for ten or eleven shillings a week, inhabit a house from which at a week's notice that other can eject him, possess neither home, field, nor garden, and have no kind of provision against old age, such a state of things appears to our artless listener wholly inconceivable, incommensurate with modern civilisation and bare justice.

As an instance of the futility of comparisons, I will mention one experience. I was returning home late one afternoon when a poorly-dressed, sunburnt woman overtook me. She bore on her head a basket of bracken, and her appearance was such that in any other country I should have expected a demand for alms. Greeting me, however, cheerfully and politely, she at once entered into conversation. She had seen me at church on Sunday, and went on to speak of the pastor,

* See Appendix, Note 10.

with what esteem both Catholics and Protestants regarded him, then of the people, their mode of life and condition generally.

"No," she said, in answer to my inquiry, "there is no real want here, and no vagrancy. Everbody has his bit of land, or can find work. I come from our vineyard on the hillside yonder, and am now returning home to supper in the village,—our farmhouse is there." She was a widow, she added, and with her son, did the work of their little farm, the daughter-in-law minding the house and baby. They reared horses for sale, possessed a couple of cows, besides pigs and poultry.

The good manners, intelligence, urbanity, and quiet contentment of this good woman were very striking. She had beautiful white teeth, and was not prematurely aged, only very sunburnt and shabby, her black stuff dress blue with age and mended in many places, her partially bare feet thrust in sabots. The women here wear toeless or footless stockings, the upper part of the foot being bare. I presume this is an economy, as wooden shoes wear out stockings. We chatted of England, of Protestantism, and many topics before bidding each other good-night. There was no constraint on her part, and no familiarity. She talked fluently and naturally, just as one first-class lady-traveller might do to a fellow-passenger. Yet, if not here in contact with the zero of peasant property, we are considering its most modest phase.

A step higher and we found an instance of the levelling process characteristic of every stage of French society, yet hardly to be looked for in a remote Pyrenean village. In one of our afternoon rambles we overtook

a farmeress, and accepted an invitation to accompany her home. She tripped cheerfully beside us; although a Catholic, on friendliest terms with her Protestant neighbours. Her thin white feet in toeless stockings and sabots, well-worn woollen petticoat, black stuff jacket, a headgear of an old black silk handkerchief, would have suggested anything but the truth to the uninitiated. Here also the unwary stranger might have fumbled for a spare coin. She had a kindly, intelligent face, and spoke volubly in patois, having very little command of French. It was indeed necessary for me to converse by the medium of an interpreter. On approaching the village we were overtaken by a slight, handsome youth conducting a muck-waggon. This was her younger son, and his easy, well-bred greeting, and correct French, prepared me for the piece of intelligence to follow. The wearer of peasant's garb, carting manure, had passed his examination of Bachelor of Arts and Science, had, in fact, received the education of a gentleman. In his case, the patrimony being small, a professional career meant an uphill fight, but doubtless, with many another, he would attain his end.

The farmhouse was large, and, as is unusual here, apart from stables and cowshed, the kitchen and outhouse being on the ground floor, the young men's bedrooms above. Our hostess slept in a large curtained four-poster, occupying a corner of the kitchen. A handsome wardrobe of solid oak stood in a conspicuous place, but held only a portion of the family linen. These humble housewives count their sheets by the dozen of dozens, and linen is still spun at home, although not on the scale of former days. The better-off

purchase strong, unbleached goods of local manufacture. Here and there I saw old women plying spindle and distaff, but the spinning-wheel no longer hums in every cottage doorway.

Meantime our hospitable entertainer—it is ever the women who wait on their guests—brought out home-grown wine, somewhat sour to the unaccustomed palate, and as a corrective, home-made brandy, which, with sugar, formed an agreeable liqueur, walnuts, everything indeed that she had. We were also invited to taste the bread made of wheaten and maize flour mixed, a heavy, clammy compound answering Mrs. Squeers' requirement of "filling for the price." It is said to be very wholesome and nutritious.

The kitchen floor, as usual, had an unscoured look, but was clean swept, and on shelves stood rows of earthen and copper cooking-vessels and the yewen wood, brass-bound water-jars before mentioned. The façade of the house, with its shutters and balcony, was cheerful enough, but just opposite the front door lay a large heap of farmhouse manure awaiting transfer to the pastures. A little, a very little, is needed to make these premises healthful and comfortable. The removal of the manure-heap, stables, and cowshed; a neat garden plot, a flowering creeper on the wall, and the aspect would be in accordance with the material condition of the owner.

The property shared by this widow and her two sons consisted of between five and six acres, made up of arable land and meadow. They kept four cows, four mares for purposes of horse-breeding, and a little poultry. Milch cows here are occasionally used on the farm, an

anomaly among a population extremely gentle to animals.

My next visits were paid on a Sunday afternoon, when everybody is at home to friends and neighbours. Protestant initiative in the matter of the seventh day rest has been uniformly followed, alike man and beast enjoy complete repose. As there are no cabarets and no Salvation Army to disturb the public peace, the tranquillity is unbroken.

Our first call was upon an elder of the Protestant church, and one of the wealthier peasants of the community. The farmhouse was on the usual Pyrenean plan, stables and neat houses occupying the ground floor, an outer wooden staircase leading to kitchen, parlour, and bedrooms; on the other side a balcony overlooking a narrow strip of garden.

Our host, dressed in black cloth trousers, black alpaca blouse, and spotless, faultlessly-ironed linen, received us with great cordiality and the ease of a well-bred man. His mother lived with him, a charming old lady, like himself peasant-born, but having excellent manners. She wore the traditional black hood of aged and widowed Huguenot women, and her daughter-in-law and little granddaughter, neat stuff gowns and coloured cashmere kerchiefs tied under the chin.

We were first ushered into the vast kitchen or "living room," as it would be called in some parts of England, to-day with every other part of the house in apple-pie order. Large oak presses, rows of earthen and copper cooking-vessels, an enormous flour-bin, with plain deal table and chairs, made up the furniture, from one part of the ceiling hanging large quantities of ears of

Indian corn to dry. Here bread is baked once a week, and all the cooking and meals take place.

Leading out of the kitchen was the salon or drawing-room, the first I had ever seen in a peasant farmer's house. A handsome tapestry table-cover, chimney ornaments, mirror, sofa, armchairs, rugs, betokened not only solid means but taste. We were next shown the grandmother's bedchamber, which was handsomely furnished with every modern requirement, white toilet-covers and bed-quilt, window-curtains, rug, washstand; any lady unsatisfied here would be hard indeed to please. The room of master and mistress was on the same plan, only much larger, and one most-unlooked-for item caught my eye. This was a towel-horse (perhaps the comfortably-appointed parsonage had set the fashion?), a luxury never seen in France except in brand-new hotels. As a rule the towel is hung in a cupboard. We were then shown several other bedrooms, all equally suggestive of comfort and good taste; yet the owner was a peasant, prided himself on being so, and had no intention of bringing up his children to any other condition. His farm consisted of a few hectares only, but was very productive. We saw his cows, of which he is very fond, the gentle creatures making signs of joy at their master's approach. Four or five cows, as many horses for breeding purposes, a few sheep, pigs, and poultry made up his stock. All that I saw of this family gave me a very high notion of intelligence, morality, thrift, and benevolence. Very feelingly all spoke of their animals and of the duty of human beings towards the animal world generally. It was the first time I had heard such a tone taken by French peasants, but I was here, be it

remembered, among Protestants. The horrible excuse made in Italy and Brittany for cruelty to beasts, "Ce ne sont pas des chrétiens," finds no acceptance among these mountaineers.

Our second visit brought us into contact with the bourgeois element. The farmhouse, of much better appearance than the rest, also stood in the village. The holding was about the size of that just described. The young mistress was dressed in conventional style, had passed an examination at a girl's Lycée, entitling her to the *brevet supérieur* or higher certificate, her husband wore the dress of a country gentleman, and we were ushered into a drawing-room furnished with piano, pictures, a Japanese cabinet, carpets, and curtains.

The bedrooms might have been fitted up by an upholsterer of Tottenham Court Road. It must be borne in mind that I am not describing the wealthy farmers of the Seine and Marne or La Vendée.

The fact that these young people let a part of their large, well-furnished house, need not surprise us. There is no poverty here, but no riches. I do not suppose that any one of the small landowners to whom I was introduced could retire to-morrow and live on his savings. I dare aver that one and all are in receipt of a small income from invested capital, and have a provision against sickness and old age.

The master of the house showed me his stock, five or six handsome cows of cross breed, in value from £10 to £16, the latter the maximum price here. We next saw several beautiful mares and young colts, and four horned sheep. Sheep-keeping and farming are seldom carried on together, and this young farmer was

striking out a new path for himself. He told me that he intended to rear and fatten sheep, also to use artificial manure. Up to the present time, guanos and phosphates are all but unknown in these regions, only farmhouse dung is used, cows being partly kept for that purpose. Although the land is very productive, my informant assured me that much remained to be done by departure from routine and the adoption of advanced methods. The cross-breeding of stock was another subject he had taken up. Such initiators are needed in districts remote from agricultural schools, model farms, and State-paid chairs of agriculture.

Each of the four instances just given differed from the other. The first showed us peasant property in its simplest development, a little family contentedly living on their bit of land, making its produce suffice for daily needs, independent of marts and markets as the members of a primitive community.

The second stage showed us a wholly dissimilar condition, yet not without its ideal side. We were brought face to face with that transitional phase of society and pacific revolution, of happiest augury for the future. From the peasant ranks are now recruited contingents that will make civil wars impossible, men who carry into politics, learning, and the arts, those solid qualities that have made rural France the admiration of the world, and more than once saved her Republic.

The first instance exemplified the intense conservatism of the French peasant. Liberal in politics, enlightened in religion, open to the reception of new ideas, here was nevertheless a man absolutely satisfied with

social conditions as they affected himself and his children, utterly devoid of envy or worldly ambition. To reap the benefits of his toil, deserve the esteem of his neighbours, bequeath his little estate, improved and enriched, to his heirs, surely this was no contemptuous ideal either.

The last case differed from the other three. We were now reminded of the English tenant, or even gentleman-farmer,—with a difference. Alike master and mistress had received a good education and seen something of the world; they could enjoy music and books. But in spite of her *brevet supérieur,* the wife attended to her dairy; and although the husband was a gentleman in manners and appearance, he looked after the stock. They lived, too, on friendliest terms with their less-instructed and homelier neighbours, the black alpaca blouse and coloured kerchief, doing duty for bonnet, being conspicuous at their Sunday receptions. Not even a Zola can charge French village-life with the snobbishness so conspicuous in England. It will be amply shown from the foregoing examples that peasant property is no fixed condition to be arbitrarily dealt with after the manner of certain economists. On the contrary, it is many-phased; the fullest and widest development of modern France is indeed modern France itself. The peasant owner of the soil has attained the highest position in his own country. No other class can boast of such social, moral, and material ascendency. He is the acknowledged arbitrator of the fortunes of France.

I will now cite two facts illustrating the bright side of peasant property in its humblest phase, where we have been told to expect sordidness, even brutality. The

land hereabouts, as I have before stated, is excessively divided, the holdings being from two and a half acres in extent and upwards. It often happens that the younger children of these small owners give up their share of the little family estate without claiming a centime of compensation, and seek their fortunes in the towns. They betake themselves to handicrafts and trade, in their turn purchasing land with the savings from daily wages.

Again, it is supposed that the life of the peasant owner is one of uniform, unbroken drudgery, his daily existence hardly more elevated than that of the ox harnessed to his plough. Who ever heard of an English labourer taking a fourteen days' rest at the seaside? When did a rheumatic ploughman have recourse to Bath or Buxton? They order these things better in France.

Between Osse and Oloron stands Escot, long famous for its warm springs. The principle patrons of this modest watering-place are the peasants. It is their Carlsbad, their Homburg, many taking a season as regularly as the Prince of Wales. The thing is done with thoroughness, but at a minimum of cost. They pay half a franc daily for a room, and another half-franc for the waters, cooking their meals in the general kitchen of the establishment. Where the French peasant believes, his faith is phenomenal. Some of these valetudinarians drink as many as forty-six glasses of mineral water a day! What must be their capacities in robust health? The bourgeois or civilian element is not absent. Hither from Pau and Oloron come clerks and small functionaries with their families. Newspapers are read

and discussed in company. We may be sure that the rustic spa is a little centre of sociability and enlightenment.

Let me now say something about the crops of this sweet Pyrenean valley. The chief of these are corn, maize, rye, potatoes, and clover; the soil being too dry and poor for turnips and beetroot. Flax is grown in small quantities, and here and there we see vines, but the wine is thin and sour.

From time immemorial, artificial irrigation has been carried on in the Vallée d'Aspe, and most beautiful is the appearance of the brilliantly green pastures, intersected by miniature canals in every direction; the sweet pastoral landscape framed by mountain peaks of loveliest colour and majestic shape. These well-watered grasslands produce two or even three crops a year; the second, or *regain* as it is called, was being got in early in September, and harvest having taken place early, clover was already springing up on the cleared cornfields. Everywhere men and women were afield making hay or scattering manure on the meadows, the latter sometimes being done with the hands.

All these small farmers keep donkeys and mules, and on market-days the roads are alive with cavalcades; the men wearing gay waist-sashes, flat cloth caps, or berets, the women coloured kerchiefs. The type is uniform—medium stature, spareness, dark eyes and hair and olive complexion predominating. Within the last thirty years the general health and physique have immensely improved, owing to better food and wholesomer dwellings. Goître and other maladies, arising from insufficient diet have disappeared. Epidemics, I was

assured, seldom work havoc in this valley; and though much remains to be done in the way of drainage and sanitation, the villages have a clean, cheerful look.

The last ailment that would occur to us proves most fatal to those hardy country folks. They are very neglectful of their health, and as the changes of temperature are rapid and sudden, the chief mortality arises from inflammation of the lungs. It is difficult indeed to defend oneself against so variable a climate. On my arrival the heat was tropical. Twelve hours later I should have rejoiced in a fire. Dangerous, too, is the delicious hour after sunset, when mist rises from the valley, whilst yet the purple and golden glow on the peaks above tempts us to linger abroad.

The scenery is grandiose and most beautiful. Above the white-walled, gray-roofed villages and townlings scattered about the open, rise sharp-pointed green hills or monticules, one gently overtopping the other; surmounting these, lofty barren peaks, recalling the volcanic chains of Auvergne, the highest snow-capped point twice the altitude of the Puy de Dôme, two-thirds that of Mont Blanc.

Whichever way we go we find delightful scenery. Hidden behind the folded hills, approached by lovely little glades and winding bridle-path, tosses and foams the Gave d'Aspe, its banks thickly set with willow and salicornia, its solitary coves inviting the bather. The witchery of these mountain streams grows upon us in the Pyrenees. We hunger for the music of their cascades when far away. The sun-lit, snow-lit peaks, towering into the brilliant blue heavens, are not deserted as they appear. Shepherd farmers throughout the summer

dwell in huts here, and welcome visitors with great affability.

Let me narrate a fact interesting alike to the naturalist and meteorologist. On the 7th September, 1891, the heat on one of these summits nine thousand feet above the sea-level, was so intense that a little flock of sheep were seen literally hugging the snow, laying their faces against the cool masses, huddled about them, as shivering mortals round a fire in winter. And a little way off the eye-witness of this strange scene gathered deep blue irises in full bloom.

On the lower slopes the farmers leave their horses to graze, giving them a look from time to time. One beautiful young horse lost its life just before my arrival, unwarily approaching a precipitous incline. As a rule accidents are very rare.

The izard or Pyrenean chamois, although hunted as game, is not yet a survival here, nor the eagle and bear, the latter only making its appearance in winter-time.

Tent-life in these mountain-sides is quite safe and practicable. Who can say? A generation hence and these magnificent Alps may be tunnelled by railways, crowned by monster hotels, peopled from July to October with tourists in search of disappointments.

At present the Vallée d'Aspe is the peacefullest in the world. Alike on week-days and Sundays the current of life flows smoothly. Every morning from the open windows of the parsonage may be heard the sweet simple hymns of the Lutheran church, master and mistress, servants and children, uniting in daily thanksgiving and prayer. And a wholesome corrective is the Sunday service after the heathenish idolatry of Lourdes.

The little congregation was striking. Within the altar railings stood two *anciens,* or elders, of the church, middle-aged men, tall, stalwart, the one fair as a Saxon, the other dark as a Spaniard. Both wore the dress of the well-to-do peasant, short black alpaca blouses, black cloth trousers, and spotless collars and cuffs, and both worthily represented those indomitable ancestors who neither wavered nor lost heart under direst persecution.

By the time the pastor ascended the reading-desk, the cheerful, well-kept little church was full, the men in black blouses, the women wearing neat stuff or print gowns, with silk handkerchiefs tied under the chin, widows and the aged, the sombre black-hooded garment, enveloping head and figure, of Huguenot matrons of old,—supposed to have suggested the conventual garb.

Among the rest were two or three Catholics, peasants of the neighbourhood, come to look on and listen, not without profit, we may be sure. The simple, intelligible service, the quiet fervour of the assembly might well impress a sceptical beholder. Even more impressive the inscription over the door. A tablet records how the first Protestant church was pulled down by order of the king after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and rebuilt on the declaration of religious liberty by the National Assembly. Gazing on that inscription and the little crowd of worshippers, a sentence of Tacitus came into my mind. Recording how not only the biographers of good men were banished or put to death, but their works publicly burnt by order of Domitian, the historian, whose sentences are volumes condensed, adds: "They fancied, forsooth"—he is speaking of the tyrant and his satellites—"that all records of these actions being de-

stroyed, mankind could never approve of them." An illusion shared by enemies of intellectual liberty, from the Caesars to their latest imitator, unhappily not wholly dispelled in our own day.

Whether the homeward journey is made through the Landes by way of Bayonne and Bordeaux, or through the Eastern Pyrenees by way of Perpignan, we are brought face to face with scenes of strangest transformation. In the former region the agency has been artificial, the shifting sands being fixed and solidified by plantations on a gigantic scale, and large tracts rendered fertile by artificial irrigation; in the latter, Nature has prepared the field, the more laborious portion of the husbandman's task is already done.

The Landes I hope to revisit and describe in detail on a future occasion. "The districts of sand, as white as snow and so loose as to blow," seen by Arthur Young towards the close of the last century, can hardly be said to exist in our own day. Even within twenty-five years the changes are so great as to render entire regions hardly recognisable. The stilts, or *chanques,* of which our word "shanks" is supposed to be the origin, become rarer and rarer. The creation of forests and sinking of wells, drainage, artificial manures, and canals are rapidly fertilising a once arid region; with the aspect of the country a proportionate change taking place in the material condition of the people.

No less startling is the transformation of lagoon into salt marsh, and marsh into cultivable soil, witnessed between the Spanish frontier, Perpignan, and Nîmes.

Quitting Cerbère, the little town at which travellers

from Barcelona re-enter French territory, we follow the coast, traversing a region long lost to fame and the world, but boasting of a brilliant history before the real history of France began.

We are here in presence of geological changes neither effected by shock nor convulsion, nor yet by infinitesimally slow degrees. A few centuries have sufficed to alter the entire contour of the coast and reverse the once brilliant destinies of maritime cities. With the recorded experience of mediæval writers at hand, we can localise lagoons and inland seas where to-day we find belts of luxuriant cultivation. In a life-time falling short of the Psalmist's threescore years and ten observations may be made that necessitate the re-construction of local maps.

The charming little watering-place of Banyuls-sur-Mer, reached soon after passing the Spanish frontier, is the only place on this coast, except Cette, without a history. The town is built in the form of an amphi-theatre, its lovely little bay surrounded by rich southern vegetation. The oleanders and magnolias in full bloom, gardens and vineyards, are no less strikingly contrasted with the barrenness and monotony that follows, than Banyuls itself, spick and span, brand-new, with the buried cities scattered on the way, ancient as Tyre and Sidon, and once as flourishing. There is much sadness yet poetic charm in the landscape sweeps of silvery-green olive or bluish salicornia against a pale blue sky, dull brown fishing villages bordering sleepy lagoons, stretches of white sand, with here and there a glimpse of the purple, rock-hemmed sea. Little of life animates this coast, in many spots the custom-house officer and

a fisherman or two being the sole inhabitants, their nearest neighbours removed from them by many miles. Only the flamingo, the heron, and the sea-gull people these solitudes, within the last few years broken by the whistle of the locomotive. We are following the direct line of railway between Barcelona and Paris.

The first of the buried cities is the musically-named Elne, anciently Illiberis, now a poor little town of the department of the Eastern Pyrenees, hardly indeed more than a village, but boasting a wondrous pedigree. We see dull brown walls, ilex groves, and above low-lying walls, the gleaming sea. This apparently deserted place occupies the site of city upon city. Seaport, metropolis, emporium had here reached their meridian of splendour before the Greek and the Roman set foot in Gaul. Already in Pliny's time the glories of Elne had become tradition.* We must go farther back than Phoenician civilisation for the beginnings of this town, halting-place of Hannibal and his army on their march towards Rome. The great Constantine endeavoured to resuscitate the fallen city, and for a brief space Elne became populous and animated. With other once flourishing seaports it has been gradually isolated from the sea, and the same process is still going on.

Just beyond Perpignan a lofty tower, rising amid vineyards and pastures, marks the site of Ruscino, another ancient city and former seaport. The Tour de Roussillon is all that now remains of a place once important enough to give its name to a province. Le Rous-

* See Appendix, Note 11.

sillon, from which was formed the department of the Pyrénées Orientales, became French by the treaty of the Pyrenees in 1659. Here also the great Carthaginian halted, and here, we learn, he met with a friendly reception.

Monotonous as are these wide horizons and vast stretches of marsh and lagoon, they appeal to the lover of solitude and of the more pensive aspects of nature. The waving reeds against the pale sky, the sweeps of glasswort and terebinth, show delicate gradations of colour; harmonious too the tints of far-off sea and environing hills. Not cities only seem interred here: the railway hurries us through a world in which all is hushed and inanimate, as if, indeed, mankind no less than good fortune had deserted it. The prevailing uniformity is broken by the picturesquely placed little town of Salses and the white cliffs of Leucate. Strabo and Pomponius Mela describe minutely the floating islands or masses of marine plants moving freely on the lake of Salses. Here, as elsewhere, the coast line is undergoing slow but steady modification, yet we are in presence of phenomena that engaged the attention of writers two thousand years ago.

From this point till we approach Cette the region defies definition. It is impossible to determine nicely where the land ends and the sea begins. The railway follows a succession of inland salt lakes and lagoons, with isolated fishermen's cabins, reminding us of lake-dwellings. In some places the hut is approached by a narrow strip of solid ground, on either side surrounded by water, just admitting the passage of a single pedes-

trian. The scene is unspeakably desolate. Only sea-birds keep the fisher-folk company; only the railway recalls the busy world far away.

Of magnificent aspect is Narbonne, the Celtic Venice, as it rises above the level landscape. The great seaport described by Greek historians six centuries before our own era, the splendid capital of Narbonese Gaul, rival of the Roman Nîmes and of the Greek Arles, is now as dull a provincial town as any throughout France. Invasions, sieges, plagues, incendiaries, most of all religious persecutions, ruined the mediæval Narbonne. The Jewish element prevailed in its most prosperous phase, and M. Renan in his history of Averroës shows how much of this prosperity and intellectual pre-eminence was due to the Jews. The cruel edicts of Philip Augustus against the race proved no less disastrous here than the expulsion of Huguenots elsewhere later. The decadence of Narbonne as a port is due to natural causes. Formerly surrounded by lagoons affording free communication with the sea, the Languedocian Venice has gradually lost her advantageous position. The transitional stage induced such unhealthy climatic conditions that at one period there seemed a likelihood of the city being abandoned altogether. In proportion as the marsh solidified the general health improved. Day by day the slow but sure process continues, and when the remaining salt lakes shall have become dry land, this region, now barren and desolate, will blossom like the rose. The hygienic and atmospheric effects of the *Eucalyptus globulus* in Algeria are hardly more striking than the amelioration wrought here in a natural way. The Algerian traveller of twenty-five years ago now finds noble forests of blue gum tree

where, on his first visit, his heart was wrung by the spectacle of a fever-stricken population. On the coast of Languedoc the change has been slower. It has taken not only a generation but a century to transfer pestilential tracts into zones of healthfulness and fertility.

An interesting fact, illustrating the effect of physical agencies upon human affairs, must be here mentioned. Till within the last few years this town counted a considerable Protestant community. The ravages of the phylloxera in the neighbouring vineyards caused a wholesale exodus of vine-growers belonging to the Reformed Church, and in 1886 the number had dwindled to such an extent that the services of a pastor were no longer required. The minister in charge was transferred elsewhere.

The dull little town of Agde is another ancient site. Its name is alike a poem and a history. The secure harbourage afforded by this sheltered bay won for the place the name of Good Fortune, *ἀγαθὴ τύχη*, whence Agathe, Agde. A Greek settlement, its fine old church was in part constructed of the materials of a temple to Diana of Ephesus. Agde possesses interest of another kind. It is built of lava, the solitary peak rising behind it, called Le Pic de St. Loup, being the southern extremity of that chain of extinct volcanoes beginning with Mont Mezenc in the Cantal. A pathetic souvenir is attached to this lonely crater. At a time when geological ardour was rare, a Bishop of Agde, St. Simon by name, devoted years of patient investigation to the volcanic rocks in his diocese. The result of his studies

were recorded in letters to a learned friend, but the Revolution stopped the poor bishop's discoveries. He perished by the guillotine during the Terror. The celebrated founder of socialism in France was his nephew.

Here our journey ends. We now complete our loop, rejoining the railway quitted at Montpellier on our way to Quissac and Carcassonne.

PART II.

PROVINCES: ANJOU, POITOU, CASCOIGNE, BERRY.

I.

DEPARTMENT: MAINE AND LOIRE.

Maine and Anjou have the appearance of deserts.—
ARTHUR YOUNG.

THE section here taken in hand represents an obtuse triangle on the French map, the several points touching Paris, Angers, Bordeaux. Whilst far from being the most striking or picturesque region of France, the territory thus comprised offers peculiar interest. Nowhere has the face of the country been more completely modified since the Revolution; nowhere has social and economic progress been more marked within our own time. On every side we see the handiwork of mighty genii, nor do the great gods rest in these days from their labours. Absent yourself for a few years, and once familiar towns and villages are hardly recognisable, so rapid, so enormous the advance.

Each of the regions here reviewed has strongly marked characteristics: the Berry, Cinderella of French provinces, glorified by the golden dower of romance; the Vendée, blood-sodden wilderness, now made to blossom as the rose; the Gironde, stronghold of Protestantism, but for whose lion-hearted fisher-folk freedom of faith might have perished in France. Nor is Anjou

—erewhile England over the water, its gracious city, alike the court, capital, and stronghold of English kings —without special claim; and it would be difficult to single out any group of departments offering greater diversity, whether we take under consideration physical features, population, or products.

Angers, the most elegant city of Western, as Nancy is of Eastern France, city of exquisite flowers, beautiful women, and artistic genius, yet shows material progress worthy of Chicago. Since the beginning of the century it has been completely metamorphosed, and of late years Haussmannized within an inch of its ruin. But a miss is as good as a mile. Angers still remains full of interest for the archæologist and art-lover, whilst it is a charming place to live in, musical, intellectual, refined. The city must be considered under a threefold aspect, as a port, a tiny Paris, and Shakespeare's "contemptuous town"! The grandiose château, covering an enormous area, giving a very good idea of the Angers realised by the poet's mental vision. Many dark, narrow streets have been pulled down, and airy, handsome quarters added. In returning here after a few years' absence, I lost my way at every turn, so tremendous are the changes, and certainly from a hygienic and economic point of view greatly for the better. Boulevards, schools, hospitals, bridges, manufactories, hotels, bespeak the general prosperity and an active public spirit. A word as to its hospitals. Perhaps no aspect of the Revolution has been more overlooked than the philanthropic, yet the measures of the first Republic on behalf of the poor display zeal worthy of Howards and Shaftesburys.* At Angers in-

* See Appendix, Note 12.

dividual efforts, alike lay and clerical, had already in some degree alleviated the sufferings of the sick, the infirm, and the orphan; it remained for the Revolution to organise public charity on a comprehensive and impartial scale. Hospitals were placed under responsible committees of management, and a law of the 17 Ventôse, An III. (7th March 1795), decreed the establishment of an orphanage, or "Hospice des Enfants de la Patrie" at Angers, and under the same roof a lying-in hospital. These and other institutions have been greatly developed, and no French city now shows more splendid or better managed charitable institutions. One rule, formerly a great grievance in a mixed Protestant and Catholic community, has been rescinded. In former days the first thing required of any one accepting public charity was confession. At the present time the only obligation is that of respect for the religious opinions of others. On the committee of management—a noteworthy fact—figures the name of the Protestant pastor.

In the neighbourhood of Angers, and throughout the department, may be seen those cave-dwellings noticed by Arthur Young a hundred years ago. Down to our own times the Angevin peasant, like man, unblessed by Promethean fire, dwelt—

> In hollow holes, like swarms of tiny ants,
> In sunless depths of caverns.

The tufa, or yellow calcareous rock, that easily lends itself to such a purpose, was hollowed out into ready-made habitations, rendered more or less comfortable as the means of the occupant permitted, but always out of keeping with modern ideas. In the canton of Gennes

in 1875 (a canton is the limit of jurisdiction of a *juge de paix*, also an electoral division) I was constantly coming upon little troglodyte hamlets, sometimes having the backs of the houses towards the road, only tall chimneys being visible. Elsewhere might be seen the inner side of a cave divided into half a dozen dwellings, crops and fruit trees flourishing overhead. Many had no windows, the only ventilation being by door and chimney. Vines and roses trained on the ochre-coloured walls gave a warm southern aspect to the strange scene. During one of my visits I was shown a weaver's loom that had been worked there for many years. Already the darkest and most comfortless of the caves had been turned into out-houses and stables, but on visiting the neighbourhood eleven years later I found that they were fast being abandoned altogether.

Here, as in so many other parts of France, we are reminded of brand-new settlements of newly colonised land. Let me give particulars of what I now saw at St. Georges-des-Sept-Voies, a commune of the canton of Gennes (a commune in the smallest division administered by mayor and municipal council) in which I have upon different occasions spent some weeks. We first visited a small cottage built at a cost of £80, and consisting of three rooms only. But this was an immense improvement on the cave-dwelling, alike in hygiene, comfort, and cheerfulness. Its owners, an aged farm-servant and his wife, showed great pride in their new possession; and no wonder. The fruit of life-long savings had afforded a retreat for old age. They could quote Touchstone—

"'Tis a poor thing, but 'tis my own."

It must never be forgotten that underlying the sordidness, with some truth attributed to the French peasant, is a dignified and manly ambition. The consciousness of an inferiority which it is in his own power to remove, humiliates him. Certain good things of life, matters of mere chance, he does not envy. Material, social, and intellectual equality seems no Utopian dream. Thus these good people welcomed their rich neighbour and her English guest much more heartily than they would have done to a burrow in the cliff. Their cottage accorded with the fitness of things; they too were marching with the times.

We are describing the lowest rung of the ladder, let us next see what the more prosperous peasant is about, the man who has not only been able to lay by for old age, not only possesses a house and plot of land, but, bit by bit, has acquired what, in my native Suffolk, folks style "a tight little property."

The house this small landowner was building for himself consisted of kitchen, back-kitchen, and parlour on the ground-floor, four commodious bedrooms on the upper, reached by a handsome staircase. In front a small flower-garden was being laid out, and the whole, when completed, would answer to one of our own suburban villas. I asked the probable cost of construction, and was informed about £240. This seems an inadequate sum, but it must be borne in mind that the owner possessed wood and building stone, the tufa being abundantly quarried here, also that most of the work in these cases, as elsewhere in France, is done by the peasants themselves, thus reducing the cost to a minimum. The substitution of neat cottages or villas

for cave-dwellings is but one sign of progress out of many. We must see things with our own eyes in order to realise the social as well as material advance taking place in rural districts.

I cannot for a moment admit that the peasants' progress is one of worldly condition only. It will be seen that these experiences point to an opposite conclusion, showing equal strides in another and loftier direction. Still less will my acquaintances with French rural life bear out the portraiture of Zola.

Let me here adduce examples. My hostess at St. Georges-des-Sept-Voies was a rich, liberal-minded, and sociable lady landowner. Her property, of several hundred acres, was cultivated by herself with the help of a farm-bailiff and his family, with dairymaid and other farm-servants boarded in the house. This lady lived on terms of affectionate intimacy with her humble neighbours, and one day entertained a family party to dinner. Her guests, wearing the mob cap and blue blouse, were perfectly natural and self-possessed in manner. Abundance of good things and a variety of wines and liqueurs were moderately partaken of. They entered easily into general conversation; and when the hour for departure came, drove home in a comfortable waggonette. But the most striking fact remains to be told. One of the party was what Charles Lamb describes as "a grand fragment, as good as an Elgin marble. He was as the man-part of a Centaur, from which the horse-part had been cloven in some dire Lapithan controversy." This poor fellow who had been born thus deformed, and could of course never earn a centime, was absolutely dependent on those around him.

This family, although strictly belonging to the peasant class, fortunately was well-to-do. With his small heritage and the help of kinsfolk he was well cared for, supplied with books, the burden of helplessness lightened to the utmost. He lived with a widowed sister-in-law and niece, and nothing could exceed their tenderness and devotion.

I will quote one remark that dropped from the lips of this crippled peasant, whose existence had been spent in the heart of Anjou. "J'ai bien regretté la chute de M. Gladstone. C'est une rétrogression dans votre pays de bien des années." (I much regretted the fall of Mr. Gladstone. It has retarded progress in your country by many years.) This was in August 1886.

Again take the case of my hostess's farm-bailiff. He worked as hard as any English labourer, his wife and children wore plain, homely clothes; but on further inquiry, I found that he possessed one bit of land here, another there, had money invested in the funds, could give his daughter a dowry, and bequeath his sons a small freehold.

Nor had excessive toil dulled the faculties or sensibilities of this charming peasant. One Sunday afternoon he busied himself in re-arranging a small lending library founded by his employer for the good of her less-instructed neighbours. It was touching to see how reverently, almost affectionately he handled the books destined for the entertainment and instruction of younger aspirants. The lady coming in to watch him at his work, impatiently remarked that the only works in

favour were novels. "But we may learn something from novels too," he replied.

A pathetic and suggestive figure, that of the unlettered peasant, covering books on the one holiday of the week for the use of others,—humble Moses, rejoicing in the Promised Land, régime of intellectual equality he was not himself to enjoy. The Angevin character has an ideal side. Often and often, the labours of the day finished, his fellow-workers abed, our good Louis would roam the premises, like Patience in *Mauprat* gazing upon the stars, with what cravings after the illimitable, the unknown, with what vague aspirations and upliftings of spirit, we can only guess! Integrity personified, adoring his children, a firm yet gentle steward, he went his quiet way keeping his deepest thoughts to himself.

M. Baudrillart, in his admirable study of rural Normandy, mentions the love of the dance handed down from the olden time. In Anjou the peasants are never too tired to foot it merely in the round. Supper over —all meals are taken out of doors during the warm weather—young and old join hands and dance to the sound of their own voices, the pastime being often kept up till midnight. As an instance of the elasticity of the French temperament, take the following fact. On the occasion of my second visit, these joyous dancers had lately undergone a severe trial. The village notary had failed a short time before, and his bankruptcy was in reality the breaking of the local bank. The country-folks trusted him implicitly, and were in the habit of confiding small savings to his care, pending the opportunity of an investment in land. One and all were

more or less victimised. My friend's dairymaid, now treading a measure so gaily, had lost her entire savings of £60, the farm-bailiff, our star-gazer, £40.

Such trials are surmounted by hopefulness and resolution. The typical French peasant, to borrow a Positivist designation, is a determinist. He makes up his mind to save money, and he does save it. The foregoing fact is interesting from another point of view. Indebted the small proprietor will of course sometimes be, most often he is a lender, not borrower, on interest.

Yet another trait or two of these good farming folk. Hilarious, even noisy as were the out-of-door meals and moonlight dances, conversation and behaviour were alike uniformly seemly. Between father and mother, carefully guarded as young ladies in fashionable convent schools, sat the two daughters of the farm-steward. These hard-working, neatly-dressed, modest girls would never go to service; domestic service is looked down upon by the well-to-do peasant proprietor; instead, each having her little portion, they would marry some respectable neighbour's son and live within reach of the parental home.

Primitive as habits of life still remain in country places, a gradual advance is nevertheless noticeable. A few years ago, for instance, men and women servants would wait at table bare-legged, their unstockinged feet thrust into sabots. Nowadays, even outdoor labourers of both sexes wear good shoes and stockings. The neat coif of the women, still partially adhered to, will inevitably give way to hat and bonnet. By little and little more important domestic innovations are sure to become universal. And here may be mentioned the in-

calculable services rendered to sanitation and hygiene by the great Jubilee Exhibition of 1889. Hundreds of thousands of peasants from remote corners of France then gazed for the first time on sanitary appliances of the first necessity to health and decency, and long ago familiar to all classes in England. It is not that the French peasant loves sordidness and squalor. Comfort and luxury have not as yet come in his way. Thus it comes about that in certain respects out-of-the-way districts remain almost as behind-hand as Arthur Young found them a hundred years ago. Before we too strongly animadvert on the apparent neglect of hygiene by the State and municipalities, we must remember the arduous duties imposed upon both in the matter of education. Here the advance has been prodigious. The Suffolk squire in his French travels never by any chance whatever alludes to a village school. And for the best possible reason. The village school could not be said to exist. The curé or abbé here and there would get the children together and teach them the catechism, credo, and paternoster. Writing, reading, arithmetic, and the teaching of French were deemed unnecessary. The Convention during its short régime decreed a comprehensive system of primary instruction, lay, gratuitous, obligatory;* but the initiative was not followed up, and the first educational law carried into effect was that of 1833. How slowly matters advanced may be gathered from the fact that so late as 1872 two-thirds of the inhabitants of certain departments could neither read nor write. The Third Republic has vigorously grappled with the problem, and within the

* See Appendix, Note 13.

last twenty years schools and training colleges for both male and female teachers have been multiplied in all directions. In 1879 only twenty-six technical schools existed throughout the country, in 1883 they numbered 400. In 1866, 35 per cent of the entire population of France could neither read nor write. In 1882 the percentage of these *illettrés* had dwindled to nineteen!

It may be safely affirmed that the progress we are able to attest from personal experience is more startling than any adduced by statistics. The great Act of 1884 not only enormously developed national education, but completely revolutionised its spirit.

Let us see now how these statements are borne out with regard to the Maine and Loire, and especially the commune under review. The chief stumbling-block in the way of French educationalists was of course the sectarian difficulty. Broadly speaking, the education of the young, and of girls till they left school, was in the hands of uncertificated irresponsible teachers,—that is to say, nuns. A *lettre d'obédience* from the head of her order enabled a sister to teach or pretend to teach anything she liked, just as the same pseudo diploma in country places enabled her to fulfil the function of surgeon, apothecary, dentist, and midwife.

The consequences are obvious. Whilst the boys of a commune received an excellent elementary instruction from the certificated schoolmaster, the girls learned nothing but the catechism, needlework, and perhaps reading and writing.

On my first visit to my friend's village both boys and girls' schools were, as now, *écoles communales* supported by the State. Unfortunately, the commune had

been induced some years before to accept a house and piece of ground from a benevolent Catholic lady, on condition that the girls' school should be conducted by nuns. Girls and boys therefore received an education fundamentally different, a fact curiously and painfully illustrated at the annual distribution of prizes. The rule is to give every scholar a prize, the most meritorious receiving the best. I noticed when present upon one of these occasions in 1875 that the boys were awarded handsomely got-up editions of Jules Verne and translations from good English works for the young, adventure, travel, biography, and so on; whilst the girls, being under the supervision of the nuns, received dry theological treatises, lives of saints, expositions of the sacraments, and so on, the only attraction being a gaudy cover.

When revisiting the same place twelve years later, I found all this changed. The Act of 1884, rendering the teacher's certificate in every case obligatory, had meantime come into force. On asking a little girl to show me her schoolbooks, I recognised among them a well-known and admirable primer of French history, long used in boy's schools, the *Textes and Récits d'Histoire de France,* par E. Foncin. I have been assured by ladies reared in fashionable convent schools that the history of France formerly taught there, ended with the death of Louis Seize! Fortunately within the convent walls the diploma can no longer be dispensed with. The Lycée, or public day-school for girls, is another important factor in female education, hastening the period when, to use the eloquent words of Gambetta, "our girls and boys shall be united by the intellect before they are united by the heart."

The position of village schoolmaster until recent date was wretched in the extreme. Fifteen years ago, £30 a year with a house and small capitation fee was the emolument at the commune I speak of, and education not being obligatory, the latter addition could hardly be taken into account. Boys were early employed on the land instead of being sent to school. Since that time the educational grants of M. Waddington and other ministers have greatly improved the condition of teachers of both sexes, so much so that the number of candidates is often far in excess of the demand. The son of the soil, self-raised to the condition of landowner, becomes ambitious for his children. He desires not only to see their material prospects improved, but their social status raised. Many a peasant-born lad now attains his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and studies in Paris for the learned professions. Hitherto, strange as it may appear, the nun has been the most redoubtable rival of the country doctor. In former days a young practitioner who should return to his own village and set up practice there was starved out by female quacks in the guise of Sisters of Mercy.

I remember well paying a visit to the Sisters of St. Georges, one of whom, a harsh-featured, shrill-voiced woman, began at once speaking of her medical rounds. It seemed that on her devolved the duty of physicking the people. "Heavens, how busy I am just now!" she cried. "Everybody has been out of sorts. Tout le monde a besoin d'être purgé"; and she evidently administered her remedies with a vengeance. There were medicines in the convent parlour enough to supply an apothecary's shop. Except in case of very serious

accident, no one thought of fetching a medical man. This was in 1875, and on making inquiries at the present time I find that amateur surgery and physicking are still up to a certain point permitted. The herbalist, whose remedies for the most part are simple enough, requires no certificate, and nuns may still purge, draw teeth, and dress wounds with impunity. I am also assured that female quackery is useful in poor and remote districts, no doctor being able to earn a living there. When visiting rich friends in Burgundy a few years ago, the cook, an aged woman, was severely bitten by a dog. Although only half an hour by rail from a large city, the surgeon called in was a nun!

Such a money-gubber is the French peasant supposed to be, that we never imagine him taking rest on Sundays. I always found Sunday strictly observed as a holiday in Anjou. At an early hour the village-folk, dressed in their best, would set off for church. The remainder of the day was given up to friendly visits, walks, and drives, all the well-to-do keeping a vehicle of some kind.

Next let us glance at the landscape described by Arthur Young as wearing the appearance of a desert. It would be easier nowadays to say what Anjou does not produce than to give a list of its products. The astounding country! Corn, fruit, and flowers, seem to have here their home, as if in any less-favoured spot they would become exiles, be at chilling disadvantage, the same excellence and profusion not to be looked for. Nowhere else throughout the length and breadth of France do you feel more overwhelmed with the plenty of common things, more conscious of the spell wrought

by possession. Give a man a black rock, wrote our "wise and honest traveller," "and he will turn it into a garden." Here the miracle has been worked on gigantic scale. The wealth and luxuriance beggar description.

Alike sick and poor can dispense with the shop and the market in the Maine and Loire. Everything for comfort and grace is at their doors, in their larders, and clothes'-presses. At my friend's house no more shopping was done than if she were living on a desert island. Besides the stores of home-grown wine, spirits, liqueurs, and essences, the delicate orange-flower among these, there were jams and jellies enough to stock a grocer's shop, walnut oil, raisin vinegar, honey, home-made medicines, stimulants, ointments, home-spun linen, everything for use but shoes and stationery. Of course there were cows, affording cream and butter; a well-stocked poultry-yard; calves and sheep; in addition to these, fish from the neighbouring streams; and of course fruit and vegetables in abundance. Everything flourishes —strawberries, peaches, figs, mulberries, grapes, peas, asparagus, the delicate aubergine, or *Solanum insanum,* introduced from the West Indies in 1815; salads of all kinds; none of these good things being mere dainties for elegantly appointed tables. Many of the very small holdings here may indeed be described as orchards, fruit and vegetable gardens, fruit-trees and bushes being planted amid the crops and by the way-side, no one pilfering his neighbour. In my native Suffolk, tenant-farmers and their landlords used to have perpetual bickerings about trees. A tree standing in a cornfield was regarded by the occupant as an enemy.

The French farmer, on the contrary, avers that a tree earns its own living. The walnut, the service-berry, and the apple are allowed to overshadow the wheat and barley undisturbed, on account of their own valuable crops. The oil made from the walnut is excellent; a wholesome drink is produced from the service-berry; apples are generally sold for cider. As a rule, we shall find the frugal country-folks seldom drinking wine if they can procure a cheaper substitute.

The field-crops show the same variety, and dazzling indeed is the peasants' patchwork from April till November. Sky-blue flax, dark green hemp, crimson clover, bright yellow colza, golden wheat, the stately Indian corn with its deep-hued, waxen green leaves and rich orange-coloured seeds, the creamy-blossomed buckwheat, so poetically called by Michelet, "la neige d'été,"—summer snow. All these flourish side by side, and often on a farm of two or three acres.

But crops more dazzling still embellish and enrich the land Arthur Young found a desert. The Suffolk squire in those vivid pages of his no more describes flowers than schools. France, that is to say, the France of the people, the peasant, was a flowerless country on the eve of the Revolution. Anjou, in the present day, would by styled the Flora of the French departments were it not that the Floras are legion. The Angevin capital has nevertheless for itself won the name of "la ville de fleurs." Like Florence, it is a city of flowers. Its floriculture is not only a spectacle for a stranger, but a source of princely revenue. Despatch an English telegram to a horticulturist of Angers, and you receive next day, in a straw basket made expressly for the pur-

pose, a bouquet of choicest roses, violets, heliotrope, and mignonette; or exotics, fresh and beautiful, as if that moment plucked.

Every year we find a love of flowers taking root among the people, perhaps a spiritualising influence of greater significance than we imagine. A pretty flower festival may be witnessed in country houses. On the occasion of my hostess's name-day, or fête of her paternal saint, we adjourned to the drawing-room after dinner, when a charming procession streamed in, all bearing enormous posies. Would that some artist had been by to portray these sunburnt peasant-folk in blue blouses and mob caps as they offered their flowers! There were old men and matrons, stalwart youths and damsels, all natural and merry, as if fêting one of their own people. Each donor kissed the lady of the house on either cheek, wishing her a happy year. It was touching to see with what pains the poorest had made bouquets of wild flowers and grasses in default of flowers. When the last was added to the floral pyramid on the table, we went out of doors to drink toasts with sparkling wine, and join hands in the merry round. I may mention, as an instance of the homely ways of even rich country-people in France, that the champagne was drunk out of common earthen mugs! Yet the dispenser of hospitality here enjoyed an income of a thousand pounds a year.

Generally speaking, Anjou is a land of small farms, the larger proportion consisting from two and a half to fifty acres. Naturally, the smaller of these cannot support a horse; one is therefore kept by two or more owners on co-operative principles. A cow, a dozen

sheep, pigs, geese, and poultry constitute the stock. It will be seen how greatly the small farmer depends on the multiform nature of his crops. Plenty of fruit will make tup for a bad harves; a good vintage for a poor apple season. He has always something in reserve.

In 1875 the phylloxera had hardly invaded the Maine and Loire; twelve years later I found the vineyards in many places completely ruined. One neighbour, a lady managing for herself and children a farm of several hundred acres, had lost the greater part of her income through the vine pest. With the national elasticity of temperament, she was now turning her attention to corn. When we called one afternoon we found her busily superintending the thrashing of a large wheat stack. Lady-farmers are not perhaps so common as in some parts of England, yet they are found here and there, an argument that should tell favourably for female suffrage when the question is seriously mooted in France. Wages fifteen years ago were as follows: two francs a day without board for average field-work, or one franc with meals; washerwomen received the last-mentioned pay, needlewomen rather less. Work paid by the piece was much better remunerated. Thus during harvest and vintage able labourers could earn four or five francs daily. It must be remembered that most farm-labourers have small holdings of their own. With the progress of agriculture, wages have risen slowly but steadily in most parts of France, 20 per cent being the average advance. Increased facilities of transport and communication, the extended use of machinery and artificial manures, and the cross-breeding of stock, had in 1862 accorded the Maine and Loire fourth rank

among French departments. In 1880 it stood first as a corn-producing region, the area thus cultivated being 170,000 hectares out of a total of 712,509 hectares. Wastes and brushwood have almost disappeared from a country thus described by Arthur Young just a hundred years ago: "Immense tracts are waste, under ling, fern, furze, etc., but the soil of these does not differ from the cultivated parts, and, with cultivation, would be equally good."

Between the years 1833 and 1870 the value of land here showed a rise of 50 per cent. Of late years agriculture throughout France has gone through a period of depression, the phylloxera and other parasites, the supersession of valuable crops by foreign products,—among these madder and beetroot,—lastly, bad seasons have seriously affected the farming interests all over the country. Anjou has suffered less than its neighbours. Wine, fruit, and flowers are largely exported, and alike in town and country we witness enormous progress from year to year.

The beauty of Angevin landscape, like the beauty of Frenchwomen in the words of Michelet, is made up of little nothings. This engaging land should be seen lazily, sauntered through as the pages of D'Urfey's pastoral. We may begin at any point and leave off where we will. In summer-time the country is a mosaic of green, purple, and gold, the pale tints of ripening corn mingling with the richer hemp and dark-leaved beetroot. Ofttimes our way lies through one vast orchard, fruit trees bordering the high road, walnut tree, service-berry, plum, pear, and apple needing no

protection—none is needed. In another direction we may come upon some huge monolith of granite, rude stone monuments here keeping fine old churches company.

Summer is tropical throughout Anjou, and the intense transparence and luminosity of the air enhance the beauty of the landscape. The fields are abandoned during the meridian heat of the day, the labours of the farmer often beginning at four o'clock in the morning. Towards sunset the cornfields are flooded with amber radiance, and every object is bathed in vapoury gold, later on, changed to tints of mother-of-pearl. Later still, we obtain the extraordinary effects that lend enchantment to Oriental travel, the same intensity of light, the same brilliance, if I may so express myself, of shadow. Only in the Gironde have I witnessed similar purity of atmosphere.

Some may ask, what is the blot on these bright pictures, where is the drawback to a state of things apparently Utopian?

We cannot shrink from a conclusion forced upon us by accumulated experience. The only spiritualising influence hitherto within the peasant's reach has failed to touch him. We gladly acknowledge his high qualities, probity, thrift, respect for authority, self-denial. For higher things we must not always look. Yet we have here the offspring of that Church which has nowhere ruled with more powerful sway. Until our own day she has had no rival. From outward influences the peasant has been excluded. A just and rational government has lifted him from the "abyss of wretchedness and isolation" in which, to quote De Tocqueville, he dragged on

existence before the Revolution. But an enlightened State has had enough to do in attending to his worldly interests. Outside the circumscribed, often sordid, world of self, beyond the humdrum life of toil, he has had nothing but the Church, her teaching, sacraments, and ministrations. The terrible portraiture of Zola, then, if true at all, is the most scathing criticism as yet passed on a creed whose basis is the contempt of reason, the surrender of man's soul to fellow-man.

The French peasant of the next generation, whatever he may be, will not assuredly in this respect resemble his forefathers. Already village congregations consist for the most part of women and children; their husbands and fathers, in theology as in politics, are learning to think for themselves. But these sober heads of houses are far from communicative. Just as they never confide to any one the name of the deputy to be voted for next day, so their religious opinions are kept to themselves. Fireside peace is not forfeited for the sake of airing scepticism or a spirit of rational inquiry. Even an appearance of orthodoxy will be put on for the sake of quiet.

Hardness, in the case of animals, degenerating into cruelty, is the real blot on French rural life. In Anjou this defect is less marked than in many other regions. As I have before mentioned, the character of the people is gentle and amiable. Yet we daily witness acts altogether barbarous in English eyes, and which would be criminal under English jurisdiction. The plucking of feathers from live geese, practised twice a year, is an instance in point, and many others could be adduced. Fortunately, the humane Loi Grammont, based on our

own laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals, becomes every year more effective. To touch the sympathies of the people, to arouse a tender feeling on behalf of the weak and the helpless, is, however, a task beyond the power of legislation much more stringent.

II.

DEUX SÈVRES, VENDÉE.

Poitou is an unimproved, poor, and ugly country.
ARTHUR YOUNG.

IF the face of some parts of France has undergone complete transformation within the last hundred years, others, humanly speaking, may be said to have come into existence. We are now in a region which, like the Morvan, the Causses, and other inaccessible districts, was not even a name to our Suffolk squire on the eve of the Revolution. That division of Poitou called La Vendée had evidently never been mentioned to Arthur Young. He just touches the borderland of places destined a few years later to win blood-stained renown; but in our own time, Goshens, overflowing with milk and honey. The truth is, there were neither roads, inns, towns, nor anything to tempt the curious traveller ready to defy such obstacles. The Vendean Bocage which enters into the department of Deux Sèvres was a mere coppice-wood on a large scale, with here and there patches of rye and buckwheat. From this wilderness have arisen two Vendées, the one over-famous in heroic story, the other blossoming as the rose; never an obscure waste so speedily endowed with a history, never desert so magically transformed into a garden!

My first acquaintance with this country began some years ago when I zigzagged in all directions by diligence. Since that time railway communication has been much extended, and the most striking changes are witnessed on every side. Fifteen years before I had visited Vendean towns, accessible by railway, yet lighted only by the stars and moon in summer, by lanterns slung upon cords in winter. At the present time we find out-of-the-way townlings provided with all the accessories of a city, insalubrious quarters replaced by spacious blocks, boulevards laid out, schools, training colleges, and other works of public utility erected regardless of cost.

Arrived at the *chef-lieu* of the Deux Sèvres, the traveller might fancy himself in a capital, so vast the railway station, so full of activity its handsome streets. Yet Niort numbers twenty thousand and odd souls only. No rags, dirt, or beggary meet the eye in this pleasant, half-Protestant town. The charming Vendean coif may still be seen, even rich countrywomen not having abandoned the time-honoured head-dress of their ancestresses, often trimmed with an heirloom of beautiful old lace.

Niort was unfortunate enough to give birth to Madame de Maintenon, who undid the work of Jeanne d'Arc. May not French history be summed up in a sentence? One woman rescued France, another brought about her overthrow. To this day the suicidal policy of Louis XIV.'s religious persecution is apparent. Niort was ruined by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The town, charmingly placed on the banks of its little river, the Sèvre Niortaise, lies amid vast fruit and vegetable gardens. In spite of the abundance of greenery, this

richly-cultivated belt has a warm, mellow, southern look; huge fig-trees recall the East; melons, tomatoes, peaches, purple grapes ripen in the sun. These market-gardens, producing alike choicest as well as homeliest first-fruits, admirably exemplify the adaptability of the French mind. The peasant finds out just what suits his soil, and devotes himself to that special culture, taking care to have other resources to fall back upon. Thus the onion has been found to prefer the soil around Niort. Accordingly 250 acres are devoted to this ancient vegetable, delicacy of the Pharaohs. La Vendée may also be said to flavour the soups of France and the wedding cakes of Europe, candied angelica being largely exported from Niort. Within a few miles of the town, amid gracious scenery, we find those large tenant-farms which form a distinctive feature of the department. The Vendean character has a touch of Angevin affability. The inquisitive tourist, far from being regarded with suspicion, obtains a courteous welcome, and all the information he requires.

It was a tenant-farm of between four and five hundred acres that I visited here in company with a Frenchwoman, who knew something about agriculture, and could therefore aid me in my researches. The first thing to strike an English mind was that contrasted wealth and squalor so often characteristic of French rural life. Their bare feet thrust in sabots, were the wife and children of a substantial farmer, about them, in an unswept, smoke-begrimed kitchen, hens and chickens disported, whilst we were afterwards shown a handsome new hooded carriage lately bought for family use! The housewife apologised for her untidy appear-

ance, saying that she was very busy just then; but her husband coming up, with charming urbanity offered to show us his stock. He had good-naturedly left his corn-thrashing and his workmen to place himself at our disposal. For sixty-five years this holding had been in the hands of the same family, a fact speaking volumes for both owner and tenant. It originally consisted in part of waste lands, let at a nominal rent to begin with, the price being raised as the land increased in value. Mule-rearing for exportation to the Peninsula is one of the chief resources of the farmer here, and we saw forty young mules of various ages and great beauty. Sad it was to reflect that these carefully-tended animals would fall into the hands of brutal Spanish and Portuguese drivers! A new airy stable had just been built for their accommodation. The mules as well as the cattle are only put out to pasture in the cooler hours of the day. The price of a mule varies from £30 to £80, according to breed and beauty. Horses, cows, and oxen numbered about thirty head, and besides these there were sixty sheep. Part of the farm of course consisted of grazing-land, the remaining crops being corn, maize, rye, potatoes, beetroot. Nothing could exceed the cheerfulness of our host, although when I unwittingly asked how much vineyard he had, he shook his head, saying, "All my vineyards are ruined." It was distressing to see here and there stacks of blackened vines that had been uprooted. These devastated vineyards are either planted with American shoots or other crops, but it takes years for the owner to recoup his loss. The capital of this tenant-farmer could not be under ten thousand pounds, and he also possessed some land of

his own. On this, most likely, he would build a house later on for retirement in old age, leaving the management of the farm to his children. If we were to go back to the beginnings of such a family, we should doubtless find that the first to hire any land at all began with a nest-egg of a thousand or two francs. Doubtless at the onset he had farmed on the half-profit or métayage system, so often the stepping-stone from the the position of day-labourer to that of freeholder or large occupier. Owing to sixty-five years of thrift and toil, the land has been doubled, tripled, and quintripled in value, alike to the advantage of the State, the owner, and the cultivator.

And here an interesting fact is to be noted. As we travel through the length and breadth of the land, we find that the very word "peasant" applied to the small farmer is falling into disuse, in fact, rapidly becoming a survival. Just as the domestic servant who has saved up enough to live upon is called *rentier*, a designation answering to our old-fashioned use of "gentleman," meaning a person who lives upon his means, so no sooner does a peasant possess or hire a holding of any size, than he becomes a *cultivateur,* and takes the rank as well as the title of his wealthier neighbour, the owner or occupier of thousands of acres.

Our Vendean farmer, evidently peasant-born, yet courteous, intelligent, a man in the best sense of the word, awakened another reflection. The terrible twelfth chapter of De Toqueville's great work must again present itself to the mind of the inquirer in rural France. The "poverty-stricken, ignorant, brutal, and shiftless rustics," of whom Turgot also spoke, have been replaced by

what a competent living authority calls the healthier portion of the French nation. And the great minister of Louis XVI. did not know the peasant so well as M. Baudrillart, who in our own day has devoted his life to the study.

Roughly speaking, every one here may be said to possess *un avoir,*—that is to say, a cottage and plot of land; but I admit that it is often difficult for English observers to realise such universal wellbeing. Many small owners enjoying an income of two thousand francs yearly, work as hard as if they were penniless day-labourers. In the villages round about Niort the dress of the women must to the uninitiated bespeak extreme poverty. Not that they were ragged or dirty, but in summer-time seemed to wear only a coarse home- spun linen chemise with long sleeves; over this, a black whaleboned pair of stays did duty as a bodice; home-spun woollen petticoat or overskirt, with sabots, completed the costume. The neat white head-dress was never wanting.

If we enter these primitive interiors, we shall often find much to shock us. In the matter of sanitation, many Vendean villages are hardly better off than they were in Arthur Young's time. Provincial aediles have yet to wake up to the necessity of sweeping reforms of this kind. Wherever we go we find drainage the last thing thought of; boulevards are laid out, handsome schools erected, museums organised, statues raised, the tiniest townlet accorded an air of Paris, yet when we inquire into the appliances for health and decency, we too often find few signs of improvement.

There is much sweet pastoral scenery within easy

reach of Niort. A charming sight is afforded by the mules disporting themselves towards sundown. The celebrated meadows of Belle Isle are then seen at their best, and nothing can be lovelier than the stretches of velvety pasture, sparkling streams, and alder trees pencilled against the amber heavens, all bathed in effulgent gold.

To realise the immense advance made by small towns we must visit Fontenay-le-Comte, situated on the little river Vendée. Never perhaps since the Rubicon has insignificant stream won wider fame! Here the Vendée is navigable, and gives this small *chef-lieu* the bustle of a port. Formerly precious to the archæologist, we might nowadays suppose that Fontenay-le-Comte, like La Roche-sur-Yon, had been created, built from end to end just because a town was wanted. In the old quarters, far away from the railway station, bits of antiquity still peep out. We are reminded that this once dead-alive place possesses a history, having distinguished itself as a cradle of the Renaissance and given birth to many distinguished men.

Fontenay-le-Comte, formerly devoted to the culture of the beautiful, is now absorbed in the manufacture of hats, just as Rouen now spins cotton instead of building churches.

The architectural glories of this little Vendean town have disappeared; by way of compensation we see what municipal enterprise can effect for the community.

As we quit the railway station, it is difficult to believe that we are entering a town of little over ten thousand inhabitants. Theatre, schools, training colleges for teachers, hotels, boulevards, all of recent date, would seem rather to belong to some small flourishing

city. As an instance of the public spirit shown by local governing bodies, the following interesting fact may be cited. Some years ago, a daughter of Fontenay-le-Comte, having brilliantly passed the examination of Bachelier-ès-Sciences, wished to qualify herself as a physician in Paris. The municipal council, proud of their young townswoman, gallantly and generously placed the necessary funds at her disposal, with the rider, somewhat mortifying for advocates of the cause, "not because they approved of women-doctors, but because Mdlle. B. was Mdlle. B." Mdlle. B. is now one of the most distinguished and successful lady-physicians in France.

A curious yet infallible sign of progress is often afforded by the advertisements in country railway stations. At Fontenay-le-Comte might be seen the large placard of an artificial manure manufacturer of Suffolk.

The geography of La Vendée (the article is omitted in designating the department) is somewhat complicated and requires explanation. Physical conformation divides the ancient province into four portions—the Bocage, the Plaine, the Marais, and the islands. First comes the Bocage, or eastern division, land of coppice-woods, thickets, and streams; next, the Marais, or vast tract of marsh land, stretching westward to the sea; thirdly, the rich plain lying between these two, and in which stands Niort; lastly, the islands of Yeu and Noirmoutier.

But a historic division remains to be explained to the reader. In the annals of the civil war we constantly meet with the designation, "La Vendée militaire." This region, theatre of the most desperate encounters between the Republican and Royalist armies, lies northward of Niort and alongside the Loire towards the confines of Anjou.

III.

LA CHARENTE INFÉRIEURE, LA GIRONDE.

THE traveller, taking a south-westerly direction from Niort, will be reminded of the moated granges of the Isle of Wight; the large, walled-in farmsteads attesting the extent and importance of the holding. We soon quit the department of the Deux Sèvres and enter the Charente Inférieure, obtaining glimpses of many an ancient town by the way, all closely linked with the history of two great struggles—the death-throes of Anglo-French supremacy, and the desperate fight for liberty of conscience. Between Niort and Saintes the country presents the appearance of one vast richly wooded park. Sunny hills rise on either side, and rivers meander through verdant meads. First of all comes St. Jean d'Angély, its abbey towers dominating the landscape; next, Saintes, home of the great Palissy, and famous for its amphitheatre, resembling that of Nîmes, and triumphal arch in honour of Germanicus, hero of Tacitus's moving page. Here we quit the Charente as it winds amid lofty poplars and velvety reaches towards Angoulême. Pons, with its formidable donjon seen from afar, comes next; a picturesque old town placed high above a sweet landscape. By-and-by these smiling scenes are exchanged for a sad sight, vineyard after

vineyard, lately sources of magnificent revenue, utterly destroyed by the phylloxera. Many, at the time I speak of (1887), were abandoned altogether, as if their owners had yielded to despair; in some places cabbages and hardy crops were planted, in others the American vine.

More uprooted vineyards are passed, then a whiff of sea air and the sight of low-lying sands remind us that Royan is reached, the fashionable watering-place of rich Bordelais. Half an hour's driving through pine forests, now fast disappearing, brings us to St. Georges de Didonne, the forest nook by the shores of the Atlantic discovered and, in a material sense, created by Michelet. Here, enchanted by the quiet beauty, primitiveness, and solitude of the place he lingered, loth to tear himself away; here, imbued with its poetry, he penned the fanciful pages of *La Mer*.

The mixed rural and seafaring life, the artless, sturdy character of its inhabitants, a handful of staunch Protestants, the singular flora of the downs, the vast stretches of forest, and perpetual sights and sounds of the sea, exercised an extraordinary fascination over the historian's mind. Readers of his prose poem must be prepared to find a great difference between the ideal picture and the reality. When the poetiser, some would say the Zola of French history, came here more than a generation ago, this fishing village was unknown to the holiday world. *La Mer* made it popular.

St. Georges is an instance of the many health-resorts that have sprung up within recent years in France, a noteworthy element of prosperity. Châlets and restaurants, yearly added to, now stud this charming little bay. The influx of summer visitors com-

pensates for poor harvests alike of land and sea. All that St. Georges has, as yet, surrendered to the world is its quiet shore, soft flowing tide, and smooth brown sands. So firm, even, and velvety are these sands, that not only is croquet played thereon during the day, but quadrille parties held by moonlight. Visitors make up these *al fresco* dances, and the villagers go to gaze. On the shore holiday-folk disport themselves, elsewhere is solitude enough and to spare. Before us we see the broad Gironde flowing from Bordeaux to lose itself in the sea, and towering loftily from mid-ocean the celebrated lighthouse of Cordouan; "the oldest in Europe," writes Michelet, "and for six months my perpetual contemplation, and, I may add, daily society." Something of former rusticity remains. Little farms lie close to the sea, and not a fisherman's cottage is without garden and vineyard. The half-seafaring and half-agricultural population is the thriftiest, soberest imaginable. Every man sits under the shadow of his own fig-tree, and want is unknown. Nature's bounteous gifts and the easily-reaped fruits of a most productive soil are pretty equally shared among the population. Life is laborious in the extreme; luxuries for the most part are unknown, but tidiness, contentment, and sobriety prevail. Each owns his little dwelling, his modicum of soil, and the sense of independence renders him cheerful. One sign of increasing prosperity is the number of neat cottages lately built or in course of erection by the peasant-folk themselves for their own use. For the most part these houses are one-storeyed to begin with, a second being added when time and money can be spared. Never shall I forget the cheerfulness and dignity of an aged

peasant I used to see daily at work in his garden. He told me that he had made over his farm to his sons, living under their roof, and only keeping a plot for occupation and amusement. A most productive piece of ground it was, grapes, peaches, tomatoes, artichokes flourished in abundance, the rich light soil requiring very little cultivation. The old man's head would have afforded a study for Rembrandt, and as he chatted, leaning on his spade, he beamed with cheerfulness and satisfaction. It often happens that when age and infirmity overtake the owner he thus surrenders responsibility to his children, receiving an allowance or maintenance out of the estate. The frequency of the arrangement would seem to show that it answers in the long run, though I am assured by the greatest living authority on the subject, that unwillingness to fulfil these family compacts not unfrequently blots the character of the French peasant. No instances in point have come under my own observation. On the other hand, I wholly demur to the assertion that more reverence is manifested towards parents and grandparents in France than among ourselves. I have generally found the French child to be the fireside fetish, the object of reverence and adulation, elders giving way, expected to give way, as a matter of course to the caprices and convenience of little autocrats in pinafores.

It is touching to witness the tenacity with which Protestantism has taken root in remote corners,—tender plant, crushed, tempest-tossed, uprooted again and again, yet struggling for dear life till a more auspicious moment should come. Just a hundred years ago a minister of the Reformed faith heroically settled at St.

Georges to preach the gospel to a handful of fisher-folk. Well might he be called by his biographer the pastor of the desert, for a veritable wilderness was this forest-girt seaboard. Terrible, too, beyond belief, was the position of Protestants throughout the country at that time. Their children, although born in wedlock, were illegitimate according to French law, the only recognised baptism, marriage, and burial being those of the Catholic ritual. Ministers were liable at any moment to be imprisoned, exiled, or cruelly put to death; children to be torn from their parents and consigned to Catholic teachers. But the iniquitous edicts of 1745 went farther: men attending Protestant worship were condemned to the galleys without trial, women to perpetual imprisonment, and heavy fines were inflicted on all who, without being present, *should refrain from denouncing those guilty of such offences.* Could the religion of persecution go beyond this? Jarosseau, the historic pastor of St. Georges de Didonne, was compelled to gather his flock together in the forest depths, or with his little congregation put out to sea and there hold divine service. He was compelled to sleep in a walled-up cupboard, approached by a secret stair, never venturing abroad except at risk of life. Unable to endure this state of things, Jarosseau set off for the capital on his sorry nag, appropriately named "Misère," and after almost unheard-of privations and difficulties obtained an interview with Louis XVI. On his knees the pastor demanded and, to his ineffable joy, received the royal permission to celebrate Protestant worship at St. Georges. Little did he dream, when selling off his wife's patrimony in order to defray the expense of the

journey, what great events were looming in the future. A year or two later, the Revolution, with a stroke of the pen, proclaimed absolute liberty of conscience throughout France. None the less is Jarosseau's name worthily held in veneration among French Protestants. His humble parsonage, with its walled-up chamber, still exists, aptly styled by Michelet, a temple of humanity. One of his grandsons has chronicled his touching story.

During my stay the inauguration of a new pastor took place, the simple ceremony affording much matter for thought. The congregation assembled to welcome their minister was an interesting study. Those sunburnt, stalwart farmers and fishers, with their women-folk in black cloaks and hoods, might have figured in a historic canvas as Huguenots of old. One veteran's head was sublime; his snow-white hair and tawny beardless face, with Roman features, worthy of Coligny himself. With upraised head he sat, drinking in every syllable of the preacher's discourse; on his brow written the fiery spirit, the indomitable conviction that had once been ready to brave fire and sword, ruin and exile, separation from wife and child, rather than surrender conscience. St. Georges may be taken as typical of scores and scores of little Protestant centres scattered throughout South-west France; communities of homely, yet thoughtful, men, who have changed their politics and social creeds, but cloven, through good and evil days, to the faith of their fathers.

It cannot be said that great religious fervour is displayed either on the part of shepherd or flock. As a rule, I have found the Reformed Church somewhat inadequate and lukewarm in country-places. The office

of pastor often seems as much a matter of routine as that of *juge de paix*. Service is coldly performed once a day on Sundays, the rites of baptism, marriage, and burial are duly celebrated, the minister receives a house, good garden, and small salary, and there the matter ends. If Protestantism loses rather than gains ground, I think we need not go far for an explanation. Of course we meet with admirable exceptions here and there. The average village pastor, as a worker and pioneer, is not for a moment to be compared with an East End curate or a captain of the Salvation Army. I have sometimes known a country church or temple remain unswept and undusted from Sunday to Sunday; a trifle in itself, but full of significance.

It is curious that the phylloxera should have the same effect as an edict against Protestantism. Yet so it is; the pastor just elected to St. Georges de Didonne had quitted his post at Narbonne on account of the dispersal of his congregation. The Protestants of that town, as I have before mentioned, being chiefly wine-merchants, on the ruin of their trade had gone elsewhere. The annexation of Alsace-Lorraine made a large gap in the French Reformed Church, reducing its numbers from a million to six hundred thousand, or about one and a half per cent of the total population. We observe when studying the reign of Louis XIV. that Protestantism has been chiefly handed down from generation to generation among the industrial and mercantile classes. The dazzling splendour of the Court, the prestige of the king's person, magnetised in more senses than one. A great centralising movement, social, political, and theological, then took place. Thus during the reign

of the Grand Monarque most of the aristocratic Huguenot houses still remaining in France went over to Catholicism, whilst the merchant, the artisan, the shepherd, who lived remote from such influences, never abandoned their religion. It needed the iron will and staunch conviction of a Turenne to resist the threats and blandishments of the most fascinating despot history has portrayed.

The department of the Charente Inférieure shows an appreciable percentage of Protestants,—about one-twentieth of the entire population. As we go farther south we shall find this percentage increase, whilst the wealth and social position of the members of the Reformed Church become conspicuous.

Happily, religious differences no longer engender social feuds, and Catholics and Protestants live at St. Georges on neighbourly terms. When a venerable and much esteemed pastor lately died there, the entire community followed his remains to the grave. Intermarriages are not frequent, but do occasionally take place.

Agriculture is behindhand in these sea-board villages, and the sordid side of peasant property never struck me more humorously than in Michelet's Arcadia. In our walks we used daily to meet a weatherbeaten, miserably clad old woman keeping a little flock of sheep, perhaps a dozen in all. So abject was her appearance, that but for my tolerably wide experience of rural France I should have offered alms. Well that I did not! This pitiable-looking crone in her coarse, oft-patched woollen clothes, her stockingless feet thrust in sabots, never returning home till nightfall, was no recipient of charity, no vagrant thus permitted to earn a few sous

daily by keeping sheep, but one of the richest land-owners, nay, the richest woman-farmer for miles round, possessed of stocks and shares, houses and lands, able if she chose to live in fashionable retirement at Bordeaux! So great was her penuriousness that, like the Carmelite nuns, she wore no linen, and never, although a Catholic, tidied herself and went to mass. This ancient Cinderella had a daughter, and as so often happens in France, for her the Ancien Régime had come to an end and the new begun.

The daughter, educated and up to a certain point reared as a young lady, was married just before my arrival. The wedding was celebrated at church and *mairie* with conventional parade, a sumptuous banquet laid out at the principal inn, and by the side of the bride, who wore the orthodox white satin, long veil, and myrtle wreath, a seat reserved for the hospitable entertainer. As yet she had not made her appearance, and all was tiptoe expectation as the guests took their places, the mayor, municipal councillors, and leading inhabitants being among the company. The banquet had nearly come to an end when in hobbled the hostess, for once wearing Sunday dress, that is to say, white muslin coif, black gown, gay shoulder kerchief, and neat shoes and stockings.

The daughter, amply dowered and married into a middle-class family of a provincial town, pays her mother visits from time to time, but the marriage made no difference whatever in the old lady's habits. I shall have many counter-pictures to set against this one; it is only fair to give both sides of peasant life. Here, be it remarked, no vice was added to miserliness.

If Catholicism has not spiritualised the French peasant, neither has the creed of Luther, however admirable its moral and social influences as witnessed here. A less quarrelsome, more temperate population it would be hard to find. During a stay of many weeks, I never heard a rough word or saw a sign of drunkenness. People go about their day's work cheerfully without needing the stimulus of the cabaret. The chief business of the *garde champêtre,* who does duty for policeman in rural France, seems to be that of town-crier. Crime is exceedingly rare.

When Michelet wrote, the headlands between St. Georges and Royan were mere waste, in summer showing a mosaic of wild flowers. This vast expanse has gradually been laid under cultivation, alternating with tamarisk in rosy bloom, or groups of dark ilex, are tiny vineyards, cornfields, or patches of potato, all flourishing high above the shore.

Quitting the whitewashed village with its trellised vines and venerable fig-trees, we enter a bit of forest shutting out the sky, or traverse little pastures watered by crystal clear runlet, in the midst of this solitude and seclusion finding some husbandman at work in vineyard or plot of maize. Everywhere promising spots are utilised, and inch by inch waste lands redeemed, Beautiful trees flourish here in great variety, aspen, ilex, oak, chestnut, ash, elm, beech, birch, alder, acacia, pine. and fir, all grow side by side, and close to the sea. If we go farther afield, we find a rich open country, not many years since mere salt marsh, now fertile and productive. Here as elsewhere many vines have been partially or entirely ruined by the phylloxera. The

farmer cheerfully drives his team across the uprooted vineyard, and, awaiting better times, accepts with thankfulness a fourth part of his former revenue. In spite of such devastation the department still holds first rank as a wine-producing region, whilst it is also one of the richest from an agricultural point of view. Between the years 1874 and 1881 its wine-crops were reduced by one-seventh. On the other hand, year by year, immense tracts of salt marsh have been rendered cultivable, and the averages of corn and other cereals proportionately increased. Flax and hemp, lucerne, colza, and clover are also among its products.

The rich harvests of the sea must not be forgotten. The Charente Inférieure is not only the nursery of the American vine, hundreds of thousands of shoots being planted here; it is also the cradle of the oyster. Loungers at St. Georges de Didonne may amuse themselves by gathering oysters for breakfast, the hollowed cliffs abounding with them in all stages of growth, from the oysterling no larger than a baby's thumbnail to the full-sized delicacy. These are but as wild strawberries to the large, luscious first-fruits of the hothouse. The education of the oyster, like that of the silkworm, is an elaborate process. The young are brought in from La Vendée, Brittany, and Portugal in a white condition, and are laid in grottoes visited by the tide not oftener than four or six times a month. At the end of September they are in that state of green perfection supplied at the famous restaurants of Bordeaux.

The great oyster-parks of Marennes, representing a commerce of many millions, more than compensate for a lost industry. At one time foremost salt-work in France,

Marennes now produces oysters renowned throughout Europe. Competition ruined the salt-distiller as the phylloxera had ruined the wine-grower, but a second goose was at hand to lay golden eggs! La Tremblade is another centre of oyster-rearing, whilst in certain villages the mussel is cultivated with almost equal profit. These marine plantations, as they deserve to be called, employ thousands of men and women.

With keen regret the traveller will take leave of Michelet's holiday haunt, all the more so as its primitiveness and poetry are fast disappearing. One charm must remain. The atmospheric effects are here brilliant, phenomenal as in Anjou. On a certain day of early October I noted the loveliest scene—a warm blue sky, over which floated rosy clouds, the silver crescent of the moon just visible as through a veil above the brown vineyards and tamarisk groves; a gleam of metallic sea; gradually the rose melted into the blue, and the pale silvery crescent shone out dazzlingly bright, a fiery splendour amid the deep azure heavens.

Royan is sheer commonplaceness, cosmopolitan harbourage for sea-bathers and valetudinarians, nothing more. All the fascination of heroic story clings to beautiful La Rochelle. The barest chronicle of its two sieges stirs the blood still, whilst the antique stateliness of the place well matches so magnificent a renown.

It is one of the most beautiful towns of France, hardly so elegant as pensive Nancy, Nancy weeping for her lost Alsace! not so engaging as Dijon, the homelike; less picturesque than sombre Le Puy; less romantic than mountain-girt Mende or St. Claude; not so sweet a picture as Autun,—yet none fascinate us more.

Of late years the maritime importance of this thrice-martyred city—the first glorious siege under Coligny, the second, and the ruin effected by the Edict of Nantes making up the list—has greatly risen. Extended docks and floating basins have changed the aspect of the sea-front. Between 1855 and 1880 its tonnage had quadrupled.

The little island of Oléron, within an hour of the coast, is an instance of the rapid development of agriculture in remote regions. Within forty years the products of the Ile d'Oléron have quadrupled in value. A "silver streak" would seem to afford protection against more than one invader. The phylloxera has not appeared here, and persistently avoids a sandy soil. From Royan a steamer bears us to Bordeaux in three hours, the journey through the bright Médoc affording many a charming scene, and much matter for thought. Let us give our minds for a little space to that terrible question of the phylloxera. Never sadder incident figured in the fairy tale of science!

It is now twenty-five years ago since the inhabitants of Roquemaure, on the Rhône, found their vines mysteriously withering. A little later the left bank was attacked, and about the same time the famous brandy-producing region of Cognac in the Charente showed the same symptoms. When in 1868 the cause of the mischief was brought to light, the revelations were appalling. Here was an insect hardly visible to the naked eye, yet so formed by Nature as to be a wholesale engine of destruction—mitrailleuse of the vegetable world! —its phenomenal productiveness no less fatal than its velocity of motion. A parasite propagating millions in

one season—a thousand eggs sufficing to destroy a hectare of vines—is redoubtable enough, the fact that it is also furnished with wings, or rather sails, according unlimited powers of locomotion, might well awaken a feeling of despair. A breeze, a grain of dust, and this winged destruction, infinitesimal as the germ of some fearful plague, is borne whither chance directs,—if into the midst of a vineyard, to the certain ruin of plants.

It will easily be understood with what rapidity the havoc spread. From end to end of vine-growing France arose cries of consternation. One world-renowned vintage was attacked after another, now the Clos Vougeot, next Epernay, none escaped. Since the appearance of the destroyer, the damages have reached a sum-total of two hundred millions sterling, an equivalent of Bismarck's monstrous war indemnity.

Nevertheless, in the exceptionally good season of 1875 France produced almost enough wine to supply each inhabitant of the globe with a bottle,—that is to say, a thousand millions! At the present time production does not suffice for home use. Large quantities of wine are now imported from Spain and Italy, much being utilised in the manufacture of brandy.

The phylloxera, introduced by American vines, appears likely to, strange to say, be exterminated by them; the same country imparting both disease and remedy. The root of the American vine is hardy, resisting all attacks, and among the most efficacious means tried by ruined wine-growers is the replanting with transatlantic shoots. An enormous superficies (three hundred thousand hectares) has been thus transformed of late years; the department of the Hérault, devastated to the extent of a million francs,

being entirely Americanised. Other experiments have answered elsewhere, as we shall see, and on the whole, French economists begin to say "The battle is won."*

Several circumstances favoured the Médoc: its sandy soil, its brisk westerly winds, above all, the extraordinary precautions taken in time, have here minimised the damage of the phylloxera. As the traveller steams between these incomparable vineyards, he is not made melancholy by scenes of ruin and desolation. The opulence of Bordelais wine-growers, attested by their noble châteaux and mansions studding the banks of the Gironde, is still princely. Magnificent too is the approach to the city, awakening the reflection of Arthur Young. "We must not name Liverpool in competition with Bordeaux." But "the grand feature," distinguishing the two, consists no longer of mere bricks and mortar, as was the case a hundred years ago. What strikes an English traveller at the present time is the absence here of that appalling spectacle witnessed in our own first seaport, a pinched, tattered, barefooted juvenile population, evidently thrown on its own moral and material resources. No such anomaly disgraces the lively streets of Bordeaux.

The first object of the stranger should be his breakfast. To quit the noble capital of South-west France without having degustated one of its famous déjeuners would be to leave Rome without a sight of St. Peter's. There are of course restaurants and restaurants in this busy brilliant city of three hundred thousand souls. You may eat gold, silver, or small change; in other words, spend as much or as little as you please. If

* See Appendix, Note 14.

your object is experience, then the best restaurant should be patronised regardless of cost.

Not only is cookery cultivated as a fine art, the high-water mark is also reached in minor accessories, exquisite finish imparted to every detail. The waiters are trained no less carefully than young men destined for the learned professions. In addition to irreproachable personal appearance, alertness, amiability, they must possess an engaging presence, tact, charm of manner, and, above all, be skilled in physiognomy. It is their business to discover at a glance what people can, and what they cannot, digest.

For the proper enjoyment of certain local dainties, one must be Bordelais born and bred. The famous dish called *ceps,* or mushrooms prepared in oil, requires an apprenticeship. No doubt the taste with the requisite digestive power would come in time. Again, Bordeaux is not only celebrated for its oysters, but the epicurean method of eating them. Nothing whatever is added except a little of the salt water impregnated with its flavour; and as an oyster is cold, gastronomic delectation and digestion are attained by delicate little sausages steaming hot and eaten sandwich-like between. It is stated that the English consume more champagne than any other nation. French hosts, connoisseurs in matters of the table, know better than to spoil a choice banquet with treacherous, sparkling wine. They give you a glass of the best Sauterne, Médoc, or Beaune, which neither muddles the brain, heats the blood, nor interferes with the digestion; and when coffee is served, a thimbleful of Cognac cellared thirty or more years ago.

To see the bewitching Bordelais to perfection we

must spend a Sunday afternoon in the Botanical Garden, when first-rate military music, one of the most beautiful pleasure-grounds on a small scale imaginable, and general example, entice every one out of doors. And to see the characteristic head-dress at all we should lose no time, the bonnet fast replacing the soft silk kerchief of blue, pink, white, or yellow, inimitably twisted round dark hair and fastened with an ornamental pin.

The Bordelais are proud of their opera-house, and no wonder. Built on the eve of the Revolution, at a cost of three million francs, it is the handsomest, without and within, of provincial France, and is kept up regardless of expense. Fastidious taste is exercised in the choice of artistes, who pay a visit on approval. Only first-rate talent is acceptable to the critical townsfolk. I witnessed Gounod's *Faust* and the *Hamlet* of Thomas, in both cases the principal rôle being filled by candidates. I found a fine orchestra, a charming mise-en-scène, highly-finished acting, and a ballet only to be objected to on the score of inadequate clothing. "On n'y fait pas attention," remarked a French friend good-naturedly; and, true enough, no one seemed to pay attention.

The lover of the grandiose, who reaches Bordeaux by rail will do well to take one of the little steamers plying between the city and Lormont, five miles lower down on the opposite side of the river. A rapid view is thus obtained of the noble sea-front, none nobler in the world, the Gironde, here wine-red, spanned by lofty bridges, mile upon mile of quays crowded with shipping, flags of all nations fluttering in the air, proudly dominating all, the superb clock-towers of the cathedral and St. Michel. In close juxtaposition are magnificent

steamers carrying a thousand passengers between Bordeaux and the Brazils, timber-laden brigs from Norway, more modest craft still from Liverpool; the stranger bent on closer inspection being politely shown over any.

During my visit I spent a good deal of time in the docks, and was warmly welcomed by some fellow-countrymen, captain, chief mate, and cook of a tiny English steamer under repair. They invited me most cordially to return to Liverpool with them, promising me every care and attention. I mention the incident, as a French friend accompanying me was much struck by it. "I understand now," he said, "the secret of English greatness beyond seas. The English language binds your country-folks together, forms a veritable bond of union. With ourselves it is not so. A fellow-countryman is not warmly welcomed merely as such." I should have thought the reverse to be the case.

In Arthur Young's charming account of Bordeaux, whilst streets, theatre, and inns are minutely described, we find no word concerning popular education, now developed on so lavish and comprehensive a scale. At the present time there is no subject, technical, literary, artistic, or scientific, that adult scholars of both sexes may not learn free of cost. The noble city has completed the work of the State, and placed the privileges of higher instruction within the reach of all. Among the subjects taught in these free evening classes, I found English, Spanish, and German; each of the first importance in a great emporium of foreign trade. Besides night-schools exist many institutions especially founded in the interests of women. In his great geographical work, E. Réclus accredits Bordeaux with

the first technical school opened in France for girls. This is an error. Already an institution of the kind had been founded at Nantes by the late distinguished Dr. Guépin and his public-spirited wife.

Bordeaux has also a Lycée or public day-school for girls, a training college for women teachers, and many strictly popular organisations, swimming schools, gymnasiums, and the like. When we come to the fine arts, we find that Arthur Young could no more have described museums than educational institutions, for the very good reason that they did not exist. The splendidly-housed collections here date from the first Republic. Forty-five canvases formed the nucleus of the present collection, which, although inferior to that of Montpellier and Lyons, contains several chefs-d'œuvre and specimens of living masters.

IV.

THE CHARENTE, HAUTE VIENNE, INDRE.

With melancholy feelings the traveller entered the department of the Charente in 1885. A veritable wave of ruin had swept over the country, entirely changing its aspect; the dreaded cyclone of tropic regions not more disastrous than the vine-pest here! From every side the same tale of ruin and desolation reached my ears. Large numbers of peasant wine-growers had migrated to the towns in search of employment; many had found work in the various factories set up for their benefit; villages, once entirely given up to agriculture, now resounded with the drone of machinery; and, curiously enough, one of the costliest products of the world was exchanged for the cheapest,—the laborious but profitable culture of the vine replaced by the manufacture of paper!

Scribbledom, instead of Bacchic revel, now enriches the Charentais,—perhaps a consolatory thought for those who deplore the over-production of books. Whilst the vintages throughout the department had been reduced by a tenth, the manufacture of paper had proportionately increased. The celebrated paper of Angoulême is largely exported to America, quality rather than quantity being paid for. An eighteenth of the entire

manufacture of France only is made here, but a tenth of the commerce in money is represented. The age of compulsory education is naturally the apogee of paper-mills. The bulk consumed in French schools averages yearly two hundred million pounds' weight,—almost double that of private correspondence. Other local industries have been established; this reigns supreme. Paper revived the hopes of a ruined population. Paper gradually filled empty purses, and brought cheerfulness to desolate firesides. By the time I speak of, the acuteness of the crisis was already past. Companies had been formed for the purpose of grafting vines on American stocks, trying chemical processes, submergence, and other means for the extirpation of the phylloxera. Some authorities regard the vine-pest as a disease fastening itself on a worn-out constitution, and urge the necessity of enriching and resting the soil. Incredible as it may appear, many vineyards had not been manured for upwards of fifty years.

The Charente, with the other departments of South-west France, possesses a marked Protestant element, but I am assured that alike Catholics and Protestants are indifferent on the subject of religion. This attitude is accounted for in the tremendous sufferings undergone by their forefathers during the religious wars. Religiosity has made religion distasteful. The more thoughtful came to the conclusion generations ago that dogma and matters outside human cognizance were not worth the bloodshed and deadly feuds they had occasioned. Thus the prevailing indifference of this Laodicea of departments is regarded as hereditary,—an interesting speculation to the psychologist. Substantial wealth may still

be found in rural districts. During my stay the autumnal manœuvres were taking place, and a general of division with his staff were invited by a village mayor to dinner. The banquet, admirably cooked and served, would have done credit to a wealthy middle-class house; the peasant-farmer, his wife, and daughter doing the honours with the ease and reserve characteristic of their class.

In De Tocqueville's great work he describes his countrymen before the Revolution as so many units, without cohesion or points of contact. Whilst one Frenchman closely resembled another, he affirmed that each section of society held aloof. Arthur Young noted the same characteristic, and was overcome with astonishment at the stringency of social distinctions. We may here and there find such a state of things existing to this day, but, on the whole, the tendency is rather towards amalgamation. Intermarriages, the revised military law, education, all aid the levelling process. In many a village-school children of the rich merchant and poor charcoal-burner learn their A B C side by side. The heir of an ancient house may find in his comrade of the barracks some neighbouring peasant's son. Young ladies sent to fashionable convents have for schoolfellows daughters of village blacksmith or baker. And the gradual disappearance of costume is not without effect also. The substitution of the bonnet for the coif, the frock coat for the blouse, has more significance than we imagine.

Angoulême is one of those French cities of the third rank quite magnificently placed. It stands on a pyramidal rock, the steep sides of the lofty summit crowned by the ancient town and ramparts, running

horizontally to the plain below. The city, with its noble Romanesque cathedral, clustering spires, and gleaming roofs, rises above hanging woods and gardens, coronal of greenery smiling away all savageness. Fair beyond description is the vast plain below, Henri Quatre's favourite river making sinuous way amid poplars and pastures, every object reflected in the transparent waters; green islets, mere groves and gardens, are formed by its convolutions, whilst farther off white villages and church spires dot the landscape. Lovely is the play of light and shadow on foliage and water, the great charm of the Charente being its transparency. The effect from a boat is magical. We seem to be floating in mid-air. I reached Angoulême, not without misgivings, on the eve of the General Election. My scruples were soon laughed away. "You would not know unless you were told," said French friends, "that anything unusual is going on to-morrow." True enough, next day the town presented its usual aspect. Nothing had been done in the way of decoration, there were no flags flying, no colours worn, and very few placards to be seen. Groups collected here and there, but without any sign of excitement. Nor as the day wore on did matters alter. About four o'clock in the afternoon we strolled to the Hôtel de Ville to watch the voters. A solitary *sergent de ville* guarded the door of the polling-place, and even his presence was unnecessary. Voters went in by twos and threes quietly, as if about to make a purchase. At night the streets presented a striking contrast to those of an English town under similar circumstances. All was quiet, peaceful, and orderly. Brass bands, noisy processions, cheers, groans, and songs were

alike absent. Yet not so long ago we were accustomed to regard our neighbours as the most excitable race under the sun, quite incapable of controlling themselves under unusual circumstances.

Here as elsewhere we find evidences of the tremendous efforts of the Third Republic on behalf of female education. Not the least interesting of the splendid modern buildings that adorn the city is its recently-constructed training college for female teachers. The Protestant element throughout the department is appreciable by virtue of character rather than numbers, the 4000 and odd Protestants scattered among the principal towns being decidedly ahead of their neighbours in education, enterprise, and position.

And here, too, the spectre of Madame de Maintenon rises before us, veritable fury, carrying fire and sword wherever she went, her path marked by tears, bloodshed, and ruin. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes depopulated this region, Cognac, Jarnac, and other flourishing industrial centres losing their foremost citizens. Richly endowed, both in talents and in energy, the Charentais have surmounted one crisis after another, benefiting as well as honouring their native land.

It is not a very productive country between Limoges and Angoulême, but pastoral, varied, and refreshing to the eye. Romantic as are these old-world villages, we are perpetually reminded of modern utilitarianism. By the banks of clear-flowing streams, in the heart of secluded valleys, here, as in the Jura, factories compensate for the barrenness of the soil, paper-mills, potteries, enamel works, shoe factories, tanneries alternating with Romanesque churches, old châteaux, and

mediæval strongholds. For a great part of the way we follow the winding Vienne, a lovely river that seems to have chosen for itself the loveliest surroundings. Even Arthur Young was moved to enthusiasm amid these scenes. For the most part provokingly indifferent to beauty in landscape, the illustrious farmer becomes rapturous here. "The beauty of the Limousin," he writes, "does not depend on any particular feature, but the result of many. Hill, dale, wood, enclosures, streams, lakes, and scattered farms are mingled in a thousand delicious landscapes." Not far from Limoges is a spot so romantic and engaging as to have won for itself the name of a little Switzerland. This is in the neighbourhood of Aixe, an ancient town possessing, as do many others hereabouts, a little river of its own, the Aixette, and a Romanesque church. Limoges, *chef-lieu* of the Haute Vienne, stands in the heart of the chestnut country. What the apple is to Normandy, the olive to Provence, the grape to Burgundy, is the chestnut to the Limousins. These trees are still a glory to behold, but, unfortunately for the lover of the picturesque, large numbers are annually destroyed in order to plant cereals. Chestnuts are still eaten although the country-people no longer regard them as a substitute for bread. In the early part of this century these trees covered an area equal to that of an average department. In spite of the diminution—about one-third in 1887—the entire crop represents as large a revenue as that of French faïence, just upon fifty millions of francs. Both are specialities of the Haute Vienne.

The fortunes of Mulhouse, the great centre of cotton printing, are due to the extraordinary purity of its

water, the beauty of the so-called *toiles d'Alsace* chiefly depending on this circumstance. The prosperity of the porcelain manufactures of Limoges is also due to natural causes; in other words, to the abundance of kaolin and pétunzé found hereabouts. The history of kaolin is curious. It is a fine white clay found in strata above the gneiss, and was long known to the Chinese, and used by them in their manufacture of so-called hard or kaolinic porcelain. It is from the Chinese we have the name. The Germans had also discovered the value of kaolin at an early period, but for some time kept their method a secret. Not till 1760 was this beautiful substance discovered in France. The magnificent beds of Saint Yrieix, near Limoges, were found a few years later by the wife of a poor country doctor. Whether the family fortunes were thereby enriched local history does not say. The effect of the discovery on French ceramic art, especially at Sèvres, was tremendous. Pétunzé, a kind of felspar, known to the Chinese, and equally valuable in the manufacture of porcelain, also exists here. Kaolin, in its pure state, is a bluish-white substance, which undergoes many processes, and most of these are courteously shown and explained to the visitor. The porcelain industry of Limoges is of later date than the no less famous works of Rouen, Nevers, Strasburg, Lunéville, and other towns, but now holds the foremost place. Its magnificent collections and schools of art and design, founded in 1881, render this town an artistic centre of the first importance. We have not only French ceramic art epitomised before our eyes, but famous faïences of the world are here adequately represented. The French section will of course chiefly

interets English visitors. The museum contains masterpieces of former as well as contemporary artists. Much of the old Limoges ware is pure white, or white with gold border. Modern taste inclines to delicate colour. Exquisite landscapes in pale green, pink, or deep purple, seaweeds on a pure white ground, silvery moon and stars amid misty blue heavens, corn-flowers and other elegant blossoms, shells, butterflies, and insects are treated with consummate skill, fancy, and artistic feeling. A favourite kind is pure white porcelain with semi-transparent pattern. I may remark by the way that the taste for artistic pottery is spreading throughout every part of France. In quite out of the way places we come upon faïenceries of recent date, and in the homes alike of artisan and peasant specimens of cheap majolica now adorn chimney-piece or sideboard.

The traveller approaching Châteauroux, *chef-lieu* of the Indre, by way of Limoges, will hardly pass Argenton without a halt. We are here "on the shores of old romance," having entered the region immortalised by the greatest idealist of modern fiction. With *Le Péché de Monsieur Antoine* in hand, we may realise the changes that have taken place here since George Sand's time. Even on revisiting the Indre after five years' absence, I found unmistakable signs of progress, waste lands replaced by crops, improved agricultural methods, increased well-being.

A hundred years ago Argenton presented to the Suffolk squire "a delicious scene," and this is unchanged. The deep-roofed houses still rise terrace-wise above the river, forming stage upon stage of picturesque

streets hemmed round by green hills; the deep blue, transparent Creuse meandering below with many a loop, around its windings sunny pastures and lace-like foliage of poplar and alder. If the sweeps of ling and gorse and the shining *mares*, or marshy pools, gradually disappear, the bolder features of the landscape remain. Here romance and reality, prose and poetry may be taken hand in hand. Whilst visiting the idyllic scenes described by an inimitable pen, we can study two subjects Arthur Young sought for here in vain, "fat farmers" and "a good bit of turnips."

Châteauroux affords convenient if not delectable headquarters for the inquiring traveller. We are here in the Bas Berry, the Haut Berry, with Bourges for its capital, forming the department of the Cher. No part of France presents better opportunities for studying the land question and rural life generally than George Sand's country. It is essentially an agricultural region. It is a region in which during the last fifty years large tracts have passed into the hands of the peasants. Side by side with farms of three or four acres, acquisitions of yesterday, may be seen holdings of several hundred acres, farmed on the half-profit or *métayer* system.

My host, a large landowner living within a few miles of Châteauroux, was the very person to instruct an inquirer upon rural affairs. Formerly owner of almost an entire commune, he has gradually reduced the size of his estate by selling small parcels of land to his neighbours, and in former days his day-labourers. Such steps were taken from mixed motives, personal, social, and philanthropic. Commercially speaking, the transaction was advantageous. The expense of keeping these large

tracts in good cultivation is very great, and he could not realise anything like the returns of the small owner. Much land hitherto unproductive was thus turned into capital, whilst the effects of the transfer upon the people are incalculable. The cultivator of the soil is raised socially and morally, he is able to advance his children in life, his future as well as their own is assured, and having a stake in the welfare of his country, he is certain to be found on the side of law and order. Thus in his person the peasant-farmer guarantees the political stability of France.

"When we have solved the like problem in our cities and large towns," observed this gentleman to me, "when the French artisan as well as the peasant becomes a possessor, a freeholder, then the condition of France will be firm as a rock" *(inébranlable)*.

Great as are the moral gains to both State and individual by this extension of peasant proprietorship, the material benefits accruing to the nation are yet more considerable. Land in the neighbourhood of Châteauroux has doubled, trebled, and quadrupled in value within the last fifty years. Roads and railways have contributed to bring about this rise in value, but the change must be chiefly attributed to the indomitable perseverance and laboriousness of the peasant. As all readers of George Sand know well, the Berry abounded in *landes,* or waste. The extent of these wastes is being gradually reduced. Every acre of ground that is sold, every thousand francs expended upon land, is so much added wealth to the country. Much of the scenery between Châteauroux and my friend's village is very pretty and very English. But for the patches of

vineyard here and there, we could fancy ourselves in Sussex or Devonshire. The road is bordered with tall hedges, a tangle of wild rose, clematis, and bryony, whilst beyond we obtain glimpses of wide fields and vast pastures, divided, as with ourselves, by close-set hawthorn. Quiet, shady paths lead to woodland nooks or by winding streams bordered with lofty poplars, and in every meadow the beautiful tan-coloured cattle of the district were taking their ease. Here and there, at some little distance from the road, we see the large farmhouse or *manoir* of gentleman-farmer, or a *métairie* standing in the midst of farm-buildings.

Soon we enter the vast forest of Châteauroux, and follow a broad road, amid oak, chestnut, and walnut trees; then we come upon stretches of heath and brushwood, where amid broom and heather some little Fadette keeps her flock of geese or turkeys.

Let me describe exactly what I saw in the company of my host during a visit in 1886. We began by visiting one of the smallest holdings that had been recently purchased of him, namely, a farm of two and a half hectares, or about six acres. Here, as in most other cases, the new owner had built himself a cottage and laid out a vegetable garden. As land at that time fetched £40 per hectare, we had already evidence of an economy to the extent of £100. The cost of building materials, agricultural implements, stock, consisting of pigs, a few sheep, geese, horse or donkey, represented at least a similar outlay. My host informed me that the owner of ten to twelve hectares, that is to say, from twenty to thirty acres, may be set down as a capitalist worth £800 or £1000. We may assume the owner of

two and a half to be worth a fourth part of that sum. It is obvious that so small a holding will not support a family; in order to make ends meet, also to lay by for further purchases, the small farmer works half the week as labourer, or takes out his labour in the use of a team. By little and little the domain is increased. Five hectares will keep a cow, or even a pair of oxen for tillage. Five hectares will support a family, whilst ten or twelve mean comfort and ease.

The first holding we visited was a recent acquisition, and it was delightful to witness the friendly feeling that existed between the old proprietor and the new. The farmer quitted his work in a field adjoining to shake hands with us and invite us indoors, evidently with pride in his house. Solid oak presses full of homespun linen, flitches of bacon hanging from the ceiling, a neat hearth, and even cheap pictures and ornamental pottery, indicated rustic ease and some craving after beauty. As a rule the best bedstead stands in the front kitchen, and my host explained this arrangement. In the first place, the four-poster with its hangings, usually of some bright colour, is regarded with complacency as a piece of ornamental furniture; and secondly, winter being very rude here, the kitchen is the warmest place to sleep in. Upper rooms are used for storage. The housewife and children wore good, serviceable clothes suited to their occupation, and were quite clean and tidy. I alluded afterwards to the bare look of the cottage as compared with one in England, home of ill-paid day-labourer, possessed of not a farthing, and with no future but the workhouse. I was assured that absence of little comforts in the way of a

bit of carpet, an easy-chair, window curtains, and the like, arose from lack of taste rather than want of means. Comfort and prettiness in the home were mere matters of time. We immediately came upon an illustration. One new proprietor of two and a half hectares only had built himself a house with front kitchen or parlour, and a bedroom at the back. "C'est beaucoup plus propre," he said, using the word in its secondary sense of tidy, becoming.

This cottage abutted on a hovel of the pre-revolutionary period. What a contrast the two presented! The one, spick and span, roomy, lightsome, airy, the other, a wretched, windowless cabin. We were again received in the most cordial manner. The new position of landowner was evidently much appreciated, whilst my host expressed himself delighted with the altered condition of things. "I am socially a gainer," he said; "I have for near neighbours, honest, satisfied, prosperous people. Family life is encouraged, the moral tone of the community raised, and good feeling promoted among class and class."

We next visited other farms varying in extent from two and a half to twelve hectares, finding everywhere the same thrift, contentment, and well-being. The tendency is rather to increase than diminish the size of holdings. The purchaser of five hectares does not rest till he has acquired ten, the owner of ten sets his mind upon the possession of twenty, and so on. The provident, self-denying spirit of these Berrichon peasants is beyond all praise. It takes more than one bad season, or even a succession of bad seasons, to ruin the small farmer. He looks far ahead, prepared for the evil day. The

farming is not first-rate. Artificial manure is, however, more largely used than formerly, corn is threshed by machinery, and scientific methods begin to prevail. It must not be forgotten that the newly-made landowner has many difficulties to contend with, his purchase often consisting partly of waste. This is cleared after rough-and-ready fashion. The ground is broken with the harrow, and rye planted, hay follows as a second crop, and the soil is thus prepared by degrees. How persistently the redemption of waste lands is carried on throughout the country every stage of our journey teaches us. Wherever we go, north, south, east, west, we find the process going on, and statistics show the strides made. Between the years 1844 and 1882 the superficies of *landes,* or wastes, in France had diminished by one-third. The vine is cultivated round about Châteauroux, but the sober country-folks indulge in neither wine nor beer. Their usual drink is home-made syrup of fruits. A fine stalwart race we find here, on good terms with the curé, ardent Republicans, but excessively reserved as to their political opinions. No one, not even the wife of his bosom, ever knows how the peasant votes on election day. He reads the newspaper, and thinks for himself.

We afterwards visited a métairie of nearly four hundred acres, also the property of my host. The system is a partnership, the owner supplying land rent free, stock, and implements; the métayer, manual labour, all profits being equally shared. This arrangement is in full force in the Berry, as in some other departments, and answers admirably. The métayer boards his farm-labourers, as was the custom in England fifty years ago.

Wages, at the time I write of, 1885, were from two and a half to four francs a day, with or without board; thirty or forty years ago a day-labourer earned only seventy centimes daily.

Arthur Young, naturally judging of theories by the result before his eyes, summarises métayage as a "miserable system that perpetuates poverty and excludes instruction." Throughout his survey we find farming on half-profits condemned in the strongest terms, yet nothing has done more to improve the French husbandry within the last fifty years. It is the stepping-stone from the status of hired labourer to that of capitalist, and whilst the métayer is thus raised in the social scale, by his means vast tracts are brought under cultivation. So popular is the arrangement, that in 1872 the census showed an excess of métayage over peasant proprietorship. In 1880 a slight diminution had taken place.

Two conditions of success are necessary. The intermediary or farm-bailiff must be dispensed with, and a good understanding exist between the contracting parties. From fifty to a hundred and fifty acres is the most suitable size for a métairie. Besides such holdings as I have described, extensive estates are found here in the hands of their owners. The gentleman and lady-farmer are not peculiar to England. Country life is no longer regarded, as before the Revolution, in the light of banishment.

Let us now make the acquaintance of another class of proprietors. At Châteauroux the problem of turning the artisan into a freeholder has been partially realised. Here at least many a workman has emulated the zeal of his thrifty neighbours, and hardly a journeyman shoe-

maker, carpenter, or mason, but owns a house and garden. In other words, he is a capitalist to the extent of one or two hundred pounds.

The admirable workmen's cités of Mulhouse, described elsewhere, are partly due to benevolence; the initiative at Châteauroux has been taken by the artisan himself, and herein lies the interest of the matter. Self-help, sobriety, and praiseworthy ambition have been the sole influences at work. In company of a well-known resident, I visited several of these neat little dwellings, not massed together and forming quarters apart as at Mulhouse, but just placed where a plot of building ground was to be had. Outwardly one resembles another, although we found a considerable difference in the interiors, some being fastidiously clean and comfortably furnished, others slovenly and bare. A front kitchen, in which the best bedstead with bright hangings stands conspicuous, a back-room, attics, outhouses, and garden, such is the artisan's home at Châteauroux; and if it has not the trim appearance of a model English cottage, at least he enjoys possession. In a double sense the workman's home is his own creation. His plot acquired, the purchaser devotes every spare moment to the construction of his house. Such help as he needs in the way of carpentry, glazing, and so on, he gets from other journeymen. The notion of going to a shop never crosses his mind. In every case we found that the value of the tenement and ground amounted to two hundred pounds, often more, a sum betokening prodigious economy. It will occasionally happen that money is borrowed in order to complete the purchase, and this loan proves an extra stimulus to exertion.

Suburban Châteauroux may be described as a straggling village, made up of cottages all recently built. My cicerone knew many of the owners, and we were cordially welcomed. The women are affable, the men, although brusque and often uncouth in manner, readily answer any questions put to them. As well as the small farmers, all are evidently proud of their property. The moral tone of the place, I was assured, has been greatly raised by this transformation of the artisan into a freeholder. Early marriages are the rule, and young women, many of whom are employed in the State tobacco factory here, lay by so as to help their betrothed to purchase a house. Public houses are few and far between, want, drunkenness, and beggary rare. Nothing, indeed, throughout my entire French experiences ever more impressed me than what I saw here. These scores upon scores of substantial little dwellings, each the property of its occupier, represent neither State aid, benevolence, nor philanthropy, but individual determination to attain independence, and rise above envy, want, and incertitude.

Châteauroux is a cheerful, rather noisy place, with sumptuous new churches, recently-constructed boulevards and fast-increasing suburbs attesting its prosperity. After an interval of five years I found considerable changes; here as everywhere else throughout France that modernisation at work, disastrous in one sense, yet to be acclaimed on the score of sanitation.

On the occasion of my first visit to Châteauroux, one of my cicerones was a young artist, son of a Protestant pastor, who was going through his period of military service. He bore the burden cheerfully, but

complained of the frequent terms of incarceration imposed for trifling offences. Certainly patriotism in the young is necessary to render conscription anything else but a nightmare, a shadow darkening the threshold of manhood. Here was a promising young fellow condemned to lose several years study, fare hard, wear coarse ill-fitting clothes, and consort with such companions as chance threw in his way. One effect was clearly that of doing away with daintiness, rendering the character pliable, daily habits elastic. "The soldier can eat anything," said my young friend, as he smilingly compared the table d'hôte dinner of the hotel (no epicurean fare either) to his barrack ordinary.

Even at that time, in spite of apparent equality, military service in France was far from being equitable. As this is a most interesting subject, let me here briefly explain the recent changes that have taken place. It may not be generally known that until the year 1872 the organisation of the French army was strictly in accordance with the decrees of 1832.

The general features of the system were as follows:—lots were drawn every year, the highest number entitling the drawer to total exemption from military service, the lowest to seven years' service. Certain exceptions were made, that is to say, in the case of only sons of widows, seminarists, professors and teachers pledged to ten years' public service, and others. *And in all cases, exemption could be purchased;* the minimum price for a substitute being 2500 francs, just a hundred pounds. Much larger sums were often paid, the agents transacting these substitutions being called *les marchands d'hommes.*

It will be seen that in spirit the organisation of the French army remained eminently anti-democratic until the reforms effected by the Third Republic. The rich could escape military service altogether, the poor could not. Seven years of the prime of life were lost to the breadwinner of the poor.

After the reverses of 1870-71, the French army was reconstructed upon the Prussian system. Every Frenchman, with very few exceptions, now became a soldier, his obligation being that of five years' service, and liability to fifteen years' more in case of war. Exemption was still accorded in times of peace to elder or only sons of widows, seminarists, and further, young men having passed certain examinations with a view to following certain professions, could purchase remission of four years' service on payment of 2500 francs. These so-called *volontaires d'un an* formed a special class, might indeed be called the spoiled children of the army. They were subject to a wholly modified treatment in barracks, hence arose jealousies, and the necessity of further reforms. The law of 1889 introduced, if not absolute, at least, all but absolute equality into the French army. Every French citizen is now under the obligation of three years' military service, and liable to be called up until his forty-fifth year.

No payment under any circumstances can now purchase a substitute; only the sick, the disabled, and the deformed can now escape conscription. In the interests, however, of art, science, literature, and philanthropy, and in a very few cases, the three years' service is reduced to one.

The exceptions are as follows:—Firstly young men

under an engagement to serve ten years in public educational or philanthropic institutions, either in France or the French colonies, such as schools for the deaf and dumb, the blind, etc. Secondly, students who have passed certain examinations in science, art, or letters, or who have received certain diplomas in national schools of agriculture, technical schools, etc., or who have obtained the first prize in the Academy or Conservatory of Music. Thirdly, students in theology, preparing for the ministry, either Catholics, Protestants, or Jews. Fourthly, a certain number of artisans selected by a jury of each department—engravers, decorators, modellers, and others, all of whom have to pass a competitive examination. Such in brief is the tenor of the new military law, a law based upon truly democratic principles.

Between Châteauroux and La Châtre—French Weimar, shrine ever dear to the devotee of letters—lies the valley of the Indre, the Vallée Noire of *La Petite Fadette.* It is a region that requires sunshine to beautify it. The broad pastures traversed by alder-bordered streams, the solitary wastes, the wide fallows across which some blue-bloused farmer guides his team, the isolated cottage here and there, and solitary field in which a goose-girl knits her stocking amid her flock, all else silent and lonely about her—such scenes inspire melancholy under a lowering autumn sky. On the occasion of my second visit several years later, and a month earlier in the year, I found wonderful freshness and charm, the park-like meadows glowed in brilliant sunshine, the oak-woods were golden against the warm sky, the undulating hills dazzlingly bright.

The little town of La Châtre had meantime not

stood still. Handsome suburban villas and public buildings have lately sprung up; the noble statue of George Sand, erected by her townsfolk, seems to have stimulated local ambition. Could the authorities only secure quiet in the streets after eleven o'clock at night many travellers would enjoy a halt here. The brawling and unseemly uproar of cafés and cabarets till long past midnight detract from the otherwise pleasant impression left by George Sand's town.

A new handsome boulevard leads to the beautifully-kept little pleasance in the midst of which rises Millet's statue of the great novelist. It is a very splendid work. There is something sibylline about the face as she looks up in the transport of inspiration, her flowing robes rather those of a priestess than of a Frenchwoman of our own time. On the sides of the pedestal are carved the names of her chief works, masterpieces of imaginative literature unsurpassed in any language. Three miles off lies Nohant, the novelist's beloved home, lately put up for sale. For awhile we follow the Indre, flowing limpidly between well-cultivated stretches of loam, the extreme richness of the soil attested by the number and variety of crops raised; three or four of lucerne, among others, during the year. Men and women were busily cutting *regain,* or aftermath, either for immediate use as fodder or to stow away in the green state, according to the method called ensilage, for sheep's food in winter. Lucerne increases the quality and richness of cows' milk. There are but few hedges; the land is cultivated in broad strips or patches, some of considerable extent; the standing crops were maize, potatoes, beetroot, buckwheat, a little, indeed, of everything; and, at intervals,

were fallow-fields being ploughed up by the fine dun-coloured oxen of the country. Flocks of geese and pigs were turned loose in the cleared cornfields. Fruit-bearing trees, especially walnut trees cultivated for their oil, dotted the fields.

Hereabouts, as near Châteauroux, may be found holdings of all sizes and tenures of every description, properties of a few acres, farms cultivated on the half-profit system, tenant-farms, large and small. Want is rare, all being able to live by their land or obtain work, La Châtre possessing cloth and tobacco manufactories, besides smaller industries. The village-folk are very tidy in appearance, and most of the little brown mud-built cottages have a flower or two in garden or window.

On the occasion of my first visit to Nohant five years before, a neat maid answered my ring, and I was at once conducted to George Sand's tomb, now enclosed in the village churchyard, but formerly a portion of her own garden. In 1890 I found the place utterly deserted, hens and chickens running about in all directions, the courtyard choked with grass and weeds, the garden a wilderness, and the pleasant country-house, consecrated by illustrious souvenirs, close-shuttered. The great novelist's grave also, a plain slab of gray marble, showed woeful neglect. Surely La Châtre, so proud of its townswoman, will henceforth undertake the care of her resting-place! Outside the little cemetery, on the other side of the road, stand the church and village. George Sand thus lived close to the humble neighbours she loved and depicted so inimitably, and in whose steadily-increasing prosperity she would have taken such delight. Maurice Sand formally adopted for himself

and his children his mother's glorious pseudonym, and like herself was buried according to Protestant rites. His widow and two married daughters survive him.

Twenty-five years ago the Indre, with its neighbouring department of the Cher, possessed an unenviable notoriety. Two-thirds of their inhabitants in 1866 could neither read nor write. The census of 1891 will doubtless show gratifying results of the thousand and odd elementary schools now at work, a large number having been opened during the interval. Already in 1882 the proportion of the totally uninstructed had been reduced throughout France from 35 and 45 to 19 per cent.

Between Châteauroux and Bourges, ancient capital of Berry, *chef-lieu* of the Cher, lies a cheerful, varied country, the cathedral at last towering grandly above the level landscape as our own Ely above the eastern plains. Most French cities may be called the embodiment of some presiding spirit; and the genius of Bourges was Jacques Coeur. His story reads more like an episode of Oriental romance than a piece of sober chronicle. A Haroun-el-Raschid in his love of splendour, a Medici in his patronage of art, a Rothschild in his command of millions, the great financier was one of the noblest citizens who ever served an ignoble king. His palace might have been finished yesterday, so successfully has it resisted time and restoration. There is comfort in the thought that, if domestic architecture has fallen so low in our own day, such monuments of its apogee may last long as the Pyramids. Other masterpieces of the kind are less fortunate, the process of modernisation being rapidly carried on. Since George Sand's death, nearly twenty years ago, the place has undergone transforma-

tion. Many public buildings have been erected, and old quarters replaced by airy streets. Alike theatre, military school, and hospital, asylum for the insane, slaughter-house, are quite modern. Bourges is one of the great military arsenals, and a strategical post of the first importance.

The cathedral, like the stupendous churches of Spain, is a world in itself. I do not know which to call the grander aspect, that of its quintuple porch, or fine-naved interior, perpetually rose-tinted with jewelled light. No mere stained glass seems here, rather shafts of pure ruby and amethyst composing the small upper windows of the triforium. The larger windows underneath show wonderfully imaginative designs, roses, stars, wheels with lovely little groups of saints and angels, each a perfect picture, within. The wealth of colour, topaz, emerald, sapphire, opal, ruby, amethyst, recalls Apocalyptic vision, those glories dazzling the inner sight of him of Patmos.

The lofty dome, ever rosy-red with the windows of triforium and clerestory, the five vast naves, without transepts, giving a wonderful sense of space, splendours such as these are alike unimaginable and not to be described, they form indeed a veritable Apocalypse to ordinary mortals.

The exterior is very majestic, and adjoining lie the beautiful grounds of the Évêché, open to the public. On Sunday afternoons a military band plays here, attracting the entire population.

The townsfolk are brisk, good-looking, affable, but even noisier than their neighbours of La Châtre, which

is saying a good deal. One might really suppose that a premium were put upon turbulence in Jacques Coeur's grand old city. Close under the windows of the highly respectable, thoroughly French Hôtel de France are *cafés chantants,* in which singing with loud pianoforte accompaniment and deafening applause goes on till midnight; later still, turbulent assemblies of young men and lads turn the place into a Pandemonium when all decent folks ought to be fast asleep. Truth to tell, the French populace, like the French child, is often humoured past bearing. On the occasion I speak of, the police tried to disperse the roysterers by throwing cold water on their heads. Disturbers of nocturnal peace ought to be treated more seriously; sleepless nights are too often the penalty paid for delightful days in provincial France. After the nightly commotion of the charming old towns just described, Paris seemed peaceful as a Trappists' convent!

The country between Bourges and the capital is one vast stackyard. On we glided by alleys and alleys of golden pyramids, the size and number of the wheat-stacks attesting the extent of the holdings. In some places we saw double rows, in each a dozen of enormous stacks. Yet this region and the neighbouring Beauce no longer stand first in the matter of corn-growing.

Other departments, notably the Seine and Marne, owing to advanced methods, produce cereals in greater proportion per acre and of superior kind. The blue-bloused peasants with their teams were now ploughing up the fallow, scenes that recalled the exquisite introduction to the *Meunier d'Angibault.*

The Cher countains many very large farms, which have been handed down from father to son, anteriorly to the Revolution. Some of these number five or six thousand hectares, occupations of a thousand frequently occurring. Side by side, exist small parcels of land, mere allotment grounds by comparison,—another fact illustrative of the variety of land-tenure in France.

PART III.

BURGUNDY, FRANCHE COMTÉ, THE MORVAN.

I.

DEPARTMENTS: THE TERRITOIRE DE BELFORT, THE DOUBS, AIN, JURA.

FROM Mulhouse we re-enter France by one of her proudest porticoes. The colossal lion of Belfort, hewn out of the solid rock, is fit emblem of a city whose heroism is now historic. The siege of Belfort gave French history as grand a page as that of La Rochelle; and, advocated by Thiers, "the old man eloquent," rescued the key of the eastern frontier from the fate of Strasburg and Metz. It is a wonderful place, full of martial reminders, with a bristling crest of forts and triple girdle of fortifications. In the heart of these, as if placed there to be so guarded, the monuments of its glorious defender, Denfert and his men. We are glad for a moment to breathe the air of Belfort, but glad to get away. Peaceful folks and peaceful thoughts seem out of keeping with the warlike little city, ever armed to the teeth, set like fabled dragon at the gate of beauteous garden. From the heights surmounted by Bartholdi's lion, the eye is refreshed with a pleasant, prosperous scene, tillage and pasture, running streams and factories, whilst behind us lies the wooded moun-

tain pass, the "Trouée de Belfort" leading from the Vosges to the Jura. The culture of tobacco, a charming crop with its delicate pink blossoms, is allowed by the State here—what sign of favour is not accorded the new heroic department?—honey, corn, hemp, beetroot, and potatoes are staple products; cotton mills, iron foundries, breweries, brick kilns, the manufacture of pianos, local industries. A large portion of territory is covered with forest, the wood of various trees being exported.

A few words on forestry in France may not be inappropriate. Forestry here has long been an important branch of agriculture. One of the prettiest and most instructive objective lessons of the Jubilee Exhibition was the "Pavillon des Fôrets," a châlet constructed of various kinds of native timber put together with great effect; within were transverse sections beautifully arranged as panels and in juxtaposition, samples of every use, mechanical, domestic, chemical, to which each separate kind was applied. Maps were added showing the distribution of forest throughout France and her colonies, with tabulated statistics as to acreage and products.

A sixth part of the soil of France is covered with forests, a million hectares of which belongs to the State. This extent is divided for administrative purposes into sections, each section being managed by a Government staff, a general inspector being at the head of the entire department. All officials in the forestry service have to go through a systematic course of training either at the celebrated school of Nancy or elsewhere. The course of instruction embraces every sub-

ject connected with the culture, preservation and replanting of forests, the last-mentioned having paramount importance.

As we journey through Dauphiné, the Vosges, the Cévennes, we find large tracts carefully replanted with saplings. The promiscuous browsing of goats, so disastrous to young trees, is now prohibited by the State; trees, cut for firewood once in twenty years, are methodically replaced, and other means are resorted to for the preservation of forests.

The area of woodland in France has fluctuated within recent years. In 1871, 15,000 hectares, confiscated by Napoleon the Third, were restored to the Orleans family; 100 000 hectares were forfeited by Prussian annexation; and certain portions have been conceded for agricultural purposes. On the other hand, considerable tracts of former forest have been replanted. The destruction of trees is prohibited or restricted by law. Forestry is as yet far from profitable, the net profit to the State, according to recent official statistics, being but 1 per cent.

Native wood is chiefly used for fuel, France importing foreign woods for constructing and building purposes to the value of two million francs yearly.

Here, as at Châteauroux, I found a young friend going through his voluntarial or enforced military service, in his case reduced from a term of five years to one. At the time I write of it was possible to pay for a substitute, the price being £100. This is no longer the case. The military law of 1889, as I have before mentioned, has introduced absolute equality in the army,

a three years' service being obligatory on all young citizens.

We need hardly wonder, seeing its strategic importance, that Montbéliard, passed on our way to Besançon, should now bristle with forts. It may be called the sentinel of the canal linking the Rhône and Rhine, and of the railway from Besançon to Mulhouse. Strangely contrasted are these frowning forts with the pastoral scenery around, green lanes, dells, and glades, curling streams and velvety pastures, each romantically placed village crowned with trim spires, Catholic and Protestant churches standing amicably side by side.

Having so fully described the social life and industries of Montbéliard in a former work, I will not repeat myself here. Since I wrote in 1878 legislation has interfered on behalf of juvenile labour in factories, and the terribly long working-day of adults will in all probability soon be a thing of the past. One old woman employed by me as charwoman during my first visit told me that her daughter worked fifteen hours a day in a watch factory, rising at five even in winter. Painful indeed are these contrasts between industrial and rural France.

Cuvier and Victor Hugo are not more contrasted than their native towns. Montbéliard, simplicity, austereness itself, fitting cradle of the hard thinker and indefatigable scientific inquirer; Besançon still preserving the sumptuosity of an imperial city, proudly placed and proudly peopled, may well glorify herself as the nurse of France's greatest romantic genius.

I love to connect French towns with the names that immortalise them; and truly Victor Hugo's birth-

place was worthy of the honour,—its brilliant, many-sided, complex, social life, historic memories, sombre as well as inspiriting, its incomparable site and surroundings, the sterner as well as gentler aspects of nature here blended,—all these are suggestive of a poet whose sympathies were universal, whose imagination fearlessly grappled alike with the tenderest and the most terrible problems of human life.

From the lofty green eminence called *Notre Dame des Buis,* a good view is obtained of the natural and artificial defences which now render Besançon one of the strongest places in France. Beyond its lofty heights, each headland bristling with forts, stretches a vast panorama,—the plains of Burgundy, the mountain ranges of the Jura, the Vosges and snow-capped Alps, every outline sharp and clear in the luminous, transparent atmosphere.

Existence here does not flow evenly as at Montbéliard,—sharp lights and shadows, cross currents and conflicting passions, characterise Besançon no less than the pages of her poet. An enormous population of priests and soldiery is not consistent with an idyllic state of society. Catholics and Protestants have not hitherto lived here after the lamblike fashion of primitive Christians. As the Third Republic is still regarded by many English critics in the light of a Malay running amuck at the priest, it is well to be reminded of the other side of the question.

At Besançon, which numbers a good many Protestants, it was found some years since absolutely necessary to build a Protestant and lay hospital. The petty tyrannies exercised by the nuns towards unorthodox

patients in the municipal hospital became at last a crying evil. Again, squabbles innumerable have occurred over the burial of non-Catholic subjects. Until quite recently, Protestant pastors with funeral procession have been kept waiting for hours at the cemetery gates, the curé and mayor refusing admission till compelled to obey telegraphic orders from the préfet. These unseemly occurrences fortunately belong to the past; the present Government, under no plea whatever, permitting one sect to persecute another.

A cornucopia and a pedlar's pack! Such should form the arms of the villages of the Doubs. Not a fairy-like dell, not a faun-suggesting grove without its steam-engine and mill-wheels. Every excursion introduces us to new industries as well as new scenery. Ornans, home of the painter Courbet, derives its wealth from cherry orchards, kirsch distilleries occupying many hands. Absinthe and Gruyère cheese are also local manufactures. Farther on, amid grandiose and lovely scenery, are seen forges, foundries, and chemical works, each enchanting spot being an active little centre of trade.

The same feature characterises the department of the Jura, and here also we find Protestant congregations. One charming little town not far from Salins has a touching interest for all concerned in the spiritual conflicts of their fellows. The church and school making up what is called the *culte Protestant* here is of quite recent date; the congregation numbers from fifty to sixty members only, chiefly belonging to the peasant and artisan class; the stipend is about seventy pounds a year with house and garden.

Hither, not many years ago, came a distinguished scholar, a gentleman, a man of the world, above all, a former servant of the Church of Rome. The present minister at the place I speak of voluntarily unfrocked himself for conscience' sake, is a martyr to the cause of free thought and moral responsibility. I have shaken hands with more than one ex-priest in France, and ever with a sense of pride. Such men drain the cup of sorrow and humiliation to the dregs, secession in their case meaning the sacrifice of worldly prospects, the beginning of life anew, above all, the severance of every earthly tie.

The *défroqué* for conscience' sake is not only a pariah of society, but an outcast from the circles of which he was an honoured member. First to fall away from him are mother, sister, niece, those who loved him, whose pure affections kept alive his own; if kinsmen are less obdurate, they are not always able to testify their sympathy. Feminine influence is too strong.

In the Jura two questions occupy the thoughtful, two problems remain to be solved. How to check the depravity brought about by a celibate clergy; how to replace the lost faith of the masses by an ideal that will tell on daily life,—such are the matters uppermost in the minds of social reformers. A lady-writer, who brings to her subject much of Zola's sombre realism, and something of his power, has not a little contributed to the general pre-occupation. The popularity of Madam Gagneur's novels, all written in the strongest anti-clerical spirit, attest the feeling of the majority. In the case of *Le Roman d'un Prêtre* the authoress was prosecuted for libel and defamation, but her adversaries lost their

cause. Allowing for some exaggeration, the state of things revealed in this novel accords with fact. No wonder that the popular sentiment occasionally displays itself in grossest fashion. For instance, at a country fair, just before my second visit to these regions, pictures and dissolving views were exhibited of curés being pitchforked by demons into hell-fire. The peasants were enchanted, but the women much scandalised, and the children frightened out of their wits.

The Third Republic has set to work to educate its women, high schools for girls being now opened in all the principal towns. The next step should be the reformation of the rural clergy, the same standard of domestic morality being exacted from them as from our own, or the obligation of celibacy should be removed.

Lons-le-Saulnier, *chef-lieu* of the Jura, is charmingly situated amid vine-clad slopes; westward we gaze upon the vast plain of the Bresse, eastward and southward the Jura range. The modern public buildings of this little town of eleven thousand souls are on a very handsome scale,—museum, Lycée, training colleges for teachers, bank, hospital, barracks, last but not least, public slaughter-house. When shall we imitate French example, and have public slaughter-houses at a good distance from our towns, and under strictest police surveillance?

I have upon two occasions spent some time here with French Protestants, and during my second visit found the same struggle going on, war to the knife between the parties of progress and of reaction. I confess the excitement of finding oneself in the thick of

the fray hath charms, and I can but feel that when all things march according to the desires of the advanced Liberal, existence will become less stimulating. Yet on revisiting Lons-le-Saulnier and other whilom strongholds of clericalism, the stranger's first impulse is to look round for signs of improvement. English folks can hardly realise with what formidable forces the first enlightened and really representative government of France has had to contend. Political adventurers and malcontents, an ambitious aristocracy, a Church wielding enormous power, and excepting for an almost infinitesimal percentage, the entire feminine population,—all these have been arrayed against the party of freedom, progress and order. It was no mere question of political or dynastic supremacy, but of liberty of the subject, of conscience, of speech, and the press. The condition of things had indeed found its old level, and men like the ever-to-be-respected Jules Grévy and other unpretending founders of the Third Republic were really performing the task undertaken by the framers of liberty in 1789, securing to French citizens the rights we insulars have long taken as matters of course, but were then once more in jeopardy. If this statement appears somewhat inflated, let the reader turn to a page of Réclus's great geography. He will find mention of a certain town in the Morvan which was literally, as well as figuratively, decimated by the *coup d'état* of the pseudo-Napoleon. In 1851, 1500 peaceable citizens of Clamecy (Nièvre) were imprisoned or exiled without trial, simply on account of their political principles. And the danger of similar treacheries had by no means ended with the historic Sixteenth of May. But yesterday we

have seen French liberties imperilled by the comb ... machinations of priests, women, and desperadoes, only the calm good sense and foresight with which the peasants went to the voting urn averting a catastrophe.

The Republican propaganda at Lons-le-Saulnier was carried on in the teeth of formidable difficulties. Contrasted indeed the storm and ferment of social gatherings here to the placid intellectual intercourse of Montbéliard! It would really seem as if the spirit of its leading men haunted native earth. We find that the presiding genius of this little town was no other than the composer of the Marseillaise! The fiery young soldier-poet, destined to convulse Europe and revolutionise France with a song, was not born in the town itself, but in the romantically-placed suburban village of Montaigu. So priest-ridden and reactionary had been the Jura hitherto, that not till 1882 was a statue erected to Rouget de Lisle. The inauguration of Bartholdi's fine work was a local fête of great magnificence, marred, however, by bad weather and endeavours to get up a counter demonstration. I had travelled from the shores of the Baltic in order to be present, but only arrived in time for an animated dinner-party and the illuminations.

From the picturesque eminence of the Château de l'Étoile we obtain a good view of the surrounding country. In the far distance the valley of the Saône and the violet hills of Burgundy, at our feet the plain of La Bresse, a vast level expanse planted with maize, corn, beetroot, hemp, and other crops, the brilliant mosaic showing clear blue lakelets here and there. These are the artificial ponds which remain for four years, are then filled up, producing abundant harvests.

the interval large quantities of fish are reared. A similar region, on a larger scale, is that of the Dombes, lying between Bourg-en-Bresse and Lyons, 100,000 hectares dotted over with gleaming pools, and equally given up to what may be described as amphibious farming. The history of these plains may best be given in Faust's farewell words, when Margaret's irresistible lover, a white-haired centenarian, willingly sinks into the grave, evil-doing atoned for, celestial pardon awaiting him—

"A swamp below the mountain stretches wide,
Poisoning all husbandry. To draw away
The deadly damp, that were the highest gain.
I open place for millions, here to dwell
Busy and free, if not secure from ill.
Green is the plain and fruitful, man and herds
Together on this newest spot of earth
Shall cheerful live, and, nestled 'mid the hills,
Active as ants, shall thrive the fellowship.
Here in the land's deep bosom, Paradise,
There flows the river to the coast,
Filling each barren place.

The thaumaturge here has been that most unpoetical of all agencies, a joint-stock company; the enterprising company of the Dombes (a feminine substantive with a plural look), taking in hand the work begun by the State and the inhabitants, is transforming vast swamps into a garden. Plantations, drainage, artificial manures have in the space of twenty years reduced these marshlands by two-thirds, by one-third increased the population, and in the same proportion diminished mortality. Malaria has disappeared, the average length of human life reached the normal figure, and the physical condition of the population immensely improved. Material

well-being has rapidly advanced; hay, corn, vineyards, pastures, are seen on every side, and every year the wealth of the community reaches a higher sum total.

On the other hand, large tracts of the Jura I had found in a highly flourishing condition a few years before, were in 1882 almost ruined by the phylloxera and cold wet seasons. The larger landed proprietors, whose incomes depend greatly on the vintage, thus find themselves much crippled, whilst the case of the small vigneron is harder still. His sons betake themselves to the neighbouring towns, his daughters to domestic service, with a twofold result. The value of land goes down and a steady migration ensues to the town, where wages are high and existence offers more attractions. A third consequence is inevitable. The town holds out greater temptations for young people of both sexes, the outcome of which is too often immorality and infanticide. The depopulation of certain rural districts is a problem that taxes the ingenuity of political economists in France as in England.

Broad tracts of vineyard, soon exchanged for mountain scenery with scant culture here and there, lie between Lons-le-Saulnier and Champagnole—Ruskin's Champagnole, described by him in words that haunt the memory as a beautiful poem. And in spite of railways and the inroad of what Renan calls "la vulgarité Américaine," it is impossible to visit and revisit this little town without a sense of the gratitude Ruskin speaks of, a feeling that here we hearken to "the first utterance of those mighty mountain symphonies, soon to be more loudly lifted and wildly broken along the battlements of the Alps."

On the occasion of my second stay at Champagnole, my visit was to the family of a *Juge de Paix;* and I not only obtained from him a vast amount of information but was enabled to attend his sittings, thus getting an insight into both theory and practice of rural legislation. The *Juge de Paix,* it is hardly necessary to say, is a creation of the Revolution. In his person is represented one of the most sweeping reforms ever effected by a stroke of the pen. The right of administering justice was summarily transferred from a privileged class to responsible servants of the State. From that moment no French citizen was at the mercy of another, no French citizen could mete out justice to himself. Let me now describe a sitting of *Justice de Paix,* which is as unlike that of our county or borough benches as can be conceived. At 9 A.M. we ascend the handsome staircase of the Hôtel de Ville and enter the judge's court, with whitewashed walls and large windows opening pleasantly on to the market-place. Above the chair of office, a fact to be specially noted, hangs a crucifix. In the centre, facing the audience, sits the *Juge de Paix* wearing his robes of office, black advocate's gown with white lappets at the throat, and high-crowned hat with silver band, which may be worn or not at pleasure. On days of ceremony a blue badge is worn. On his right, also wearing judicial hat and gown, sits the *greffier,* or clerk, on his left the *suppléant,* or coadjutor, the last-mentioned an unpaid official, who represents the public prosecutor. By the judge lies a copy of the French Code. This is not used by witnesses, the simple and dignified formula exacted of witnesses on oath being merely "By God, man, and the

truth" *(par Dieu, les hommes, et la vérité)*. Opposite the table is a small space railed off for those cited to appear or appearing on their own account, behind are a few seats for lookers-on. Upon this occasion half a dozen blue-bloused figures made up the audience; the season was August, a busy time out of doors, when country-folks are less inclined to litigation or amusement. When frost and snow bring about cessation of labours, these little courts are crowded by the curious. Next to the excitement of a law-suit of one's own, is that of watching our neighbours, seems the opinion of the shrewd, somewhat quarrelsome Franc-Comtois peasant-farmer.

Yet let us not jump too hastily to conclusions. English rustics, ploughmen, stockmen, and the like, are more pacific than the rural population of France, and for the best possible reason—Hodge and his neighbour have nothing to quarrel about. Jacques Bonhomme and his fellows, on the contrary, have a good deal. Boundary-marks are perpetually wrangled over. The small land-owner, here as elsewhere, adds to his little domain from time to time, a plot here, a field there, and the limitations are difficult to determine. Sometimes the women squabble, and very stormy and often ludicrous scenes take place. Village termagants are arraigned by each other before the judge, who, amid lively invective and gesticulation, is obliged to decide who is in the wrong. Hard as is sometimes the administration of justice, harder still is the maintenance of gravity. No matter what happens, the magistrate must remain solemnity itself. It is interesting to learn that the majesty of the law represented in his person is in-

variably respected. No matter how disorderly the offenders or violent the disputants, the simple "You can retire" of the *Juge de Paix* suffices. Very rarely have the services of the gendarme to be called into requisition.

What a study for an artist, this shrewd old farmer in blue blouse now pleading his own cause! The bone of contention is a certain contract, and he is there to show that the other contracting party has not fulfilled his obligations. His keen, vivacious eyes and weather-beaten features display extraordinary varieties of expression. At one moment he gloats over the assurance that he has convinced the judge and carried his point. The next he casts a withering glance at finding himself imperfectly understood. The arguments are gone over again and again with renewed vehemence, the judge and his companions listening with exemplary patience and composure. At last he is requested to listen in turn, the judge simply bidding him to appear with certain documents at the next sitting, when the verdict of the law will be delivered. With a parting burst of eloquence for the benefit of the audience, and evidently sure of ultimate victory, the picturesque old fellow takes his departure. The politeness displayed on both sides was gratifying to witness.

Next stood up two disputants unable to agree as to the boundary-marks of their possessions; one a grave, taciturn man of middle age, the other young, smart, and ready to say on his own behalf all and more than the judge could hear. The affair was promptly disposed of. On that day fortnight, at eight o'clock in the morning, the litigants were bidden to appear with their title-

deeds on the contested border-land, when the rival claims would be adjusted by the judge in person.

The functions of the *Juge de Paix* are strictly defined. His mission, as set forth in the Code, is to assist, conciliate, and decide. Each canton, containing on an average thirteen communes, has its rural magistrate, whose authority extends over criminal cases up to a certain point. He can sentence to short terms of imprisonment, and to fines not exceeding two hundred francs, the next stage in administration being the *Tribunal Correctionnel* of the *arrondissement.* The *arrondissement,* be it remembered, is that division of a department presided over by a *sous-préfet.* In cases of burglary, accident, murder, suicide, arson, the *Juge de Paix* is immediately summoned to the scene to investigate and take evidence. It is his office to seal the papers of defunct persons, to represent the law at those family councils, or *conseils de famille,* an institution happily unknown among ourselves; in fine, to act as mediator generally in matters alike of domestic or civic dispute. Perhaps his usefulness is most felt in cases which come under no especial category. The beautiful mountainous region round about Champagnole, for instance, has lately been intersected by railways. Thousands of Savoyards and Piedmontese were employed in the construction, when many brawls arose alike between employer and workmen and the foreign labourers and their French companions. The judge's knowledge of Italian and his pacific intervention were continually throwing oil on the troubled waters. In nine cases out of ten quarrels were amicably settled owing to his mediation.

The appointment of these rural magistrates is made

by the State. The stipends are small, from three to four thousand francs yearly, with a small retiring pension on reaching the age of sixty. Honours and promotions do not await this modest interpreter of the law. He may rise to the first rank in this capacity, higher he cannot go. But provided he fulfils his duty in an intelligent, amiable, and conscientious spirit, he is universally esteemed. And if none of the more brilliant prizes of life fall to his share, he can lead a tranquil existence in the full enjoyment of fireside happiness. No sunnier, peacefuller home have I seen than that of my friend the *Juge de Paix*.

In his work on *French and English* Mr. Hamerton points out that the *Égalité* figuring on the escutcheon of the Revolution is to be taken in the legal sense only. France no more than England exhibits a dead level of social conditions. But at Champagnole the wildest Utopian dreams seem indeed matter of sober fact. We find in this heavenly, beautiful spot an equality intellectual as well as social, hardly I should say to be matched anywhere. The principle of brotherhood is imbibed with mothers' milk. Children alike of the millionaire and the poorest day-labourer, of the owner of mills and châteaux and of the artisan toiling and moiling for daily bread, learn their A B C side by side, and at noon, like the little Spartans of old, share a fraternal meal; thus on the threshold of life acquiring that respect for self and humanity in harmony with democratic institutions.

I used to accompany my hostess and her little six-year-old boy to the communal school every morning. It was quite impossible at a glance, or on near inspection,

to classify the children, assigning to each its social position. One and all were neatly and appropriately dressed.

"Observe," my hostess observed to me, "yonder little thing in spotless pinafore. He is a poor charcoal-burner's son; but as rich and poor are taught together, it is a point of honour with parents that none should be ashamed of himself or his companions."

Many of these youthful scholars live at some distance from the school, and for the convenience of all, and in order not to wound the susceptibilities of any, hot soup is provided by the municipal council for all at mid-day. Each child brings napkin and bread, and an assistant teacher superintends the meal, which is at the same time a lesson in manners at table.

Nor does the higher school divide the rising generation of Champagnole. Boys of the upper and lower ranks here associate as in earlier years, and as they are destined to do later when undergoing the three years' military service. This fusion of class distinctions tells in many ways. I was much struck by the affability and dignity of the working classes hereabouts. In company of my friends, I visited the famous Forges of Syam, seat of Vulcan and his Cyclops amid haunt of faun and dryad. We were shown over the vast workshops by a poorly dressed employé, who explained everything in the politest manner, but could not be induced to accept any gratuity at parting.

My second visit to Champagnole happened during a cholera scare, and I was struck with the general indifference to sanitary arrangements. The market-place abounded with delicious fruit, but nobody would so

much as eat a greengage in the acme of freshness and ripeness! Not a soul in the place seemed to think drains and sewage worthy of attention.

Yet a fine physique and considerable personal attractions characterise the population of the Jura, and health is encouraged in summer-time by the daily plunge in lake or river. French people, if scant lovers of the ocean, adore fresh water. Wherever you find running streams, you are sure, in warm weather, to come upon bathers. The banks of the Ain, near Champagnole, afford a lively scene at certain hours of the day. Family parties make dressing-rooms of the bushes and willow-trees, and, appropriately attired after seaside fashion, take their dip or swim in company. Nothing is a greater mistake than to regard a love of water as an insular peculiarity. We bathe indoors, our neighbours abroad, —that is the difference between us.

The Jura is being fast intersected by railways, and the diligence must ere long become a survival here as elsewhere. Champagnole will soon be connected with Geneva *via* Morez and Nantua *via* St. Claude, although even railway communication is sure to be interrupted from time to time by the deep snows of winter.

Between Champagnole and St. Claude on the Swiss border lies some of the most pastoral scenery of France. Every village has its blackened chimneys and thundering steam-engines. Many a miniature Birmingham is divinely placed, many a tiny Sheffield recalls us from dreams of beauty to the workaday world. Here is a village given up to the study of noses; that is to say, the manufacture of spectacles,—a long-nosed people naturally requiring one arch of the rim; an aquiline-

nosed, another; a short-nosed, a third. There is a community occupied in manufacturing cheap clocks for the country in which time has hitherto been supposed to stand still! China almost entirely monopolises the cheap machine-made clocks of Morez,—which also spits the meat of Europe; hundreds of thousands of spits are yearly made here. Electro-plate, enamel shop-plates, drawn wire, and nails are also made here, the population entirely depending on its factories. It is its streams that have enriched Morez; water power, a very Ariel, is forced by the insatiable Prospero, man, to do his behests, here turning a wheel, there flowing into channels prepared for it, on every side dispensing wealth and civilisation. But civilisation with its drawbacks! It was melancholy to hear of the long working-hours, from five in the morning till seven at night, and to count the cafés and cabarets. On Sundays these are full to overflowing; even in lovely weather few workmen are seen walking out with wife and children. The cabarets absorb them all. Let us hope that combination, the progress of instruction, freer intercourse with the outer world, will gradually lighten the lot of labour throughout the Jura and Eastern France generally. Morez is the first French town of 5000 and odd souls I can remember to have found without a museum! The pastoral features of the country recall the Swiss Alps. The famous Gruyère cheese is made in the isolated châlets perched on the crests of ravines or nestled in the heart of the valley; for the seven or eight winter months abandoned,—during the remainder of the year swarming like beehives with industrious workers. As soon as the snows melt, the herds are let loose from their stalls, and so well do they

know their way, that each finds its familiar pasture-ground without need of guidance. No sooner does the chill blast of autumn herald wintry snows, than the sagacious animals set off for their sheltered stalls fast as their legs can carry them. The history of French Gruyère cheese is very curious, and strikingly illustrates the value of co-operation. Land here is much divided, and as enormous quantities of milk are used in the manufacture, a small owner, single-handed, could do nothing. All difficulties are met by the co-coperative principle. Associated dairies, or *fruitières,* are formed, and often number sixty members, each of whom keeps one, two, or at most three cows. A spirit of honour pervades the transactions of these mountaineers. An associate who should put water to his milk would be at once expelled. A flourishing *fruitière* produces from 20,000 to 30,000 lbs. of cheese, and from 3000 to 4000 lbs. of butter; 300 litres (1.761 imperial pint) of milk are consumed in the manufacture of 50 to 60 livres (1 lb. $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) of cheese. The cheeses are stamped with the name of the association and of the quantity of milk supplied by each member. The sale takes place half-yearly, and meantime the cheeses are arranged in cellars precisely after the fashion of books on shelves and are turned and rubbed with salt every day.

Métayage, another form of co-operation, is in full force. The vineyards were mostly cultivated on the half-profit system, producing five times as much profit as corn, hay, cattle-rearing, and cheese-making. I use the past tense, as of late years the oïdium and phylloxera have ruined many wine-growers, forcing the cultivators to betake themselves to other occupations. The

associated farm is often in the hands of a single family. Thus, in an inquiry in 1866, out of nineteen occupations, seven were managed by brothers, who with their wives and children lived under the same roof.

The great majority of peasants in the department of the Jura are landowners on a small scale. Of 90,000 freeholders, twenty-five years ago, 40,000 worked partly as day-labourers for others or cultivated additional land on the métayage or half-profit system. We do not find here the wealth of Seine and Marne, or the poverty of certain portions of Brittany. The Jurassien peasant is *aisé*, that is to say, able to earn a fair livelihood.

So severe is the climate that it has been said we may encounter between the plains and the highest points as much diversity of vegetation as between Paris and Siberia. In the temperate zones are seen corn, fruit, the vine; in the Boreal region, likened to Finland, it is with difficulty a potato or onion can be enticed to grow. In the bitter winter of 1879-80 bears made their way into villages near large towns.

St. Claude, the marvellously-placed little bishopric in the mountains, shows the same industrial activity as Morez. In spite of enormously long hours of labour and insufficient pay, the general air is one of cheerfulness. Much of the turnery, wood-carving, and inlaid work for which this town has for centuries been famous is done in the workman's own home. Amid domestic surroundings a skilled wood-carver will more readily toil twelve or fourteen hours a day for five francs than in a crowded workshop. The diamond-polisher and gem-cutter of the neighbouring villages work under the same

conditions, often each member of the family taking part in the business.

In 1878 the working-day was from twelve to fourteen hours, and the pay from three to five francs, women earning considerably less than men. Trades unions and strikes in these regions were unknown, and many skilled workmen, in order to better their position, migrated yearly to Paris.

II.

DEPARTMENTS: THE CÔTE D'OR, SAÔNE AND LOIRE, NIÈVRE, YONNE.

JUST as the railway now carries us from Alpine severity to tropic luxuriance, snow-clad peaks of the Jura to the oleanders and pomegranates of Burgundian gardens, so on French soil are we ofttimes transported from one extremity of the intellectual pole to the other. Thus during my various sojourns in the regions just described I had breathed an exhilarating mental atmosphere, interchanging ideas on all vital subjects with the advocates of progress. I have now to narrate experiences of quite an opposite kind, finding myself amid social circles in which Time seemed to have stood still for a hundred years, the finger of the clock arrested several generations ago.

The plunge was curious, and in a personal sense, painful. Cordially welcomed, made one with amiable family groups, I now for the first time touched French soil and used French speech, yet found myself an alien, a bottomless gulf of divergent opinion dividing me from host, hostess, and fellow-guests,—intellectual standard, political ideals, views of society, being the antipodes of my own. It is worth while to note these differences as they throw light on recent events in France, and make

clear the tremendous effort to crush liberty of conscience and representative government under the Third Republic.

Striking is the contrast of scenery as we approach Auxonne or Seurre from Dôle,—pine-forests, deep-shut combes, and mountain torrents exchanged for level sweeps of the dazzling gold-flowered colza. Two crops are gathered yearly, and the harvest is a sight to see. The wide landscape becomes indeed a field of the cloth of gold. By the banks of the Saône, hemp and maize flourish best; but although the substitution of mineral for vegetable oil has greatly diminished the culture of colza throughout France, it still remains a leading crop here. In 1862 upwards of two hundred thousand hectares of French territory were devoted to this plant, representing a commercial sum-total of nearly a million francs. In 1887 the area had been reduced by more than a fourth, and the receipts in equal proportion. My halting-place in the valley of the Saône was a pleasant country-house within a few miles of Seurre. I was accompanied by a fellow-guest, a retired notary, and as we jogged along in our hostess's old-fashioned hooded carriage he stopped to speak to this acquaintance and that who passed on the way. It was early morning of a week-day, yet the principal occupation, at least of one sex, seemed church-going. My companion instead of asking after madame or mademoiselle, merely observed, as a matter of course, "The ladies are gone to Mass?" A query always answered in the affirmative. When we reached our destination, M. le Curé, as a matter of course also, was invited to breakfast in certain circles; the village priest is always bidden to partake on

festive occasions. The conversation for the most part turned upon the atrocities of M. Grévy's Government,—I am speaking of 1882,—and was very much the same thing as reading a chapter of M. Taine, perhaps a trifle less tiresome. Several anomalies struck me during my two days' visit. Immediately after the long breakfast, one of the ladies retired to a corner of the room with the curé, and consulted him on spiritual subjects, soliciting the favour of an extra confession, whilst another, the daughter of the house, who had a decided talent for drawing, showed me her sketch-book. The first pen-and-ink sketch noticed was so clever that with a very little more technique it might have adorned the pages of *Charivari*. It is the fashion in these parts for the young people to dance on Sundays and fête-days, out-of-doors, and it seems that the curé had heard that conversation and conduct upon those occasions was apt to be more frivolous than befitted. In order to re-assure himself he deputed his vicaire to the village-green, enjoining him to climb a tree and see and hear all that went on, without being observed. The vicaire obeyed, and chose the tree possessing the thickest foliage as his seat of observation, but was unfortunately detected nevertheless. No notice was taken of his presence; but to punish the intrusion, all talked as fast as tongue could go, and danced as long as feet would move. For hours the unhappy priest was kept a prisoner in his uncomfortable position,—and there before me was the scene depicted by no unskilful hand.

Seurre is fragrant from end to end with wood vinegar, that invaluable antiseptic discovered by a protégé of the first Napoleon. Molrat, a chemist of Dijon, had

ruined himself by his experiments when the Emperor came to his aid, and the distillation of vinegar from wood was the result. It is manufactured here, and every visitor purchases a bottle. A few drops put into a bath heal the irritation caused by heat-boils, the stings of insects, etc., whilst a drop applied by the finger will cure a mosquito-bite or bee's sting.

Between Seurre and Auxonne, the ancient town of St. Jean de Losne is passed, famous for one of the most heroic sieges of history, and now a little port of considerable importance, commanding no less than three waterways, the Saône, the Canal de Bourgogne, the Canal du Rhine and Rhône, and also joined to Dijon by rail. We must never in France lose sight of the value of its canals, those artificial rivers, supplementary *routes qui marchent,* that the railways are as far as ever from superseding. If we spread before us the map of France, and study its canalisation, we shall realise the force of Strabo's observation, corroborated by the greatest canal-cutter the world has ever seen, Lesseps, two thousand years later. France from the point of view of water communication is the most favoured country of Europe. The tremendous agency of water in commerce and transport explains the clamour for more and yet more canals. At the end of the Ancien Régime the canalisation of the entire country reached the sum total of 1000 kilometres, considerable additions being made under the Empire, the Restoration, and the Government of July. The introduction of railways somewhat retarded the movement, which is once more in full force. The actual extent covered by these artificial rivers is five times what it was on the eve of the Revolution.

M. de Freycinet's great scheme, which became law in 1889, had for its object the creation of new lines to the extent of several thousand kilometres, the putting into working order of canals fallen into disuse, lastly, the purchase of canals by the State; the entire outlay being set down at 1200 millions of francs. The realisation of these projects is a matter of time, more urgent undertakings standing in the way. The rate of transport by canal is very low, one centime a ton per kilometre on certain lines, and for certain commodities,—Belgian coal, for instance, five centimes is the average. The lot of the tower is a hard one,—when the wind is favourable he tows from three in the morning till nine at night; a laboriousness painful to think of. As I strolled one May morning by the canal near Dijon, I saw one of these pathetic figures, his face burnt to a dark brown with the sun, his clothes of the poorest, his limbs strained to the utmost, his barge a picturesque feature in the lovely scene. The little river Ouche ran parallel with the canal, bending sallows, blue sky reflected in the limpid waves of both. Even in happy France such contrasts as these remind us of the terrible lot that poverty may become. The tower looked not beautified but rendered automatic by over toil, dragged down to the level of a beast of burden.

Auxonne, another little town of the Saône valley, is not striking as seen from the handsome bridge facing you as you quit the railway, yet the dark gray roofs clustered round the tall church spire, the girdle of walls, and double enceinte of ramparts tapestried with green, make up a pretty picture. Far away stretch the level lines of mead and colza fields, the river winding be-

tween its banks, full and blue in spring, ofttimes in summer a mere thread of shallow water amid hot white sands. When navigation is possible its quays present a busy scene; in autumn corn, fruit, and neatly cut billets of wood being packed for Paris, the bargemen picturesque athletes in their semi-seaman's dress.

Auxonne is one vast camp, and as completely fortified as any town of the Middle Ages. It is protected by gates and a double enceinte, the ancient earthworks intervening bright with turf. Cannon are placed at frequent intervals, soldiers swarm everywhere, and enormous barracks dwarf the town into insignificance.

Fatalists might make much of the fact that Auxonne, a town defying every attack of the Prussians in 1870-71, should be associated with the youth of the first Napoleon. The victor of Jena and Auerstädt spent some years of his cadetship here. Here he twice narrowly escaped drowning, and here, too, as narrowly, so the story runs, marriage with a bourgeoise maiden called Manesca. Two ivory counters, bearing this romantic name in Napoleon's handwriting, enrich the little museum.

Appealing more strongly to the imagination is Jouffroy's fine statue in the Place d'Armes. The figure before us is that of the young soldier of the Revolution, familiar to the Auxonnais in 1791. As yet obscure, perhaps unambitious, his face shows rather dreamy, pensive questioning than lust of power and glory. He seems to peer into the future, to ask of the Fates what they have in store for him, to strive to unriddle the mystery of the unknown. Cold, statuesque, beautiful, the features express deep pondering and gloomy sadness. Doubtless by the Imperialists this statue was regarded

as a palladium when the enemy thundered at the gates. Be this as it may, no Prussian entered Auxonne to gaze on the monument of her great conscript.

Dijon, described to me by one American tourist as "a comfortable little place to sleep in," by another, as "a place in which there is nothing to see, of course," is, to my thinking, the most delightful town of France, and none has been more improved and enlarged within the last few years. Indeed, the Dijon I first knew and the Dijon of to-day are hardly comparable. Broad, handsome boulevards replace suburban waste grounds, the ancient walls have been transformed into a belt of agreeable walks, and at the present moment the unsightly and historically uninteresting ruins of the château are being demolished for the purposes of sanitation and embellishment. Among the imposing constructions of to-day may be mentioned the enormous Lycée for boys, the new communal schools for children of both sexes, and the State tobacco factory; these are far from exhausting the list. A new cemetery has lately been laid out at some distance from the town, the old being overcrowded. Elegant as Nancy, and much more cheerful and engaging, commercial as Rouen, but quieter and less cosmopolitan, Dijon, were it not for the icy winds blowing from the Alps, would be a perfect place in which to spend one's existence. The winters begin early, and are very severe. Whilst camellias flourish out of doors all the year round at Nantes, at Dijon the wine on your dinner-table, despite a blazing wood fire, may freeze in December. This certainly happened in 1879-80, and the wise Dijonnais lay in their stock of firing as soon as September begins—not an hour too soon.

This charming town is celebrated for some time-honoured and curious industries, among these pills, mustard, and gingerbread.

We will take the pills first. Without doubt the people who take most pills will be the first to make them palatable, and the consumption of machine-made pills throughout the length and breadth of France is enormous. It was a happy thought of a successful pill-maker, who, with the best intentions in the world, could not satisfy his customers, to have recourse to machinery. This gentleman, Thévenot by name, a chemist of Dijon, made a handsome fortune by pill-making, and his descendants are no less prosperous.

The hardness of the times in no degree affects the sale of pills. Folks will have their pet luxury at any sacrifice, and whilst ready to retrench in dress, house-keeping, and other matters, retain their pill. I have known one middle-class lady in delicate health spend a thousand francs (£ 40) a year upon pills.

The process is extremely rapid and neat. Tar, chloroform, camphor, castor-oil, oil of eucalyptus, are among the favourite ingredients. Thin layers of a certain size, composed of gum, sugar, and gelatine are spread out, the oil is then spread on the under layer just as we spread jam on pastry, a second is then put on, the whole adhering after the manner of covered tarts. The sandwich is placed between two iron plates indented with tiny holes the size of the pills, two turns are given in a baking oven, and out come pills, each separating itself from its envelope, smooth, compact, firm as shot. The pill is like a miniature mince pie. Any essence indissoluble in water can be used, and of course the

economy of labour is enormous. Hundreds of thousands of pills are manufactured daily.

The celebrated Dijon mustard is even more worthy of note. Its peculiar virtue is a certain piquancy not to be found in any other mustard, however excellent. The seed is always sown on cleared charcoal beds in the neighbouring forests, spaces difficult to utilise by any other means, as the young plants of peas, beans, potatoes, and the like would be devoured by the rabbits and wild boars, who will on no account touch the mustard leaf. The soil gives one flavour; another is otherwise accounted for. The mustard when in powder is mixed with the juice of new wine, imparting the pleasant acidity familiar to us. In order to obtain precisely the degree of acidity, it is necessary that the grape be in precisely that right stage of unripeness, a degree more or less making a difference.

The no less famous Dijon gingerbread, or *pain d'épice*, is an invention of the Middle Ages. This excellent cake is made of honey, rye-flour, and spice, no treacle entering into its composition. Honey possesses, as we all know, a medicinal quality, rendering the *pain d'épice* useful as well as ornamental on family tables. The seigneurs of Burgundy are said to have invented it, the bourgeoisie and peasants following their example. Huge bakeries were set up in Dijon, and to this day the trade in gingerbread is very flourishing, seven large manufactories existing here.

Bookbinding is also a speciality of this town, but more subject to fluctuations than the former articles of commerce. Pills, mustard, and gingerbread are necessaries of life, indulged in whether times are good or

bad; people can deprive themselves of elegantly-bound missals, pocket-books, and photographic albums, to say nothing of books, of which, I should say, in certain circles, a smaller proportion is sold in France than in any neighbouring country.

One time-honoured bookbinding and leather-work manufactory is admirably arranged from the hygienic and moral points of view. The working hours are certainly long; but out of the prescribed eleven an hour and a half are allowed for meals and recreation. In order to maintain a good tone among the young people of both sexes the strictest surveillance is exercised, and immediately anything approaching courtship is observed the pair are summoned before the master's presence, and, unless they consent to be married within reasonable time, are dismissed. The entire body of work-people looked extremely contented, well-dressed, and respectable. The process of binding, say a photographic album, is very elaborate, twenty-five or thirty stages being gone through before the raw skin is converted into the polished, perfumed exterior familiar to us. The fragrance of Russian leather does not depend at all on the skin, but on a preparation of the Russian birch tree in which it is steeped. Such being the case, we may by and by have leather-work perfumed with aromatic eucalyptus and other antiseptic and health-giving essences, our very books being made proof against contagions of all kinds.

A curious sight of Dijon, although not named in the guide-books, being inaccessible to the tourist generally, is that of the wine-cellars of M. Paul Guillemot, one of the largest and best-known wine merchants of the Côte

d'Or. Burgundy, the land *par excellence* of good wines, is also the land of good cellars, even the peasant possessing a good storage-place for his wine. When we consider that age is the first recommendation of wine, we shall recognise the importance of the cellar. The merchant who purchases only world-renowned vintages pays the grower a high price to begin with, and has to store his purchases; in other words, to sink his capital for five, ten, fifteen or more years. Thus, if wine is purchased to begin with at the rate of five francs a bottle, and sold after some years at fifteen, we see that the merchant's profit is far from extravagant. Whilst the wine ripens in the cellar he gets no interest for his money, besides, in reality, losing a part of his capital, the cellared wine wasting in the cask, and having to be replenished every month. The meritoriousness of wine consists in its age, and wine-growers in these parts never drink new wine; that of poor vintages is at once sold for foreign wine markets, only the good being stored, whether for sale or private use.

These famous cellars form a little subterranean village, in which you may lose yourself as in the Catacombs. There seems no end to the long, arched chambers, some having on either side huge casks containing fourteen tuns, others having neat shelves, on which bottles are arranged methodically as books of a library. The temperature slightly varies, the mean being about 55° Fahrenheit. Between three and four thousand tuns of wine are contained in these cellars, their greatest curiosity being specimens of the vintage of 1819.

Of the Burgundian vintage I shall have more to say

presently. We are at present concerned with Dijon itself. No French town familiar to me has more improved within the last fifteen years, and none has suffered less at the hands of the improver. Two handsome buildings of recent date call for remark. The first is the Jewish Synagogue, inaugurated in 1879. This imposing place of worship, standing on the confines of the beautiful park, strikingly illustrates the truly religious spirit of a Government set down by certain critics in England as quite the reverse. Towards the building fund the French State contributed 25,000 francs. The town, equally liberal, gave the site, the Hebrew community making up the rest. At the opening ceremony, in which Protestant pastors took part, prayers for the Republic were offered by the officiating Rabbi, in a very different spirit to the hastily-mumbled *Domine, fac salvam nostram Rempublicam* of State-paid priests, and the inauguration speeches were marked by sentiments of patriotism and attachment to Republican institutions. In spite of the absolute civic equality enjoyed by French Jews, the social ban exists still. I once took steps to place a young English Jewess as governess in France, but found that none excepting Protestants would receive her. The antipathy towards the race is universal, in a country where clericalism—to use the words of Gambetta—is the enemy, even to this day.

Not very far from the Synagogue is the enormous Jesuits' College, opened the same year, that is to say, when the expulsion of the order was imminent. With accommodation for 900 students, and vast grounds, the college must have cost millions; but millions are ever forthcoming for clerical purposes in France. Nowhere,

be it remembered, is the Ultramontane spirit stronger than among the rich middle classes of Burgundy. One must have lived among them fully to understand the bitterness of the struggle that has taken place within the last few years; on the one hand, arrayed liberty of conscience, the principles of representative government, and the subordination of Church to State; on the other, intolerance, Cæsarism, and the absolute supremacy of the priest. The Republic has come out victorious, mainly, as Mr. Hamerton points out, owing to the aid of the so-called "free-thinkers"; but whilst two-thirds at least of Frenchwomen receive an Ultramontane education, the battle will have to be fought again and again.

What has really taken place is this, the Jesuits as a corporate body cannot remain in France; dissociated as individuals they are at liberty to do so. Thus the enactment, or re-enactment, of former edicts against the Jesuits only affected their corporate existence. They are still, for the most part, where they were, although they cannot openly associate for educational purposes. At this new college the professorial body is at any rate changed to all appearances; the professors no longer wear the garb of the order, or are called by their name. But the educational system carried on is precisely the same, and two fathers remain at the head of affairs. Their pupils belong to the richer classes, and an aristocratic feeling pervades the institution. What the teaching amounts to will be shown farther on.

Dijon is now a frontier town defended by eight forts, all constructed, since the late war, at a cost of many millions. It is a pleasant and instructive drive to Mont Affrique, the loftiest point of the Côte d'Or,

crowned by one of these forts, and commanding a view of the plain of Langres, the Jura range, and Swiss Alps. Between the town and its "golden hills," so called from the rich harvests of the vine, lie prosperous villages, each an admirable sample of French adaptableness, that habit of mind of discovering and utilising natural opportunities. The stretch of soil between the wooded crags of Plombières, the first village past on quitting Dijon, in the direction of Beaune, has been found especially suited to the culture of raspberries. Accordingly the country-folk devote themselves to this crop, and "Raspberry Valley," as they call it, supplies the Paris and London markets.

These villages of the Côte are well built, and, for the most part, clean; there are vines and flowers in every garden, and every house possesses an excellent cellar. There may be no parlour-kitchen, and sleeping-rooms are perhaps incommodious,—there is invariably a cellar built on a large scale, and adapted to the proper preservation of wine. On every side are vineyards, and as we gaze we are reminded of the indomitable thrift and laboriousness of the peasant-owner. Not an inch of soil between vine and vine is wasted. Where room is not to be had for a fruit tree we see a black-currant bush, and where a black-currant bush would be cramped, potatoes or salad. Anything or everything is planted between the vines,—aspargus, gooseberry bushes, artichokes, fruit trees, the great object being to waste no fraction of soil.

A curious feature is here to be noted by wine-lovers. Just as we may draw a line through the French map, which, roughly speaking, divides the vine-producing

from the non-vine-producing region, so here we may nicely separate the zone of ordinary claret from that of the wines that have no price. The Côte begins where the plain ends, and the line dividing the two must be drawn just at the rising of the ground. There is no possibility of increasing the peerless wines of the Côte d'Or, because their quality depends on the nature of the soil, and as this soil covers a circumscribed space only, they must ever remain one of nature's monopolies.

It may easily be conceived with what dismay the approach of the phylloxera was regarded. Already in 1878 the enemy had made its appearance at Meursault; a few days later it was seen in the Botanical Gardens of Dijon. Since that time its ravages have spread in all directions. During my first visits in the Côte d'Or, that is to say, in the years 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, both large and small wine-growers were uniformly prosperous; nothing indeed could be more self-evident than the wealth and ease of the wine-growing population, and perhaps nowhere could all classes better support a succession of bad seasons. Greengages are a speciality of this part of France. In August you may see dozens of cases being packed at Dijon for the English market.

Too often in this favoured land of Burgundy the peasants' wealth and sociability lead him into excess. The cabaret here, as among ourselves, is the moral phylloxera needing persistent onslaught. The temperance of the Italian workman is often held up as an example to his richer French fellow. Large numbers of Piedmontese are employed on the railways and in building throughout Eastern France, their presence ex-

citing not a little jealousy and causing grave disturbances. But it is an instructive and pathetic sight on Sunday mornings, these foreign bread-earners crowding the Dijon post-office for money-orders to wives and mothers over the frontier. I have often thought that a touching subject for a painter were here, each toil-worn countenance brightening as the missive was put into his hand, price of sweat and toil, wherewith to rejoice the helpless ones clinging to him far away.

A less honourable invasion of Eastern France is that of the Italian beggar. Dijon does not enjoy the happy immunity from mendicants which forms a feature of so many French towns.

In educational, and artistic resources it is behind none. Besides magnificent art collections and monuments, this engaging little city of fifty-five thousand souls possesses a public library of nearly a hundred thousand volumes; a theatre supported by the town; an academy of arts and sciences; a conservatorium of music, at which pupils of both sexes can pursue their studies free of cost; they can also pass examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Arts and Science without any expense beyond that of examination fees. It is indeed difficult in a circumscribed compass to convey any fair notion of a French provincial town considered as a piece of complex educational machinery. The beautifully-kept Botanic Gardens here may appear to the hasty tourist in the light of a public pleasure-ground only. In reality it is a centre of instruction in economic and scientific botany, chemistry, geology, and kindred subjects. Lectures and courses of study are held during the winter, and in the summer, pupils make botanical excursions

with professors, who are paid partly by the State and partly by the municipality. The garden of economic botany contains, systematically arranged, the principal plants found in the department of the Côte d'Or, and in other portions, students may be familiarised with foreign and exotic trees and flowers, each being labelled with the Latin and popular name. The influence of such educational organisations is hardly to be calculated, especially when we consider that they are gratuitous. Roughly speaking, we may affirm that every second and third-rate French town possesses its Kew, its natural history museum, its Royal Institution, and Academy of Arts, on a small but popular scale.

Strange as it may appear, we yet find within close proximity to this alert little capital absolutely stagnant circles, social centres unpenetrated by a single modern idea, the political and scientific outlook not an inch wider than they were a hundred years ago. No one without very intimate and varied experience of French provincial life can conceive the mental dead-level existing here and there, the spirit of free inquiry, progressive impulses, moral and mental initiative alike banished from sight, as it seems, hopelessly crushed. And by what agency? That terrible weapon sheathed in velvet, the sceptre of Ultramontane women, that influence so softly yet fatally exercised by the Angéliques and Aliettes of real life. The heroine of Balzac's *Double Famille,* and of Octave Feuillet's wonderful sketch *La Morte,* are psychological studies, true as they are striking, and the tragedies they bring about, are faithful representations of French society to this day.

The subject is a vast and complicated one, and im-

possible to be adequately dealt with in a few pages. We must remember that lay instruction for French girls is a comparative novelty, and that the majority of wives and mothers are convent-bred; to put the matter in a nutshell, have been taught to bow down to tradition and abhor anything in the shape of progress,—alike the advance of science, the establishment of democratic institutions, the advance of humanity and humanitarian causes by the free development of intelligence, are no less hateful to them than to their ancestresses of Marie Antoinette's time. But, ignorant as they are, without fault of their own, children as are many of them measured by the average intellectual standard, they yet wield enormous power. Largely gifted with both the graces and homelier qualities of their sex, affectionate, devoted, engaging, they possess an influence weightier still, and wholly independent of personal charm. The fact must never be lost sight of that the French wife and mother, in all ranks but the poorest, is a capitalist, her fortune equalling or very likely exceeding that of her husband; in a pecuniary sense she also is the founder of a family. From a business point of view a man is bound to respect his wife's judgment as much as if he were dealing with the partner of a firm, which to all intents and purposes she is, the marriage contract so regarding her. The most important subject human beings have to deal with, namely, the education of their children, is naturally decided by the mother. If convent-bred, her daughters will be confided to the nuns, her sons to the Jesuits, thus acquiring the same views as her own. Most often it happens that Mariolatry, antagonism to existing institutions, overt hostility to progress,

above all, the renunciation of moral responsibility, are doctrines looked at askance by the head of the house, even held in detestation by him. Good Catholics will indeed express themselves after this fashion: "Yes, I am a Catholic, and I follow my religion; but I nevertheless oppose the confessional, and I see no salvation for society or the Church but by doing away with a celibate clergy. A man is now not master in his own house; a husband is not the confidant of his own wife; the mother of his children. We must have a married clergy, as in England, where the name of a clergyman is at least a guarantee of respectability and decent morals." So far the opinion of the old-fashioned Catholic coincides with that of the most vehement anti-clerical going. And in both cases the clamour is for female education. Frenchmen are, above all things, home-keeping and affectionate. The chief element of discord or bitterness in French households is the want of intellectual sympathy an enlightened, instructed man finds in his wife. The fireside ordeal of Feuillet's estimable hero is, alas! a story of every day.

We now come to a third phase of life, that of the Ultramontane circle unleavened by extraneous element, husbands and fathers as well as wives and mothers having "put out the eyes of their understanding," swallowed the reactionary creed whole. Far be it from me to suggest that existence under such roofs is unsupportable even to a progressist outsider! Once make up your mind to avoid all vital questions, and you may find existence agreeable enough, although your hostess firmly believes in the latest miracle at Lourdes, and your host regards a Republican form of government as

nothing more nor less than the worst misfortune that could befall any country. Conversation, fortunately, is not limited to theology or politics, and if we cannot discuss public affairs, Renan's last book, or Darwinism, we can learn a good deal about local matters and rural life generally, which is more to the purpose.

The great drawback to the long vacation under these circumstances is the behaviour of the clocks. It really seems, let those laugh who will, that the pendulum of the timepiece and the shadows of the sundial move slower here than elsewhere, by some inscrutable process Time takes a lagging pace. Each day seems to possess twice its allotted hours, an inestimable boon, could the miracle happen to the busy, but working discomfiture to the idle.

It is curious that characteristics noted by Arthur Young a hundred years ago should still be marked features of French social life. Now as on the eve of the Revolution we are occasionally struck by the aloofness of class and class and the general dislike to the country. Rich citizens of Dijon keep up country-houses in which they spend a few weeks every year only, and between them and the village-folks no kind of acquaintance grows up. I have often stayed with one of these upper middle-class families during the autumn holidays, but found their sociability strictly limited to the home circle, whilst so little was even this short rustication relished that the men were perpetually taking train to town.

"We form a clan," said a member of the society in question to me; and a veritable clanship is such an aggregation of kinsfolk, grandparents, parents, uncles,

aunts, cousins, sharing the same roof or living next door. As many as six heads of houses, all more or less nearly related, had here pitched their tents within a strone's-throw of each other. In one household the mothers of both husband and wife, always spent the long vacation with the married couple and their children, and the arrangement seemed to answer perfectly. Fancy two mothers-in-law under an English roof! Without doubt, family life among ourselves is more varied, more open to new ideas, richer in cosmopolitan sympathies. The patriarchal plan has points in its favour; it certainly encourages economy, upholds and strengthens family interests. That question of family interest is apt to become too absorbing; sometimes so irritating is the stagnation of patriarchal wealth, that we feel almost tempted to extol insular lavishness, disregard of the future, and almost brutal severance of early ties.

I could hardly have believed, had I not witnessed the fact myself, that two classes could live so near together for year after year without coming into contact, as was the case here. Between these rich notaries, advocates, and others, all landowners and country gentlemen during a part of the year, and their neighbours, the peasant wine-growers, small shopkeepers or labourers, I could never discover any trace of friendly intercourse. I never knew the ladies of the clan make a call in the village or speak of the country-folks living at their very doors, or if they did it was to express distrust and aversion. I am far from declaring that class antipathies are the direct outcome of Ultramontanism. I only note the fact that when I did find the peasants living on

sociable terms with their richer neighbours, those neighbours were Liberals in the fullest sense of the word.

If French people make holiday they do it in right good earnest. Rich citizens idling away the long vacation do not object to a game of whist in the forenoon, when prevented by bad weather from a turn with their guns. In spite of the national antipathy to rain, there is less growling and grumbling than with ourselves. Novels, newspapers, cards, dominoes, perhaps the piano, are good-humouredly accepted as substitutes for more exhilarating occupations, the long day of rain winding up cheerfully with a family reunion. The young folks get up a dance or play games, their elders play cards or look on. Tea, and the popular biscuits of Huntlé and Palmère are served at nine o'clock, and shortly after ten the various parties of guests, one leading the way with a lantern, betake themselves home.

The peasants, for the most part, are in easy circumstances, a fact we may gather for ourselves when the shooting season comes round. For in spite of the foregoing strictures, our French neighbours possess notions of equality with which English squires would hardly sympathise. Think of our lords of the manor and county magistrates encountering Hodge with gun on shoulder on the 1st of September! The small vine-growers and farmers here generally invest forty francs for a game licence. This excessive competition is trying to lovers of so-called sport, for whilst in England, besides the shooting licence, a second authorisation is necessary from the owner of the soil, in France no such rule holds good except when a gamekeeper is kept and game is preserved. As a natural consequence, every

year the number of licences increases, and the sportsman finds less game. There are also large numbers of poachers, and for the most part feeble attempts are made to catch them. I have known a first-rate marksman return home after a whole day's tramp with only one tiny quail in his game bag.

A peasant in Burgundy not only tastes game in season, his cellars are stored with wine, spirits, and liqueurs, his larders with home-made jams and jellies, his presses with linen. Every year the festival of St. Hubert is celebrated, each neighbour fêting his friends in turn, the banquet being served without regard to expense.

In one of these villages at the time of my stay the baker's son was studying for the bar, and the father was building for his own use a handsome house away from the bakery. Many of the better-off tradesmen and peasants send their daughters to fashionable convent schools, and of course domestic service is looked at askance, they are instead dowered and married.

The thriving condition of the peasant here in some cases depreciates the value of land. Thus in 1880 I was informed that peasant property hereabouts was so prosperous that it was most difficult to get farm labour done at any price. Many landowners were compelled to leave land uncultivated or sell at a low price in consequence of the cost of tillage, and small owners at such times would naturally invest their savings in stocks and shares instead of increasing their farms.

We can understand how the German war indemnity of two hundred million sterling was paid when we see the country-folks on dividend day. I happened to be at

a friend's house at Dijon upon one of these occasions, and he asked if I would like to accompany him to the Recette Générale or local branch of the State bank. Before starting with his own dividends and those of his family, he went upstairs to the kitchen and fetched the servants; true enough, all were fund-holders, one to a considerable extent. Arrived at the office, it was a sight to see the motley crowd flocking in with their coupons,—important functionaries, fashionable ladies, laundresses and charwomen in neat caps, labourers and artisans in blue blouses, all contentedly awaiting their turn. Nothing ever brought more forcibly home to my mind the thrift of the French nation,* the forethought which brings about a very real and enviable equality.

I mentioned domestic servants just now. Fifty years before the good woman who was the largest dividend-holder in my friend's household, had entered the family at yearly wages of six pounds; at the end of ten years this sum was increased to eight; at the end of ten more to ten. There a stop was made; but the savings went on apace, and the faithful old creature, what with her saving habits and handsome new years' gifts, might now retire if she chose, having enough to live upon. But she was regarded as one of the house; here she had lived, here she would die, having no other home. This patriarchal system is on the wane. Wages are fast reaching the level of Paris, and the girls naturally prefer the life of towns. It is far from easy to procure good servants at any price, and they are generally recruited from remote country regions, the Morvan, Alsace, the

* See Appendix, Note 15.

poorer villages of the Jura, and in Western France, from Brittany.

At first sight we might suppose that the countless orphanages and industrial schools for girls under the management of nuns, would more than meet this demand. But the conventual system is nothing more nor less than a wholesale abuse of children's labour, and as M. Jules Simon pointed out long ago, at the same time a competition crushing to the ordinary seamstress. In his work *L'Ouvrière* he showed that out of each hundred dozen shirts sold in Paris eighty dozen come from convent schools. One must have inspected these dreary prisons to realise what the life of the young creatures pent up within is like. The toil to which they are condemned from the time they enter its walls till they leave at twenty-one is of the most monotonous description. No training is given of a kind to fit them for domestic service, or life generally, and if their eyes are good for anything after so many years of microscopic stitching, they do not know how to use them. Enfeebled alike in body and mind, their moral sense and intellect dulled past awakening, these victims of so-called charity, in turn become the victims of vice. Unless driven to it, no Catholic mother of a family will go to the nuns for a servant. During one of my visits at a country-house near Dijon, my hostess did indeed take such a step, her housemaid having to leave on account of illness. The orphan's outfit was shown me. It consisted of a small bundle containing a pair of stockings, one under garment, a cotton jacket, a coarse skirt, and a couple of pocket-handkerchiefs. It would be interesting to see on paper the earnings of this girl, in

other words, the net profits to the orphanage during ten or twelve years. Even the lady of the house, although a devout Ultramontane, was scandalised, and of course immediately set to work to clothe her charge decently. A few weeks later at Dijon I asked how the experiment had answered. "Very badly," was the reply. "I had to send the girl away at the end of a week." I forebore to ask any further questions.

The Burgundian peasant is often far ahead of his more fashionable neighbour in matters that require thinking out. As has been seen, Ultramontanism has still the upper hand, yet an inquiring and protesting spirit is found even among the least learned.

One day I walked from my hostess's house in the country to a neighbouring village to carry a message, and at the same time visit an ancient church.

"Madame is surely not of these parts?" said the good woman to whom I was sent, eyeing me from head to foot.

"No," I replied, "I am English, on a visit to M. and Mme. D."

"Oh, then," she said quickly, "if you are English, you are of course Protestant."

"Certainly," was my reply.

"Now, tell me what is the difference between your religion and my own?"

"The principal points of difference are these. The Protestants do not acknowledge the Pope as head of the Church; we do not worship the Virgin and the Saints; we do not confess to the priest; and our clergy are married."

She did not pause to ponder my words, but with

the natural quickness of the French intellect realised their full import at once.

"You confess to God, then, and not to man. That seems to me only reasonable. Why, for instance, should I, a married woman, go and say all kinds of foolish things to the curé? And so your priests are married?"

"Yes, they are heads of families like others."

"Surely not the bishops?"

"Bishops and archbishops with us are husbands and fathers with the rest."

"And rightly too," she replied with uncommon alacrity. "How otherwise can men be fit to guide women and children?"

"There is something in that," I said.

"Well," was the answer, "I am of opinion that you Protestants are more sensible than we Catholics. It is my belief that so many of our curés are bad men because they are forbidden to marry. But tell me one thing more, do Protestants take the sacrament?"

"Certainly."

"And with bread only, or bread and wine?"

"With bread and wine."

"Wine for the people, the lay-folks?"

"Yes, it is so."

"Then pray explain to me why it is that our curés themselves communicate with bread and wine, whilst we are only allowed to communicate with bread?"

I confess that this question was too much for me. How could I here enter into the complex theological questions turning on this point. Was not the refusal of the cup to the laity one of the cardinal differences between Protestantism and the Catholic faith? I cut the

matter short as best I could, and hastened back to the pleasant house among the vineyards, no little impressed with what I heard.

Here in the heart of an intensely reactionary district, a district as it seemed unleavened with a particle of progressive thought, the sturdy, untrained intellect of the French peasant was arriving by a single leap at conclusions so painfully reached by Father Hyacinthe and other illustrious recalcitrants from the orthodox dogma. Probably, I may say certainly, for the first time in her life this woman conversed with an English Protestant. Very likely none of the points discussed had been brought under her notice by book or newspaper, reason and common sense alone making themselves heard.

What struck me most about the village priests I came in contact with was their ignorance. At the dinner-table of the hostess in question, the curé put the following question to me, point blank: "Tell me, madame, when the Queen of England dies, who will succeed to the English throne?"

And this good man was living within half an hour's journey of a city!

Without being striking, the country north-west of Dijon and the heights of the Côte d'Or is cheerful and engaging, truly *une plaisante contrée,* as a peasant once described it to me.

One familiar crop here astonishes the English visitor. Side by side with the vine we find the hop; let us hope a symbol of ever-increasing Anglo-French sympathy and good fellowship! In September the hop-harvest is discussed by Burgundian wine-growers as eagerly as by

Kentish farmers. Our English pale ale has fostered the taste for beer in France, and every year the number of beer-drinkers increases.

The hop is only cultivated to any extent in three departments, namely, the Côte d'Or, Nord, and Meurthe and Moselle, but statistics show that whilst the superficies devoted to this plant has tripled since 1840, it has in the interval undergone many modifications. In 1830 three millions of hectolitres of French beer (a hectolitre is very nearly 22 imperial gallons) were manufactured. In 1889 the quantity was more than doubled. The importation of foreign beer has increased with no less rapidity, the number of hectolitres imported rising from fifty to several hundred thousand between the years 1869 and 1887. Yet the French drink far less beer per head than their neighbours. Whilst the average Belgian drinks 150 litres annually—the litre being rather more than an imperial pint—the Briton 130, the Frenchman's portion is but 22. The more thrifty peasants sell alike hops and wine, contenting themselves with refreshing drinks made from reeds, fruits, and berries.

Unfortunately, singing birds are not satisfied with these, and a merciless war is carried on against larks and thrushes. I have been assured that a thrush will eat two bunches of grapes a day. Be this as it may, in some places they are killed in enormous quantities and sold for three halfpence each, and larks fare no better. In that rich and fruitful plain north of Dijon, called the "Plat de Langres," lark-shooting is practised as a sport. I must here, at the risk of vexing French friends, raise a protest against this *chasse aux alouettes*. The method practised is as follows. Soon after daybreak

the sportsman sets off for the open, accompanied by a lad, whose business it is to set the trap,—so it must be called. This is a small shuttle that gyrates, instrument and motion resembling the fluttering of a bird's wing. No sooner is the shuttle adjusted, the sportsman being a few yards off, than heedless of his presence or that of other spectators, the unhappy larks singing high up begin to descend. As moths attracted by a flame, they hover nearer and nearer, till, undeterred by the close proximity of the enemy, they come under his gun. Of course there is nothing that deserves the name of sport in such a method. The sportsman can hardly miss aim, the poor little bird being only a few yards off. Vast numbers of larks are killed thus; the wonder is that any remain.

West of Dijon, the once famous Abbey of Citeaux, now turned into a penitentiary for youthful offenders, will attract the philanthropist, to say nothing of the readers of Mr. J. C. Morison's delightful life of St. Bernard. Forming one of the most powerful monastic bodies in Europe, the Trappists in twenty-five years' time from the foundation of their convent sent out 60,000 monks to make converts and cultivate desert tracts. Citeaux founded 1800 dependent monasteries and 1400 nunneries, besides giving four popes to the Holy See. Broken up at the time of the Revolution, under Louis Philippe occupied by Fourièrists, it was afterwards purchased by the order of St. Joseph, and by its members converted into an agricultural and industrial penitentiary.

This order is of quite recent date, and in 1880 when I visited Citeaux numbered under a hundred

members of both sexes, who were dispersed in three establishments, the above-mentioned being the most important.

As considerable misapprehension exists in England regarding the interference of the French State with schools and charitable institutions, I will describe exactly what I saw whilst Citeaux remained on an independent footing.

Three-quarters of an hour by railway from Dijon brings the traveller to the prettily-situated little town of Nuits, whence a carriage takes him to Citeaux in half an hour. On a mellow October afternoon nothing can be pleasanter than this drive through the vineyards and forest formerly making up the monastic domains. Our approach to the colony, as the establishment is called, was indicated by the appearance of lads with brethren in charge, the former wearing the blue blouse, symbol of labour. I was received by a brother with great urbanity, and by him conducted over the place.

The most elementary instruction only was afforded, namely, reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic. Beyond brief lessons of this rudimentary kind, no instruction was afforded whatever, nor anything in the way of supplementary education, such as lectures, demonstrations, readings. The work to which the boys were put falls under two heads, agricultural and industrial, the former comprising labours in the field, the latter brush-making, carpentry, bookbinding, tailoring, shoemaking, and the like. The working-day was enormously long, beginning at four o'clock both in winter and summer, and not ending till half-past nine, lessons being given in the evening. I inquired if this enormously long day of toil was broken by no play-hours even for the best behaved? Well, yes, replied my informant;

the boys had music and drill on week-days, and a country walk on Sundays. Were no instructive or amusing books lent out as rewards for good conduct? There was no time for reading, replied my cicerone, blandly and briefly. Were there no other recreations? Yes, gymnastics; and the word had certainly a cheerful sound. Yet it seemed to me that as Citeaux was as much of a refuge for destitute boys as a penitentiary for young criminals, some deviation from this Spartan régime could do no harm. Corporal punishment is not permitted in France; but how many things are more endurable to a lad than a flogging! It was the monotony, the rigid routine, the automatic laboriousness of Citeaux that repelled, especially considering that many of the inmates were there not as criminals, but waifs and strays, orphans, sons of indigent widows, and so on. It also seemed undesirable to mass the nine hundred and odd boys indiscriminately, the incorrigible, the first offenders, and the well-behaved.

Again, should not some homelike element enter into the lives of these poor castaways? At Mettray, the celebrated industrial penitentiary founded by the late M. Demetz, the admirable system of families prevails, each boy forming one of a group or family with the best results. Here nothing of the kind existed. The boys were put to work according to age and capacity, and form so many units of a hive. They were permitted to choose the trade they preferred, and could earn money rewards; the best-behaved, if he remained till his twentieth year, amassing the sum of a hundred francs. When it is considered that the Government paid sixpence a day towards the maintenance of each

boy, it will be seen how commercially profitable so-called charity may become. Judging from the quantity of work done, the shoes, brushes, carpentry, bookbinding got through by these boys over and above the needs of the establishment, the brotherhood of St. Joseph must at the time I write of have been one of the most remunerative business firms going. I use the past tense, as I describe what I saw in 1879, and my account will show the necessity for the State interference with religious institution which has since aroused so much ill-feeling in England.

French manufacturers can no longer abuse children's labour with impunity. Why then should the Church be held irresponsible? A working-day of *seventeen hours and a half* was not the only crying evil I found at Citeaux. Will it be believed that the vast congeries of buildings, even those set apart for the younger children, were never warmed during the Arctic winters of this region? "We keep each other warm," my informant explained with a smile, as if the hot breath of overcrowded, unventilated workshops were the wholesomest fuel imaginable. I was lastly taken into a room presided over by a sister. Here were a score and odd of little fellows, who ought to have been making mud-pies, sitting crossed-legged, busy as bees, at tailoring. They looked fearfully overworked and automatic. And here I must allude to one of the strangest features of the place, that is, the association under the same roof of so many young men and women. These brethren and sisters of St. Joseph were certainly under the supposed palladium of the monastic vow, but without any other defence against temptation. Such a defiance of accepted

standards and moral etiquette, to say the least of it, ill accords with a band of philanthropists having set themselves to reclaim and educate the young.*

Another curious feature of Citeaux, characterising Mettray also, is the reception of incorrigible youths belonging to the better ranks of society. Of the nine hundred boys, one hundred were neither criminals, street vagabonds, nor "children of the State," but young gentlemen with whom their parents could do nothing, the bad boys of French families, who can be placed here for longer or shorter periods till they are twenty-one. At Mettray these ne'er-do-weels are treated after the manner of first-class misdemeanants,—are kept apart, and fare differently with regard to accommodation and the tasks allotted them. At Citeaux a boy belonging to the better classes, for whom his parents pay the modest sum of twenty pounds a year, is put on the same footing as the rest, except that he is not set to field-work.

My driver, who was in the habit of conducting numerous visitors to Citeaux, informed me that he had lately driven thither a widow lady with her son, a youth of seventeen; also another widowed mother with a younger lad. Both had proved wholly incorrigible at home, and were taken to the reformatory as a last resource. The first-named mother declared it her intention to keep her son there till he should be of age, unless he turned over a new leaf. This young gentleman, reared in ease and luxury, most likely to begin with a spoiled darling, was relegated to the printing-house; my conductor, who had seen him since, adding that he looked wretched enough.

* See Appendix, Note 16.

A very different impression is created by the hospital for the sick and aged poor at Beaune. Here the soothing and æsthetic aspect of conventual life is seen, not its cold, calculating materialism. "This charming place would almost make one wish to fall ill at Beaune," wrote the celebrated architect Viollet-le-Duc, and nothing indeed can be more picturesque, graceful, and tranquillising. The inmates are lodged in a palace,—its long, deep roof studded with little turreted dormers, above these a clock tower, all of soberest gray, recall a Dutch town-hall; outside, its vast oval courts, or flower garden, and double rows of galleries surmounted by lofty roofs, many-gabled and dormered, are in keeping with domestic architecture. The ensemble is so mediæval, quaint, and poetic that only the white-robed sisters of charity moving about seem at one with their surroundings. The entire inner court or garden is turfed and turned into an orangery during the warm months, double rows of orange-trees in tubs being placed from end to end. On a perfect October day the rich foliage and verdure and intensely blue sky are strikingly contrasted with the quiet tints and subdued harmonies of the architecture. As you saunter by, no open door or corridor but reveals a picture. Here a group of nuns in their creamy gowns and snow-white hoods fold linen in a room that must have remained unchanged throughout centuries, its low-panelled ceiling of sober brown, dark, polished oak-presses, and richly-carved sideboards making a beautiful background for the gliding, shadowy figures; there we come upon the kitchen, scores of copper cooking-vessels of all sizes and bright as newly-minted gold pieces cover the walls; whilst before the

magnificent chimney-piece are the massive andirons, pot-hooks, and pot-hangers as used in the olden time. In the brilliantly-decorated, dazzlingly-bright chapel a great surprise awaits us. Opening out of it, the only separation being a crimson curtain, is the so-called *Grande Salle des Malades,* a vast parallelogram decorated in the same rich style as the chapel, the blaze of colour toned down by the rows of snowy beds on either side. So vast is this hall, nearly fifty yards in length, that we get a vanishing perspective of these small, white-curtained beds, and so lofty is its arched roof that alike their occupants and the quiet figures of the nuns moving about seem as much lost in it as the isolated worshippers of a cathedral. Here, then, lie the convalescent sick and aged poor, each, if strength permits, only needing to crawl to the door to find the fresh air and the orange-trees, each beholding from his bed a dome that may well pre-figure the unseen abodes of heaven, its waves of purple, amber, and crimson richly fretted with gold. If too feeble to get as far as the crimson curtain partly shutting off the chapel, he can gaze on the splendid stained glass of the choir, catch glimpses of the priests and acolytes moving rhythmically before the altar, can see the silver censer swing, and rejoice in the pealing organ and voices of the choristers. For an aged and forlorn Catholic it must be good to fall asleep here, and if his simple mind is imbued with the poetry and mysticism of his faith, he will see prefigured the heavenly mansions awaiting him beyond the grave.

The altered aspects of the country hereabouts within the last few years would cause a sinking of the heart, were it not for encouraging reports from high quarters.

On every side we see evidence of the tremendous stand made against the phylloxera, and to meet the foe have been put forth the last devices of ingenuity and despair. Beside famous vineyards are plantations of young vines and mature plants blue with sulphur. The cost of combating the enemy by chemical and other means amounts to five hundred francs per hectare yearly, an expense not willingly or easily incurred by the small wine-grower. Here as in the Charente a veritable wave of ruin has swept over the country; but I was assured in 1891 by a large proprietor of Beaune that the worst is over. Shattered fortunes, both small and great have been repaired, and indomitable energy and courage are bearing fruit.

An adequate account of what may be called the phylloxera campaign would fill a volume. The inventions and experiments it has called forth are numberless. One of the most curious of these, a small apparatus for treating the plant with sulphur, is due to a chemist of Dijon.*

We enter the department of the Saône and Loire by way of Nolay, birthplace of the great Carnot, and threshold of romantic scenery immortalised by the elder Dumas. To descend to homeliest prose—every French town having its hero and its humble goose laying golden eggs—it may be mentioned that Nolay is famed for its lentils.

A little to the south-west of Dumas's Burgundian El Dorado are the world-famed foundries of Le Creusot, —black town that has sprung up on the threshold of Eden. Covering an area of over a thousand acres, and occupying upwards of fifteen thousand workmen, this industrial centre triples the population of Autun, *chef-*

* See Appendix, Note 17.

lieu of the department. In 1837 the Creusot was little more than a village, but since that time its development has been enormous, the wealth represented rising in these days to fifteen millions of francs yearly. A railway connects the foundries with the Canal du Centre, linking the Loire and the Saône, and projected by François I., Sully, and Louis XVI., but not begun till 1785. Arthur Young writes in 1789: "Going out of Chagnie, where I quitted the great Lyons road, pass by the Canal du Chaulais (Charolais, afterwards changed to Centre), which goes on very poorly; it is a truly useful undertaking, and therefore left undone." The truly useful undertaking was finished a few years later. "By a miserable country most of the way, and through hideous roads to Autun," he added.

Very charming scenery alternating with more sombre features characterise the country between Dijon and Autun. Vineyards, woods, babbling streams, alternate with granite crags and wind-swept, heath-clad wastes. Here and there we are reminded of England. Fields set round with lofty hedges, winding lanes fragrant with wild rose and honeysuckle, little dells and coppice woods, recall Sussex and Devonshire.

Arthur Young speaks of finding here starving métayers where might well be fat farmers. My first visit to Autun happened on the occasion of the great September fair, an inauspicious moment for the mere tourist, but full of interest from a practical point of view. Having in mind the disastrous accounts of English farming in the papers (I am speaking of a few years back), and the depressed condition and low spirits of the farmers at home, I was much struck with what I saw here.

The crops had been exceptionally bad throughout France, a protracted drought injuring the wheat and barley, and other harvests falling equally short. But the experience in question sufficiently explains the cheerfulness with which adverse seasons are endured by French farmers, and the little effect it has upon their ultimate prospects. I put up with two French acquaintances at the first hotel of the town, on a level with the White Horse at Ipswich, scene of Pickwick's discomfiture. What was my astonishment at noon next day to find both dining-rooms crowded to overflowing with blue-bloused peasants! Here at the largest and most expensive hotel of a cathedral city (the less said of its cleanliness and comfort the better) poured in scores and scores of the wearers of the blue blouses I had seen that morning driving their cattle and sheep to market. But I soon discovered, as did Mr. Barham Zincke in Auvergne, that the symbol of labour in France is no indication of poverty, boorishnesss, or anything less objectionable. These men were well-to-do, respectable, and well-mannered farmers. The clean blue cotton smock-frock was worn in order to protect the Sunday broadcloth. The tables were crowded with these guests, some of whom had driven in carts and gigs accompanied by wife and children. The greater number had driven their stock on foot, and would be no more ashamed of the fact than of the blouse. Herein consists the stability and wealth of the French farmer. He is not above work or the uniform of labour. Very little was said during the elaborate *table d'hôte* breakfast, deportment was dignified and seemly.

There were fireworks and other entertainments at

ght, but the town was no longer blue with blouses hen evening came. The "fat farmers" round about utun have not that love of amusement found among wnsfolk; their business over, they made the best of eir way home.

Perhaps over-carefulness about money and a superbundance of wealth materialise the French character. ll who have watched the fate of English farmers uring the disastrous decade of 1872-82, must feel that heir best and most necessary lesson is to be learned rom their neighbours over the water. Tenant-farmers t home have had much to endure from bad crops nd unfavourable conditions of tenure; they have fallen pon evil days, before all things, because they aped the squire and lived after the manner of solid capitalists.

Every variety of land tenure is found here, large estates managed by their owners, small freeholds, tenant-farms, métairies. The homely well-being of the peasants generally is indicated by their good clothes and vehicles on Sundays and holidays. As I walked to breakfast with the author of *Round my House*, three miles from the town, I met a stream of country-folks in donkey-carts. It was the great annual fête of St. Lazare, and for miles round people were flocking to the cathedral where the saint's relics were exhibited.

If every corner of France may be said to possess its special product and presiding genius, so also may we safely accredit it with an inland watering-place. Spas have sprung up throughout the length and breadth of the country as if by magic, and the number of patrons shows an annual increase.

How the habit of travelling has developed in France

of late years, the following figures will show. In 1872 the annual number of railway passengers amounted to only one hundred and eleven millions. In 1887 the sum-total had almost doubled. As everybody nowadays, from the millionaire to the milliner's apprentice, requires a holiday resort, holiday resorts had to be discovered, and in the Morvan they are full to overflowing during the long vacation. St. Honoré-les-Bains, lying between Autun and Nevers, may now be called fashionable, although the majority of visitors come from the neighbouring towns. Its warm sulphur and alkaline springs resemble those of Eaux Bonnes in the Pyrenees; and granted equal efficacy of healing properties, St. Honoré offers more attractions than many better known rivals. A pleasant domestic atmosphere pervades society. As at Gérardmer, visitors enjoy family life on a large scale, all classes fraternising in a manner agreeable to behold. Not a few priests and nuns we find mingling with the animated loungers in the Park, and most of the ladies attended early Mass at the little chapel adjoining the baths. But partisanships, alike political and theological, are kept well in the background. Old and young lay themselves out to please.

The peasant-farmers take life soberly. During my stay an election took place at a neighbouring town; blue blouses were put on over Sunday broadcloth in honour of the polling-place, but the business of the voters over, every one returned with all possible despatch to his home.

Nestled amid the more smiling scenery of the Morvan, St. Honoré recalls many a familiar scene to English eyes, undulating cornfields set round with lofty

hedges, villages peeping between blue hills, beechwoods, and grassy dells. The sterner features of this romantic region are seen as we traverse it from end to end, that is to say, from Autun by way of Château-Chinon to Avallon. Such a journey presents, perhaps I should rather say, presented, a curious ethnological experience. Were I to revisit the Morvan for a fourth time, using the railway instead of the diligence, I should most likely miss the sight that made my first journey so memorable. Yet it is hardly a decade since I saw in these solitudes a Morvandial peasant with the Gallic sagum or short cloak, costume of Vercingétorix, thrown over his shoulders. And not far off, in striking contrast with this survival, was a symbol of the altered state of things. Already in 1882, one unmistakable sign of progress and animation met the traveller's gaze. We knew without asking the destination of the half-finished buildings passed here and there. Throughout every hitherto neglected corner of France, in the early years of the Third Republic, schools were built as fast as masons and brick-layers could carry on the work. The Morvandial, like the Breton, is learning French. His speech will most likely disappear as have disappeared local customs and usages. Village communism existed here in full force down to the Revolution, and the last commune was not broken up till 1848.

The soil is ungrateful and the climate excessively rude. We seem all at once transported to the poorer parts of Brittany. Under a cold autumnal sky the groups passed by the way make pathetic pictures; here a little girl, alone amid savage solitudes, keeping her goats or geese, there a patient woman taking up pota-

toes, farther off, a husbandman with his team breaking up the fallow. The Morvan is richly wooded, and I was assured that in winter the poor need buy no fuel. They can pick up enough and to spare.

I know of no more superb site than that of Avallon. Just below the lofty ridge on which the town stands, girded by massive walls and quaint watch-towers of almost playful aspect, the earth shows a wonderful conformation. The gentler features of Morvan scenery, smiling glades, dimpled hills, and romantic combes, are suddenly exchanged for huge masses of granite of weirdest shape, and colossal cliffs that yawn on either side, one succeeding the other as if by sheer force of imitation. One vast chasm, its gray cliffs tapestried with green, stretches at the very feet of the town, to the right and left. These forms are repeated on a lesser scale, till gradually, as the breakers of a tremendous sea calm down to level lines far away from the shore, we see the distant landscape reassume normal features. So sharply do the rocks run down to the valley below, that we could throw a plummet into the dark little river flowing through its midst.

My driver from Avallon to Vézelay was a handsome young fellow, with a grace of manner and general quickness I could hardly believe provincial. And I was right. He belonged to the category of "children of the State," and had been boarded out in the Morvan.

"My first foster-parents were rough, dirty folks," he informed me, "and I should have perished of neglect had I remained with them. I was placed elsewhere, and, although I fared hard, cannot say that I was badly treated. I have good health, and being alone in the

world, married early. I have two children, and hope to better my condition some day." He told me that his parents were rich, and that the child of shame had been deposited on a doorstep. In his case misfortune and hardship had not overcome French lightness of heart or amiability. His utmost ambition was to possess a house and bit of land. Far and wide we see Vézelay, almost aërial in the distance, with its tall towers and long roof rising above the ancient fortifications and stately green eminence on which they stand. Most beautiful is the nearer aspect, the old-world town with its mellow walls, green-shuttered cottages, and festooned vines having an Italian look; its abbey church covering, as it seems, the broad hill-top from end to end. The hill indeed seems made for the church, not the church for the hill. But for its red tiles, we might here compare Vézelay to St. Albans. The rich red of the roof, the dazzling whiteness of the stone towers, the soft blue sky, the waxen green foliage of the vines beneath, the warm sunshine lighting up all, remind us that we are in France.

Fine as is Vézelay itself, planted fortress-like on airy height, St. Père-sous-Vézelay at its feet is hardly less impressive,—an architectural pearl flung on a dung-heap. The one gains by force of glorious position, the beauty of the other is but enhanced by inadequacy of site. St. Père stands by the wayside, one storey of its tower springing lightly from the other as at Antwerp Cathedral, the brilliant blue sky shining through its delicate apertures, an extraordinary lightness combined with great splendour and solidity. The architect seems to have begun his work without any precise plan, the

result being a gorgeous and fanciful whole, of which it is difficult to convey an idea.

It is a beautiful drive from Avallon to Semur, whence the Paris railway may be joined at Les Laumes. This little town, in that part of ancient Burgundy known as the Auxois, is one of the few perfect things in the world; like Guérande in Brittany, a mediæval gem without a flaw. Cresting steep banks, clothed with wood, vineyard, and garden, its walls, watch-towers, and donjons intact, Semur must look just as it did in the terribly turbulent days of Charles the Bold. In spite of keep and battlement, ramparts and postern of sombre gray, all sternness and severity are softened by the surrounding loveliness.

The church has special interest for students of democratic institutions. Here the rich merchants and traders of the olden time put stained glass to a new purpose. Instead of commemorating scriptural and legendary subjects, adhering to artistic tradition, these stout-hearted burghers perpetuated daily events of their own lives. In the chapel of the Butchers' Corporation we find the master with his men preparing to slaughter a bull; in the drapers' chapel we see master and apprentices making up bales of goods, other scenes being equally characteristic. The embellishments of the entire interior are chiefly due to bourgeois donors, yet Semur enjoyed the reputation of a Burgundian Athens. Letters are still at a premium in the city of Salmasius.

By way of Sens and Fontainebleau, a survey of east central France may be brought to a close.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

NOTE 1.—PEASANT PROPERTY.

1. Origin of peasant property.—2. Extent of— 3. Subdivision of land.—4. Condition of peasant proprietors past and present. —5. Progress of agriculture.

FOR detailed information on these points see *Le Morcellement*, par Alfred de Foville, chef du Bureau de Statistique au Ministère des Finances, and other works before cited.

1. From the earliest times we find that peasant proprietors existed in France,—crushed, it is true, by want and misery, their profits reduced to a minimum by tolls and impositions, to say nothing of the ruin wrought by civil and religious wars, yet unmistakably peasant proprietors. Between the seigneur and the serf were the so-called *tenanciers* and *mainmortables*. The former could bequeath to their children the fruit of their labour, and possessed the soil subject to the *taille* and *corvée;* the latter lived a freedman, died a serf,—in other words, his heirs were compelled to purchase their heritage.

Before the enfranchisement of the serfs by Louis le Hutin (1314-16) the Crusades had considerably aided the transfer of land.* Impoverished by feuds and excesses, the

* See H. Martin, *Histoire de France*, vol. III. p. 268; vol. VII. p. 190.

seigneurs upon those occasions sold parcels of land to their own serfs in order to equip themselves for the Holy Land. Many ransoms were procured in the same way. Thus the small owner gradually formed one of a numerous class, and in the États Généraux of 1484 summoned by the great daughter of Louis XI., we find free peasants taking part in a legislative assembly. The Tiers État as a political body already existed.

Peasant property, far indeed from being a device invented all of a piece, and carried by force of law,* as is still often believed in England, is a natural growth, which had nothing to do with revolutionary violence. In some places the number of small holdings has hardly changed from the Middle Ages. The sale of Church lands in 1790 by no means wrought the effects generally supposed. About one-third of these consisted of forest, which was added to the State; another third, of buildings and town property; the remainder consisting of land was sold in the lots actually existing, the purchasers being mostly well-to-do bourgeois.

2. Arthur Young sets down one-third of French territory as belonging to the peasants at the time he wrote. This is erroneous; in reality about a fourth part of the soil was in the hands of the small owner anteriorally to the Revolution. Within half a century the number of landowners has increased by twenty per cent; within a hundred years we find it doubled. In 1789 four millions of French subjects possessed the soil; eight millions of freeholders are now entered upon the census.

3. *Subdivision.*—For a just view of this much-vexed question it is necessary to examine *Le Morcellement*, already cited. The first authority in France on this subject shows that far from minutely-divided properties being in the majority, large properties occupy nearly the half; small properties but the fifth part of French territory.

That the Revolution mainly brought about the subdivision of soil is another fallacy exposed in M. de Foville's

* See M. Baudrillart, *Contemporary Review*, May 1886.

volumes. We find to our astonishment that in many cases the divisions have remained stationary, being neither larger nor smaller than they were a hundred or more years ago. M. de Foville cites as an instance the commune of Paroz (Seine and Marne). A carefully-prepared cartulary, or parish-book, shows that in 1768 and in 1825 the lots of land corresponded almost precisely both in number and extent. Other examples are adduced by this writer, also by M. Baudrillart in his article before-mentioned.

4. *Condition of peasant owners past and present.*—In spite of the sombre pictures of Fénelon and La Bruyère, both too familiar to need citation, it is certain that even during the reign of Louis XIV. rural districts prospered here and there. Take the following account of the environs of Montauban (Tarn and Garonne) by a contemporary. "It is impossible here," wrote Bois-Guillebert in 1709, "to find a square foot of soil which does not produce all that it is capable of producing. You cannot see here a man, however poor, who is not decently clothed in woollen garments, who has not plenty of bread and drink (*boisson*, which may mean wine or beverage made of fruits). Most eat meat, and all live in tiled houses, which they repair when necessary."

In 1738, the Abbé St. Pierre wrote of another part of France: "Almost all the day-labourers possess a garden or plot of ground."

Fifty years later Arthur Young tells us alike of their well-being and wretchedness. We have only to compare his description of the countrywoman of Mars-la-Tour (Meurthe and Moselle), "who might have been taken for sixty or seventy, her figure was so bent and her face so furrowed and hardened by labour; but she was only twenty-eight," to that of the villages near Ganges (Hérault): "An activity has been here that has swept away all difficulties before it, and has clothed the very rocks with verdure. It would be a disgrace to common sense to ask the cause; the enjoyment of property *must* have done it."

The few pages contributed by Mr. Barham Zincke to the *Fortnightly Review* (1878) are more eloquent than any statistics. This writer concludes his minutely detailed picture of

peasant life in Auvergne with the following remarks: "We are beginning to see that peasant proprietorship contributes to the material wealth of the country; perhaps we shall eventually come to believe that it contributes quite as much to what may be called its human wealth. We cannot be far short of the truth in saying that it maintains on the spot a population of genuine cultivators four times as numerous as our system. Our comparatively small number of labourers are deeply tainted with the demoralisation of pauperism. This degradation of humanity cannot be said to exist among the dense peasant population of the Limagne. They are, speaking of them as a body, honest, contented, hard-working, hardy, self-respecting, thrifty, and self-supporting. Such a population it is a great advantage in many ways for the State to possess. They are its greatest wealth."

5. *Progress of agriculture.*— Mr. Barham Zincke adds upon this subject: "One of the commonest arguments now adduced against peasant proprietorship is that the average produce of our large English wheat farms is greater per acre than that of the small peasant farms. I decidedly question this as respects land of equal goodness. But that the total yield in France is less per acre than the total yield in England is, when rightly considered, a demonstration not of the inferiority but of the superiority of the small culture. We only cultivate wheat on land that nature has well adapted for that grain, but the French peasants cultivate it on all kinds of soil, on some of which it would originally have been impossible to have cultivated it, and which nothing but the mattock and the spade of the peasant proprietor, working for himself and on his own land, could have made capable of producing it. If this system enables large districts, in fact, a considerable portion of the whole country, to yield crops of wheat and of other kinds of produce, which otherwise would have yielded little or nothing at all, it is no argument against peasant proprietorship that the yield of these lowers the average yield of the whole country."

With regard to stock-rearing, doubtless many hold the opinion expressed by Balzac in *Les Paysans* (1845). The

great novelist proclaimed it his opinion that a time would come, owing to peasant proprietorship, when France would have neither cattle nor horses. Statistics on the contrary demonstrate that whilst the number of horses in France has increased since the beginning of the present century more rapidly than the population, it is the most subdivided departments that show the largest increase in heads of cattle and horses. In the Hautes Pyrénées, the Haute Loire, and the Allier, the number of properties has doubled since 1812; the first in the interval has increased its stock from 48,000 to 99,000 heads, the second from 52,000 to 121,000, the third from 118,000 to 179,000. Again, the Puy de Dôme numbered 83,000 cows in 1812; in 1881, 174,000.

During the reign of Louis Philippe the proportion of meat eaten in France was 20 kilogrammes per head; in 1862, 24 kilogrammes; in 1873, 26½ kilogrammes. At the present time the quantity has risen to 28 kilogrammes (the kilogramme is 2 lbs. 3.26 oz.).

The use of agricultural machinery is another test of progress. In 1862 only 10,853 sowing-machines were in use throughout France. In 1882 their number had tripled. Within the same space of time reaping-and sowing-machines had doubled, and artificial manures used much more liberally.

Wages, both rural and industrial, differ so much in different parts and at certain seasons of the year that it is difficult to give averages. I again refer the reader to M. de Foville's invaluable little work, *La France Économique*, before mentioned, a work indispensable to the economist.

I add that seventeen out of the thirty-two million inhabitants of France are either agriculturists or employed in agricultural pursuits.

NOTE 2.—INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS.

The vague notion prevails in England that the late Prince Consort is to be accredited with an initiative so stimulating to art and industry, and so instructive to the world generally. Nothing can be farther from the truth.

The Exposition d'Industrie is a French invention, and

the first dates from the Revolution. It was therefore with peculiar appropriateness that the Jubilee of French Liberties was celebrated in the Champ de Mars. The centenary of the Declaration of Rights, may thus be called the centenary of Industrial Exhibitions.

Suggested and planned by the Convention, the first competitive show of arts and industries was not opened till 1798, the year six of the Republic, third of the Directory, and during Napoleon's campaign in Egypt. Bald as are the accounts afforded by official records of the time, we are yet enabled to compute the importance and success of the experiment.

The site selected, as has been said, was the Champ de Mars, the building erected for the purpose being in the form of an amphitheatre, with galleries at the back. No charge was made for space, and exhibitors were bound to send their own inventions and manufactures only. The number of exhibitors did not exceed 110. The slowness of postal communication, the difficulties of transport, the uncertainty of public affairs, easily account for this paucity of numbers. The departmental system had only existed a few years. All kinds of obstacles stood in the way.

The opening was attended with as much state as possible, and a general holiday was proclaimed in honour of the occasion. The prominent figure in the inauguration ceremony was François de Neufchâteau, the originator of the scheme, who may, in fact, be called the inventor of industrial exhibitions. This citizen was also an active member of the Society of Agriculture mentioned by Arthur Young, and of which full reports have lately been printed (De Foville and Pigeonneau).

"I look around me in vain," he said, "for exhibits from many departments, whose inhabitants perhaps hardly received invitations in time. But if a scheme so truly patriotic as this awakens regret among those unable at the present time to come forward, the aim of the Government will be fulfilled, and the year seven of the Republic, and the second Industrial Exhibition to be held then, will testify all that emulation can achieve in stimulating a free people, friendly to the arts."

During the exhibition, which lasted thirteen days, the galleries were illuminated, orchestral concerts were given, and the period was one of unbroken gala.

Among the exhibitors awarded honourable mention (no medals were given) are Érard, Paris, for improvements in the harp, and William Robinson for a spinning machine, whether resident in Paris or no is not stated. Honourable mention was made of manufacturers and artisans for improvements in printing, watchmaking, weaving, and wall papers.

Industrial exhibitions on a much larger scale were held in 1801, 1802, and 1806. Two were held in the reign of Louis XVIII., one under Charles X., and three during that of Louis Philippe, namely, in 1834, 1839, 1844. Prince Albert revived the idea; but the acorn producing the giant oak, the progenitor of the forthcoming unimaginable World's Fair at Chicago, was undoubtedly the modest little exhibition opened in Fructidor, An vi of the Republic.

NOTE 3.

"There is one measure (of the earth) which is worth mentioning," he wrote, "on account of the extraordinary times in which it was effected. It was the great measure extending from Dunkirk to Barcelona, and which was afterwards continued to Formentera, a small island near Minorca. It is worth mentioning, because it was done in the hottest times of the Revolution. We are accustomed to consider that time as one purely of anarchy and bloodshed; but the energetic Government of France, though labouring under the greatest difficulties, could find the opportunity of sending out an expedition for these scientific purposes; and thus did actually, during the hottest times of the Revolution, complete a work to which nothing equal has been attempted in England."*

* *Popular Lectures on Astronomy*, delivered at Ipswich 1848. Eleventh edition. Macmillan, 1883.

NOTE 4.

Fiscal reforms effected by the Revolution. See E. Réclus, *Géographie de la France*, p. 493. "In the space of five or six years, the Revolution had quadrupled the resources of civilisation and enormously developed material progress throughout the country."*

NOTE 5.—PROTESTANTS AND PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

It is my firm belief that there is a great future for Protestantism in France, were only some Wesley to arise capable of leading the movement. But it must be a Wesley largely imbued with nineteenth-century ideas, an appeal to the taste as well as the feelings. The Salvation Army will never make head on French soil.

I have known instances in which Protestant ministers have been asked by a deputation of mayor and municipal council to expound the principles of their faith for the benefit of themselves and their Catholic brethren. The following extract from the *Daily News* (October 1891), shows that wholesale conversions to Protestantism do really take place:—

CONVERSION OF A COMMUNE TO PROTESTANTISM. — Our Paris correspondent telegraphs: Another conversion *en masse* to Protestantism has just taken place. This time it is the whole commune of Murat that has gone over. The reason is rather curious, and betrays pique rather than a spirit turned towards theological controversy. The Bishop of Cahors was asked to grant the Muratois the right to hear two masses instead of one every Sunday in the parish church. Many had to go a long distance, and it often was inconvenient to set out early. He refused in rather, as it seemed to them, haughty terms, saying that as Christ submitted to be crucified for their sakes, if they could not get out of their beds early in the morning to be in time for church, they were not worthy

* Mignet, vol. II. p. 179.

of the name of Catholics. This caused deep offence. A public meeting was held on the church green, and a petition was sent to the Minister of Public Worship to give the commune a Protestant pastor. If the different evening papers are well informed, the provisional ministration of a Protestant clergyman has been secured. When he went to preach his first sermon in an improvised temple, he found there a congregation of a hundred adults, who showed great enthusiasm. There is a good deal of Protestantism in the Lot and Lot-et-Garonne, and it is of very old date.

The power wielded by the great Protestant newspaper, the *Temps*, and the cordial sympathy manifested by the President of the Republic for the Protestant body will do much to encourage this movement.

When at Toulouse two years ago, magnificently greeted by all sections of society, M. Carnot received a deputation of Protestant clergy. Graciously replying to their address, the President alluded not only "to the respect but the affection" with which their Church was regarded by the Republic. Yet bitter and often insulting is the hostility shown by the Catholic priesthood to Protestant pastors and congregations. A curé spoke condescendingly to a Protestant clergyman of "the tolerance" manifested towards his people. "There is no longer any question of religious tolerance in France," proudly retorted the pastor. "One and all in the eyes of the law stand precisely on the same footing."

How readily, nay, triumphantly, even tolerance would be withheld by the Ultramontane party, we need no ghost to tell us. Some years ago the first technical school for girls was opened at Nantes by the late Dr. Guépin and his public-spirited wife, both Protestants. Girls attending that school in order to learn a handicraft by which they could earn an honest livelihood, were threatened by their confessors with all kinds of punishments alike in this world and hereafter.

NOTE 6.—THE SILK INDUSTRY OF FRANCE.

Much interesting information on this subject was recently afforded by a contribution to the *Revue des Deux*

Mondes. M. de Foville, in his *France Économique,* gives brief statistical tables. Silk-worm rearing, established in France in the fourteenth century, now represents a revenue of 30 million francs yearly. Up till the year 1789 from 6 to 7 millions of kilogrammes of cocoons were produced; their number in 1854 had risen to 26 millions. Then came a period of depression owing to the ravages of the silk-worm pest, reducing the figures to the first mentioned sum-total, and occasioning a loss of 200 millions sterling. M. Pasteur's great discovery has borne fruit; the returns of late years have fluctuated, 12 millions of kilogrammes being the maximum, and as many as the mulberry trees throughout France admit of. The deficit of cocoons is made up by importation, the larger quantity being furnished by Asia.

The total silk industry of France represents a yearly sum of half a milliard of francs—*i.e. La France Économique.*

NOTE 7.—SOBRIETY OF WOMEN.

On the subject of intemperance I must again refer the reader to M. de Foville's work. I would, however, mention the testimony of two authorities equally trustworthy as to the sobriety of French working women. On asking a Burgundian wine-grower what had most impressed him in London, his reply was: "The number of drunken women." This gentleman was in the habit of paying frequent visits to England, and he went on to say that the insobriety of English working women was an experience entirely new to him. When a little later in Paris, I asked the opinion of a doctor on the subject. This gentleman had worked for many years in a populous quarter of the city, by no means one of the poorest, but densely populated with working people. His reply was brief and to the purpose.

"I have never seen a drunken woman in Paris."

I add that, whilst at home the degrading spectacle may be seen any day, I do not remember ever having encountered in France one of my own sex incapacitated by drink. To this fact must be set down the extraordinary business capacities and activity of French women, and the respons-

ble posts they are called to fill,—that of station-mistress mong others. The other sex, if much soberer than with is, is sufficiently given to *petits verres*, as M. de Foville's ables show.

The average of cabarets throughout France is one for very 88 inhabitants, some departments falling short of, others exceeding that figure. Thus in the Gers we find only one cabaret for 187 inhabitants, in the Nord, one for 46.

Here I will add a cutting from the *Daily News*, October 1891, *à propos* of the insobriety of English, especially London working women:—

"There is no mistake," says Mr. Montagu Williams in his chat with a contributor to *The Strand Magazine*, "about what is the cause of nearly all the crime of the East-end of London. The curse of all is drink, and I must say that the wives are often worse than the husbands." Speaking from his observation and experience as a magistrate at the Worship Street Police Court, Mr. Williams tells us that "the woman often makes the first start towards breaking up the home whilst the husband is away at work. She forsakes her children and domestic cares for the bar of a gin-shop to drink with a friend, generally another woman. There she passes most of the day, and when the greater portion of the husband's earnings, which in most cases are given bountifully, are spent, she goes and goes again to the pawnshop, until at last, in a state of despair, the husband, at the sacrifice of all he has in the world, thinks the public-house not such a bad place after all, and nine men out of ten go after the wife. The next step (adds Mr. Williams) in this fatal downfall is the East-end lodging-house, and when once an honest working man gets there, then comes the beginning of the end."

At Hastings during the "tripper" season it is quite common to see young women and girls tottering towards the station wholly or half drunk. Not a week's sitting of the burgh magistrates occurs without some woman being brought up for drunkenness.

NOTE 8.—AIGUES-MORTES.

Here is a picture of Aigues-Mortes written not quite ten years ago: "La campagne d'Aigues-Mortes est d'une incomparable tristesse. Le sol pénétré du sel marin ne donne naissance qu'à des plantes ternes, aux feuilles grasses, aux fleurs incolores, des joncs, des sondes, des salicornes, émaillés ça et là de quelques lis marins. La terre végétale n'existe pas encore et il faudra peut-être des siècles pour que la culture prenne possession des bas-fonds de ces étangs saumâtres, dernière lagune d'une mer disparue. C'est un désert. . . . Malgré la tristesse qui l'enveloppe et l'abandon qui semble être son partage depuis plusieurs siècles, à cause peut-être de cette tristesse et de cet abandon, Aigues-Mortes ne peut pas, ne doit pas périr; et quelques soient les vicissitudes de cette côte instable et aride, il restera toujours à la vieille cité de St. Louis un magnifique diadème architectural, et à cette plage déserte une auréole plus radieuse encore de glorieux et touchants souvenirs."*

NOTE 9.—LA TOUR DE CONSTANCE.

This spirited and touching poem by Charles Bigot is written in the Nimois patois, with his remaining works, but has been translated.

"Tour de la fé simple et forte,
Symbol de gloire et de piété,
Tour de pauvres femmes mortes
Pour leur Dieu et la liberté."

It is not necessary to repeat here the history of the Huguenot women shut up here for long years on account of their religion.

NOTE 10.

Let me here quote from one of the admirable letters that have lately appeared in the *Daily News*, entitled "Life

* *Les Villes Mortes du Golfe de Lyon.* Ch. Lenthérie. 1883.

in our Villages," and say to the depreciators of peasant property, "look on this picture and on that."

"You have no idea what a condition of serfdom the people are reduced to on some of these big estates," said a resident here to me to-day. "The squire owns the cottage, he can give or withhold allotments, he is practically the sole employer; his wife and daughters give coal and lend blankets, and look after the people when they are sick, and the parson finds schooling and religion, and there is no resisting any of them in anything. There is literally nothing for the people to do but plod quietly on as they are told, take what is given them, and be thankful. It is all well intended, all beneficent and beautiful, but it is the abnegation of all manhood, of everything like citizenship."

The entire series should be read and compared with my own experiences of peasant proprietors. On this subject I also cite the conclusions of Mr. Barham Zincke: "The French peasantry build on their own land their own houses, which are therefore substantially built and are fairly adequate to the wants of the family. Fortunately for them they do not live in cottages built, perhaps run up, and maintained, if that word is not often inapplicable, by speculators, or at all events by other people, whose object sometimes is to get as great a rent as possible for, and to spend as little as possible on, a tenement that another is to occupy. Family life is the main natural education, and the first necessity for family life is the possession of a home. But it may be questioned whether the word home is applicable to a house not always fit for a human habitation, held from week to week, so that the occupant may be ejected at any time, and therefore, for the pressingly needed improvement of which, however necessary such improvement may be for the family life, should he forbear to do anything, no one could blame him."

NOTE 11.—ELNE.

See Lenthérie, *Les Villes Mortes du Golfe de Lyon*, for an account of Elne, the ancient Illiberis: "C'est la première de ces villes mortes que nous rencontrons sur le lit-

toral du Golfe de Lyon, anciennes capitales qui ne sont plus aujourd'hui que des bourgades presque désertes, que le voyageur et le touriste saluent à peine d'un régard indifférent, mais doivent intéresser au plus haut degré l'archéologue, le géographe et l'historien; car elles sont échelonnées le long de la côte et fournissent ainsi de précieux repères pour la reconstitution du rivage aux époques historiques les plus éloignées." *

NOTE 12.—THE REVOLUTION AND PHILANTHROPY.

See on this subject *Histoire des Hospices d'Angers*, par Eugène Audra, Administrateur des Hospices, Angers.

This brochure is very interesting from two points of view. It demonstrates the activity displayed by the Revolution on behalf of the sick, infirm, and helpless poor, and also the position attained by a body proscribed up to that period. M. Audra, the esteemed pastor of Angers, is one of the managing committee of the city hospitals, and appropriately from his pen comes the vindication of Revolution as a humanitarian movement.

Not only was a complete scheme of public charity put in force by the Loi du 23 Germinal, An v (12 April 1797), but a few years later, the 10 Thermidor, An XIII, instruction in midwifery was decreed for the benefit of poor women. In accordance with this Act, fifteen women entered the Hospital of Angers as students, being lodged, fed, and instructed at the cost of the department. These classes are still held, and at the present time forty pupils, for the most part exhibitioners, are trained as midwives.

Enormous as is the improvement in the management of hospitals since they were taken in hand by the State, the greatest improvement of all is moral, not material. Whilst the Protestant, the Jew, the non-sectarian remained accursed brands only fit for the burning, what was their treatment in sickness, infirmity, and want? As I have shown when speaking of Besançon, the same spirit of persecution animates the

* In Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, frequent mention is made of Illiberis.

Catholics of our own day. Fortunately the French Republic has found determinists, able to enforce the law of absolute equality.

Whilst on the subject of the great humanitarian movement inaugurated by the Revolution, let me mention the Abbé de l'Épée. This "moral inventor," to borrow the admirable expression of Mr. Cotter Morison, devoted his life and fortune to the instruction of the deaf and dumb. He died in 1789, and the Assemblée Nationale, anxious to foster his work, founded in 1791 a National Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. (See Lalanne's *Dictionnaire Historique de la France*). Let me cite the following charming note from a London daily paper, dated Paris, 24th July 1891:—

A banquet to 200 deaf and dumb men and women took place at St. Mandé yesterday. Several speeches were made, which were eagerly followed, if not listened to, and very much applauded. Perhaps this needs an explanation. The term deaf and dumb has become a misnomer. Children born deaf are no longer dumb, as they were necessarily of old. They are now taught by ingenious methods to understand and imitate the motions of the lips in ordinary speech. The Abbé de l'Épée is said to have originated the system whereby those born deaf and dumb are put into communion with the rest of mankind. His school was placed under the patronage of the nation by an Act of 23d July 1791, and it was to celebrate this anniversary that the members of the Friendly Society of the Deaf and Dumb met yesterday at the Salon des Familles.—*Daily News.*

NOTE 13.—THE CONVENTION AND EDUCATION.

The Convention, not content with creating technical schools, introduced a certain amount of technical training into its scheme of primary instruction. The pupils of elementary schools were to be taught the principles of geometry, land surveying, and kindred subjects. In its elaborate educational programme, especial stress was laid on the teaching of French; and when we consider the country at the time, we shall understand the reason. For what was France until the fall of the monarchy and the departmental

division? A heterogeneous mass of small and large states having no more cohesion than the petty German principalities in our own time incorporated into the German Empire. We expect of course nothing but sophism from Barhe concerning "that putrid carcase, that mother of evil, the French Revolution," and none is more striking than his denunciation of the departmental system; whereas, instead of such a division proving hurtful to the State and the provinces, it was of the first importance in consolidating the nation and simplifying the process of government. Arthur Young has hardly words with which to express his disgust at the state of things he found in France. "The infinite perplexity of the measures," he wrote, "exceeds all comprehension. They differ not only in every province but in every district and almost in every town, and the tormenting variations are found equally in the denominations and contents of the measures of land and corn."

The unification of weights and measures and the teaching of French in primary schools were of the first importance in consolidating the nation.

One of the most curious instances of revolution run wild is the project laid before the Convention as to the "necessity of revolutionising the language." Barnave, the Protestant orator, and afterwards defender of royalty, complained that, being in a country where a certain "ramage" or chatter was necessary in order to be received into good society, he wished to see the said conventionalities of speech disappear with other baubles of a corrupt society. The proposition created no little sensation, and among those who took part in the discussion was the Abbé Grégoire.

The Abbé expressed his astonishment that provinces suppressed by decree were still permitted to retain their unconstitutional patois, and that the law, in effacing geographical demarcations, had left dialects alone. Of what good to efface the names Gascony and Normandy from the map, whilst the idiom of the inhabitants revealed the fact by a seditious accent?

"It is true," said the orator, "that such uniformity is difficult to obtain, but let us not calumniate our fellow-citizens by suggesting that they will reject any notion useful

to the patrie, with the sacrifice of a feudal or hereditary habit, the sacrifice of an acute accent affixed to the mute *e*. Ah! let us not injure them by a suspicion. They have combated federation in politics: with the same energy they will combat federation in syntax and spelling."

And effectively in the 10th Prairial, year II of the Republic, the *ê* was denounced by a public decree. It was decided to form a committee for the purpose of compiling a new grammar and dictionary of the French language, such as would give it that character most appropriate to the language of liberty.

This measure was passed just two months before the 9th of Thermidor, that is to say, the fall of Robespierre and the end of the Terror.

Absurd as may appear the propositions of Barnave and the Abbé Grégoire, true it is that to this day an inhabitant of one part of France may be hardly able to understand a fellow-countryman.

The great Educational Act of 1886 is changing this state of things, and pure French is now finding its way into remote corners of Brittany and the Cévennes.

NOTE 14.

Le Vin, par A. de Foville (pamphlet), Rozier, Paris 1890. This is a general résumé on the subject of French vineyards, the devastations of the phylloxera, and the progress of the anti-phylloxera campaign throughout France.

NOTE 15.

In the matter of thrift, as I have elsewhere written, France is the schoolmistress of the world. Taxation is higher in France than in England, and even in Germany. Yet the solvency and the savings of the French remain phenomenal, and their future, as far as material wealth goes, must be pronounced unimaginable.

A telling calculation has lately been made by the highest statistical authority in France.

The Eiffel Tower, M. de Foville informs us, weighs from

7 to 8 million kilogrammes (the kilogramme is 2 lbs. $\frac{4}{61}$ oz). Reconstructed in silver, an Eiffel Tower would require two additional storeys in order to represent the actual deposits of French people in the National Savings Banks within the last ten years, the sum-total amounting to 2 milliards of francs. But, as M. de Foville points out, a milliard is not a figure easily grasped by the mind, not a milliard of minutes having as yet elapsed since the Christian era. See *L'Épargne en France* (pamphlet) par A. de Foville, Paris, Imprimerie Nationale, 1890. I subjoin an interesting note from the *Daily News* (November 1891):—

THE FRENCH POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK.—Our Paris Correspondent telegraphs: The annual report on the French Postal Savings Bank has appeared. This institution was founded ten years ago. In 1880 the 6817 district offices of France received 1,949,371 deposits, representing a total of 261,999,132 francs, the depositors numbering nearly 2,000,000 persons, and forming the eighteenth part of the inhabitants of France and Algeria. The number of Savings Bank books in which a first deposit was recorded in 1890 were 348,695, and the total deposits 100,973,521 francs. M. Jules Roche says that the persons who bring the most money are craftsmen and craftswomen and domestic servants, who form more than a half of all those who invest at the Post Office Savings Bank. Agricultural labourers and clerks only form 32 per cent of the clients. Soldiers on active service and sailors do not invest often, nor do professional men, heads of business houses, farmers, or shopkeepers. The mining interest is represented by less than a quarter of all the deposits. Paris has 100 postal offices where deposits are taken, and after a day's notice repaid with interest. The central bureau, where payments are made on sight of the Savings Bank book, is in the Rue St. Romain.

NOTE 16.

It need hardly surprise us that a few years back the condition of things at Citeaux was made matter of criminal investigation. Eight or ten of the brothers were tried at the assizes for immoral conduct. I add the following—

THE FRENCH "ASSOCIATIONS" BILL.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT: DAILY NEWS.)

PARIS, 19*th January* 1892.

The Government Bill to regulate the conditions on which associations are to live may be said to aim exclusively at the religious orders with the object of preventing them from being used for political purposes. The Republicans will almost be solid in voting for the Bill, although they may amend it in a Liberal sense. M. Brisson, M. Isambard, M. Goblet, and other promoters of this measure accuse the communities who devote themselves to the bringing up of waifs and orphans of pursuing an inexorable system of sweating. Hence the clause placing all the convents of these communities within the Factories and Industrial Schools Inspection Laws. The labour of children brought up in conventual asylums, it is said, not only enables these communities to thrive, but is a great indirect source of income to the Vatican. The Bill will be framed so as to prevent fortunes made by communities in this country being invested abroad, and to cut at the root of an internationalism which might enable the Orders to escape from the action of the Government. Pious exercises will not be meddled with. It appears that the religious orders have again come forward to help the monarchical organisations with money. They did this when the Boulangist agitation was thought favourable to the Comte de Paris. If the Concordat is to remain, the Orders must be what they profess to be, associations for facilitating the practices of prayer and piety, and not a great politico-financial power hostile to every vital principle of the Republic, and able from their vast wealth to imperil its existence.

NOTE 17.

See "Le Phylloxera dans la Côte d'Or" (pamphlet), par A. de Laguerre, Dijon, 1878. "Enquête sur l'Etat du Vignoble entre Dijon et le département de Saône et Loire" (pamphlet), Beaune, 1891. Above all, two interesting letters in the *Temps*, 11th August and 8th September 1891, from the former of which I subjoin extracts. M. Grandeau writes:—

Parti de Dijon par la route de terre, j'ai parcouru, trois jours durant, en compagnie et sous la direction d'un des plus grands propriétaires de vignes de la région, M. Léonce Bocquet, tout le territoire qui s'étend de Chenove jusqu'à Santenay, sur une longueur d'environ 45 kilomètres. Nous avons successivement visité, dans l'ordre où ils se présentent en partant de Dijon, les vignobles de Gevrey-Chambertin, Morey, Chambolle, Vosne, Clos-Vougeot, Musigny, Richebourg, Romanée-Conti, Nuits, Préneaux, Aloxe, les Corton-Pougets, Savigny, Beaune, Pommard, Volnay, Meursault-Pulligny, Blagny (Montrachet), Chassagne et Santenay, vocables connus du monde entier.

Partout le même spectacle, tour à tour navrant et consolant; partout le même contraste, faisant éclater aux yeux les résultats de l'incurie de l'homme, à côté des prodiges de défense accomplis contre le fléau par la volonté de quelques-uns.

Des deux côtés de la route, sur un parcours de vingt lieues, de vastes étendues de terrain, naguère garnies de cépages des grands crus que je viens d'énumérer, aujourd'hui complètement en friche ou portant de chétives récoltes de pommes de terre, de haricots, d'avoine ou de sarrazin dont les frais de moisson ne seront sans doute pas couverts par les produits, alternant avec des vignes luxuriantes. Lorsqu'on pénètre dans ces vignes, à voir la régularité de la plantation, l'intensité de la végétation et la récolte qu'elles promettent, on ne soupçonnerait pas qu'on se trouve en plein foyer phylloxérique et l'on éprouve un sentiment d'admiration pour l'homme arrivé ainsi, à force de volonté, à dominer un des fléaux les plus redoutables avec lesquels il puisse se trouver aux prises. A cette impression en succède une autre non moins vive: le regret de ne pouvoir, par enchantement, transporter les vignerons de la Champagne, en face de ce spectacle réconfortant du triumphe de l'homme sur la nature. La cause de la défense serait ainsi bien vite gagnée, et pas un cep des vignobles dont les produits personnifient à l'étranger la gaîté française et la verve gauloise ne ferait place à un plant américain. Accourez, Champenois, et retournez chez vous convaincus: vous vous mettrez vigoureusement à l'œuvre, vous sauverez, avec votre fortune, la gloire de la Champagne!

Venez voir ces vignes défendues pied à pied, où ne manquent, par ci, par là, que les ceps détruits par les rigeurs du dernier hiver. Venez constater dans le clos du château de Vougeot, aux Mar-

connets, à Savigny, aux Montrachet, à Blagny et Pulligny, la régénération de la vigne française par provignage ou par plantation dans un sol ravagé par le phylloxera, avant que M. L. Bocquet n'en devînt propriétaire. Partout où, sur une surface d'un are, le fléau avait épargné quelques vieux ceps plus résistants que leurs voisins, cet habile viticulteur a repeuplé, en moins de quatre ans, de vastes taches phylloxerées: là où le terrible insecte avait tout détruit, des plants nouveaux ont suppléé à l'absence de provins. De tous côtés, enfin, M. L. Bocquet et quelques-uns de ses amis ou émules: MM. Moine, docteur Chanut, Vieilhomme, Josserand, etc., ont sauvé leur vignoble et maintenu la récolte de leurs grands crus.

Le fait capital de la possibilité d'une défense complète est donc indéniable: malgré les atteintes de la pyrale, de l'écrivain, du mildew surtout, qui sont venus aider au phylloxera dans son œuvre destructive, les vignes défendues, non seulement ont survécu au fléau, mais ne se distinguent pas des plus belles vignes d'autrefois. N'est-ce pas là une constatation consolante qui mérite une excursion de Reims ou d'Épernay en Bourgogne? Dernier point à noter: cette conservation du vignoble est aussi parfaite sur les parcelles isolées, d'une longueur de quelques mètres seulement, que dans les pièces de huit ou dix hectares. Là où l'application des moyens de défense a été bien faite, peu importe la proximité du foyer. Les bandes étroites de vignes entourées de toutes parts de terrains entièrement ravagés par l'insecte sont tout aussi vivantes que les grandes surfaces protégées, comme elles, par le traitement. La vigne atteinte par le phylloxera n'est point une plante en proie à une maladie spéciale: c'est un être vivant attaqué par un parasite, qu'il suffit de détruire ou d'éloigner à temps pour lui rendre la vigueur et la santé originelles. C'est pourquoi l'étendue des vignes défendues importe relativement peu à leur salut.

Quels sont exactement les moyens mis en œuvre, dès l'origine du mal, par M. L. Bocquet? A quelle dépense entraînent-ils le viticulteur? C'est ce qui me reste à indiquer. Disons tout de suite que, pour les grands crus de la Champagne et de la Bourgogne, cette dépense, qui n'atteint pas 500 francs à l'hectare, est presque insignifiante, étant donnée la valeur de la récolte, tandis qu'elle serait hors de proportion avec cette dernière dans les régions qui produisent des vins de mince qualité, quelle qu'en soit la quantité.

Le traitement qui a permis au propriétaire du château du Clos-

Vougeot de sauver intégralement ses vignes depuis l'invasion phylloxérique (1880), de rétablir les parcelles fortement atteintes, antérieurement aux mains d'autres propriétaires et achetées par lui depuis trois ou quatre ans seulement, de reconstituer, dans ces dernières, des taches de grande étendue (16 ares à 80 ares) par simple provignage et sans plantation nouvelle a consisté essentiellement dans l'application intelligente d'un mélange de carbone et d'essence de pétrole.* Ce traitement a été fait dans les conditions que je vais préciser à l'aide des renseignements que m'a obligeamment fournis le propriétaire du château du Clos-Vougeot. Deux fois par an, à la fin de l'automne et au mois de juillet-août, on injecte dans le sol, à une profondeur variable suivant la nature du terrain (dix à trente centimètres), un mélange, à volume égal, de sulfure de carbone et d'essence de pétrole.

M. L. Bocquet traite, à raison de quatre coups de pal régulièrement répartis au mètre carré, le pal étant gradué pour débiter 8 grammes. L'injection introduit donc 32 grammes de ce mélange par mètre carré de terre; l'opération étant renouvelée deux fois par an, la terre reçoit annuellement, dans le voisinage de chaque cep, 64 grammes de mélange, soit environ 33 grammes de sulfure et 26 grammes d'essence de pétrole.

L'expérience a démontré à M. L. Bocquet l'avantage qu'il y a à employer ce mélange, de préference au sulfure de carbone pur. La cause en est probablement dans ce double fait que, l'évaporation étant beaucoup moins rapide, la diffusion du liquide est plus lente dans le sol et, d'autre part, le refroidissement produit par l'évaporation beaucoup moins intense, ce qui est fort important dans notre climat.

Les vignes achetées dans ces dernières années par M. L. Bocquet, qui se trouvaient dans un état de délabrement complet (comme celle de Blagny, l'une des plus belles qui se puisse voir aujourd'hui en Bourgogne), ont reçu une forte fumure: cent mètres cubes de fumier de ferme par hectare, en une seule fois; deux à quatre ans plus tard, on leur a donné, de deux en deux ans, dix mètres cubes de fumier par hectare.

* Je me borne à décrire le traitement couronné d'un plein succès, sans le mettre en parallèle avec d'autres traitements préférés pas certains viticulteurs.

Que coûte ce traitement, qui, dans tous les grands crus de la Côte, sans exception, dans tous les sols et à toutes les orientations, a permis à M. L. Bocquet de conserver intégralement ses vignes et de reconstituer complètement les parcelles presque entièrement détruites avant qu'il en devînt propriétaire? C'est ce qu'il est aisé d'établir, d'après la comptabilité rigoureuse tenue pour chaque vigne traitée.

Voici le chiffre de la dépense par hectare (1 hectare compte 23,36 ouvrées environ, l'ouvrée étant de 4 ares 28):

	Fr.	Cmes
165 k. 4 sulfure de carbone à 45 fr. les 100 k. .	74	40
130 litres essence de pétrole à 45 fr. l'hectol. . .	58	80
Prix d'un traitement	133	20
Prix du 2e traitement	133	20
Frais de main-d'œuvre	72	
Total par hectare	338	40
A cette dépense s'ajoutent les frais d'échaudage pour combattre la pyrale	72	
et le traitement contre le mildew	18	

Ce qui porte, au total, à 428 fr. 40 la dépense par année et par hectare pour la défense du vignoble contre la pyrale, le mildew et le phylloxera (en plus des anciens frais de culture). Combien est faible cette dépense par rapport aux résultats obtenus! Il est aisé de s'en convaincre. Les vignes des grands crus, Corton, Clos-Vougeot, Montrachet, Pommard, etc., auxquelles M. L. Bocquet a su, à force d'énergie, d'initiative et de persistance, conserver dans leur intégrité la vigueur et la productivité, valent aujourd'hui, pour leur propriétaire, ce qu'elles valaient autrefois. Or les terres dévastées qui les côtoyent se vendent difficilement de 2 à 3000 francs l'hectare, soit dix à vingt fois moins peut-être, suivant les crus, que la valeur vénale des vignes encore en pleine production.

Un raisonnement analogue s'appliquerait au vignoble champenois. Il n'y a donc pas à hésiter: il faut appliquer à ce dernier le traitement qui, en Bourgogne, a sauvé les vignes des propriétaires qui ont voulu et su le faire en temps utile.

Comparons maintenant les frais de création de vignes américaines à ceux qu'entraîne la plantation de vignes françaises en anciens cépages de Bourgogne. Actuellement, la création d'un hectare de vigne en cépage américain nécessite les dépenses suivantes:

	Fr.
Défonçage du sol	720
Achat et mise en place du fumier de ferme . . .	984
Frais de plantation	240
Au total	1944

Les cépages américains *racinés* se vendent en Bourgogne 225 à 300 francs le mille, ce qui suffirait à expliquer l'ardeur de ceux qui les produisent à préconiser la reconstitution en vigne américain. Les mille racinés de pineau bourguignon coûtent 60 francs au maximum. La plantation d'un hectare de vigne, dans le système bourguignon en cépage français, revient, tous frais compris, à 744 francs (31 fr. par ouvrée).

Les 10, 11, et 12 septembre prochain se tiendront à Beaune, sous le patronage de la Société vigneronne de l'arrondissement, des *conférences viticoles* dont le programme vient d'être publié. La première journée sera consacrée à la *défense des vignes* par le traitement au sulfure de carbone; la deuxième et la troisième, à la *reconstitution par le cépage américain.* Le programme de cette seconde partie du congrès comprend deux visites au champ d'expériences départemental et au champ d'expériences de la Société vigneronne. Comment se fait-il que les organisateurs n'y aient pas également inscrit une excursion dans le vignoble, afin de mettre sous les yeux des membres du congrès les admirables résultats de conservation et de reconstitution des vignes françaises dont M. L. Bocquet m'a rendu témoin? Cette omission nous paraît regrettable. C'est à l'initiative des viticulteurs qui assisteront aux conférences de septembre, et notamment aux Champenois, qui ne sauraient négliger une occasion aussi favorable, de provoquer ces visites dans les vignes protégées. Ils en rapporteront, je n'en doute pas, la conviction qu'il importe, avant tout, au salut du vignoble champenois d'entreprendre énergiquement la défense, par le sulfure et l'essence de pétrole, de leurs grands crus menacés. Ils s'opposeront avec non

moins de fermeté à la rapide expansion du fléau par l'importation en Champagne des cépages américains, sous le couvert de la loi néfaste du 3 août 1891. Ils fermeront l'oreille aux sollicitations des "marchands de bois," dont la fortune serait leur ruine assurée, et sauvegarderont ainsi à la fois leurs intérêts les plus chers et la fortune publique d'une région qu'un moment d'affolement en présence du danger peut perdre à tout jamais.

La conclusion qui s'impose à mon esprit, à la suite de l'excursion si intéressante que je viens de faire sous la conduite de M. L. Bocquet, se traduit ainsi: Le ministère de l'agriculture a été des mieux inspirés, dès l'origine de l'invasion phylloxérique, en conseillant la défense à outrance des cépages français des grands crus; le gouvernement de la République, en apportant son concours pécuniaire à ceux qui désiraient suivre les instructions et les enseignements qu'on leur prodiguait au prix d'une lutte et en face d'une résistance incroyables de la part des intéressés, a fait preuve d'une sagacité que le mauvais vouloir et l'ignorance des populations vigneronnes ont seuls empêchée de porter les fruits qu'on en devait attendre. Le Bordelais a su préserver et défendre la majeure partie de ses grands crus, pour son honneur et son plus grand profit.

L'exemple de M. L. Bocquet et de ses émules est là pour montrer quel désastre la Bourgogne eût évité en suivant leur exemple. A la Champagne aujourd'hui d'aller résolument dans la voie tracée et, plus heureuse que la région bourguignonne, de sauver son vignoble tout entier. Savoir et vouloir, tout est là, qu'on en soit certain. La viticulture champenoise peut, elle doit vouloir.

Le meilleur moyen d'acquérir la conviction à ce sujet est d'interroger les faits. Puissent ces lignes, inspirées par une sympathie profonde pour la viticulture champenoise et pour la prospérité de la France, décider quelques-uns de ses éminents représentants à faire le voyage de Beaune: mon ambition sera atteinte, car ces visiteurs reviendront convaincus et ardents pour la lutte.

L. GRANDEAU.

THE END.

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Across Africa 2 v.

Campbell Praed, Mrs.: *vide* Praed.

Carey, Rosa Nouchette.

Not Like other Girls 2 v. — "But Men must Work" 1 v. — Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters 2 v. — The Old, Old Story 2 v. — Herb of Grace 2 v. — The Highway of Fate 2 v. — A Passage Perilous 2 v. — At the Moorings 2 v.

Carlyle, Thomas, † 1881.

The French Revolution 3 v. — Frederick the Great 13 v. — Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches 4 v. — The Life of Schiller 1 v.

Carr, Alaric.

Treherne's Temptation 2 v.

Castle, Agnes & Egerton.

The Star Dreamer 2 v. — Incomparable Bellairs 1 v. — Rose of the World 1 v. — French Nan 1 v.

Castle, Egerton.

Consequences 2 v. — "La Bella," and Others 1 v.

Charles, Mrs. Elizabeth Rundle, † 1896: *vide* Author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family."

Charlesworth, Maria Louisa, † 1880.

Oliver of the Mill 1 v.

Cholmondeley, Mary.

Diana Tempest 2 v. — Red Pottage 2 v. — Moth and Rust 1 v.

Christian, Princess: *vide* Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse.

"Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," Author of (Mrs. E. Rundle Charles), † 1896.

Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family 2 v. — The Draytons and the Davenants 2 v. — On Both Sides of the Sea 2 v. — Winifred Bertram 1 v. — Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevylyan 1 v. — The Victory of the Vanquished 1 v. — The Cottage by the Cathedral and other Parables 1 v. — Against the Stream 2 v. — The Bertram Family 2 v. — Conquering and to Conquer 1 v. — Lapsed, but not Lost 1 v.

Clark, Alfred.

The Finding of Lot's Wife 1 v.

Clemens, Samuel L.: *v.* Twain.

Clifford, Mrs. W. K.

Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman 1 v. — Aunt Anne 2 v. — The Last Touches, and other Stories 1 v. — Mrs. Keith's Crime 1 v. — A Wild Proxy 1 v. — A Flash of Summer 1 v. — A Woman Alone 1 v. — Woodside Farm 1 v.

Clive, Mrs. Caroline, † 1873: *vide* Author of "Paul Ferroll."

Cobbe, Frances Power, † 1904.

Re-Echoes 1 v.

Coleridge, C. R.

An English Squire 2 v.

Coleridge, M. E.

The King with two Faces 2 v.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, † 1834.

Poems 1 v.

Collins, Charles Allston, † 1873.

A Cruise upon Wheels 2 v.

Collins, Mortimer, † 1876.

Sweet and Twenty 2 v. — A Fight with Fortune 2 v.

Collins, Wilkie, † 1889.

After Dark 1 v. — Hide and Seek 2 v. — A Plot in Private Life, etc. 1 v. — The Woman in White 2 v. — Basil 1 v. — No Name 3 v. — The Dead Secret, and other Tales 2 v. — Antonina 2 v. — Armadale 3 v. — The Moonstone 2 v. — Man and Wife 3 v. — Poor Miss Finch 2 v. — Miss or Mrs.? 1 v. — The New Magdalen 2 v. — The Frozen Deep 1 v. — The Law and the Lady 2 v. — The Two Destinies 1 v. — My Lady's Money, and Percy and the Prophet 1 v. — The Haunted Hotel 1 v. — The Fallen Leaves 2 v. — Jezebel's Daughter 2 v. — The Black Robe 2 v. — Heart and Science 2 v. — "I say No," 2 v. — The Evil Genius 2 v. — The Guilty River, and The Ghost's Touch 1 v. — The Legacy of Cain 2 v. — Blind Love 2 v.

"Cometh up as a Flower," Author of: *vide* Rhoda Broughton.

Conrad, Joseph.

An Outcast of the Islands 2 v. — Tales of Unrest 1 v.

Conway, Hugh (F. J. Fargus), † 1885.

Called Back 1 v. — Bound Together 2 v. — Dark Days 1 v. — A Family Affair 2 v. — Living or Dead 2 v.

Cooper, James Fenimore (Am.), † 1851.

The Spy (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Two Admirals 1 v. — The Jack O'Lantern 1 v.

Cooper, Mrs.: *vide* Katharine Saunders.

Corelli, Marie.

Vendetta! 2 v. — Thelma 2 v. — A Romance of Two Worlds 2 v. — "Ardath" 3 v. — Wormwood. A Drama of Paris 2 v. — The Hired Baby, with other Stories and Social Sketches 1 v. — Barabbas; A Dream of the World's Tragedy 2 v. — The Sorrows of Satan 2 v. — The Mighty Atom 1 v. — The Murder of Delicia 1 v. — Ziska 1 v. — Boy. A Sketch. 2 v. — The Master-Christian 2 v. — "Temporal Power" 2 v. — God's Good Man 2 v. — Free Opinions 1 v.

Cotes, Mrs. Everard.

Those Delightful Americans 1 v.

"County, the," Author of.

The County 1 v.

Craik, George Lillie, † 1866.

A Manual of English Literature and of the History of the English Language 2 v.

Craik, Mrs. (Miss Dinah M. Mulock), † 1887.

John Halifax, Gentleman 2 v. — The Head of the Family 2 v. — A Life for a Life 2 v. — A Woman's Thoughts about Women 1 v. — Agatha's Husband 1 v. — Romantic Tales 1 v. — Domestic Stories 1 v. — Mistress and Maid 1 v. — The Ogilvies 1 v. — Lord Erlistoun 1 v. — Christian's Mistake 1 v. — Bread upon the Waters 1 v. — A Noble Life 1 v. — Olive 2 v. — Two Marriages 1 v. — Studies from Life 1 v. — Poems 1 v. — The Woman's Kingdom 2 v. — The Unkind Word, and other Stories 2 v. — A Brave Lady 2 v. — Hannah 2 v. — Fair France 1 v. — My Mother and I 1 v. — The Little Lame Prince 1 v. — Sermons out of Church 1 v. — The Laurel-Bush; Two little Tinkers 1 v. — A Legacy 2 v. — Young Mrs. Jardine 2 v. — His Little Mother, and other Tales and Sketches 1 v. — Plain Speaking 1 v. — Miss Tommy 1 v. — King Arthur 1 v.

Craik, Georgiana M. (Mrs. May).

Lost and Won 1 v. — Faith Unwin's Ordeal 1 v. — Leslie Tyrrell 1 v. — Winifred's Wooing, etc. 1 v. — Mildred 1 v. — Esther Hill's Secret 2 v. — Hero Trevelyan 1 v. — Without Kith or Kin 2 v. — Only a Butterfly 1 v. — Sylvia's Choice; Theresa 2 v. — Anne Warwick 1 v. — Dorcas 2 v. — Two Women 2 v.

Craik, Georgiana M., & M. C. Stirling.

Two Tales of Married Life (Hard to Bear, by Miss Craik; A True Man, by M. C. Stirling) 2 v.

Craven, Mrs. Augustus: *vide* Lady Fullerton.

Crawford, F. Marion (Am.).

Mr. Isaacs 1 v. — Doctor Claudius 1 v. — To Leeward 1 v. — A Roman Singer 1 v. — An American Politician 1 v. — Zoroaster 1 v. — A Tale of a Lonely Parish 2 v. — Saracinesca 2 v. — Marzio's Crucifix 1 v. — Paul Patoff 2 v. — With the Immortals 1 v. — Greifenstein 2 v. — Sant' Ilario 2 v. — A Cigarette-Maker's Romance 1 v. — Khaled 1 v. — The Witch of Prague 2 v. — The Three Fates 2 v. — Don Orsino 2 v. — The Children of the King 1 v. — Pietro Ghisleri 2 v. — Marion Darche 1 v. — Katharine Lauderdale 2 v. — The Ralstons 2 v. — Casa Braccio 2 v. — Adam Johnstone's Son 1 v. — Taquisara 2 v. — A Rose of Yesterday 1 v. — Corleone 2 v. — Via Crucis 2 v. — In the Palace of the King 2 v. — Marietta, a Maid of Venice 2 v. — Cecilia 2 v. — The Heart of Rome 2 v. — Whosoever Shall Offend... 2 v.

Crockett, S. R.

The Raiders 2 v. — Cleg Kelly 2 v. — The Grey Man 2 v. — Love Idylls 1 v. — The Dark o' the Moon 2 v.

Croker, B. M.

Peggy of the Bartons 2 v. — The Happy Valley 1 v. — The Old Cantonment, with Other Stories of India and Elsewhere 1 v.

Cross, J. W.: *vide* George Eliot's Life.

Cudlip, Mrs. Pender: *vide* A. Thomas.

Cummins, Miss (Am.), † 1866.

The Lamplighter 1 v. — Mabel Vaughan 1 v. — El Fureidis 1 v. — Haunted Hearts 1 v.

Cushing, Paul.

The Blacksmith of Voe 2 v.

"Daily News."

War Correspondence, 1877, by Archibald Forbes and others 3 v.

"Dark," Author of.

Dark 1 v.

Davis, Richard Harding (Am.).
Gallegher, etc. 1 v. — Van Bibber and Others 1 v. — Ranson's Folly 1 v.

De Foe, Daniel, † 1731.
Robinson Crusoe 1 v.

Deland, Margaret (Am.).
John Ward, Preacher 1 v.

"Democracy," Author of (Am.).
Democracy 1 v.

"Demos," Author of: *vide* George Gissing.

"Diary and Notes," Author of: *vide* Author of "Horace Templeton."

Dickens, Charles, † 1870.
The Pickwick Club (with Portrait) 2 v. — American Notes 1 v. — Oliver Twist 1 v. — Nicholas Nickleby 2 v. — Sketches 1 v. — Martin Chuzzlewit 2 v. — A Christmas Carol; The Chimes; The Cricket on the Hearth 1 v. — Master Humphrey's Clock (Old Curiosity Shop; Barnaby Rudge, etc.) 3 v. — Pictures from Italy 1 v. — Dombey and Son 3 v. — David Copperfield 3 v. — Bleak House 4 v. — A Child's History of England (2 v. 8° M. 2,70.) — Hard Times 1 v. — Little Dorrit (with Illustrations) 4 v. — The Battle of Life; The Haunted Man 1 v. — A Tale of two Cities 2 v. — Hunted Down; The Uncommercial Traveller 1 v. — Great Expectations 2 v. — Christmas Stories, etc. 1 v. — Our Mutual Friend (with Illustrations) 4 v. — Somebody's Luggage; Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings; Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy 1 v. — Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions; Mugby Junction 1 v. — The Mystery of Edwin Drood (with Illustrations) 2 v. — The Mudfog Papers, 1 v. — The Letters of Charles Dickens, ed. by his Sister-in-law and his eldest Daughter 4 v. — *Vide* also Household Words, Novels and Tales, and John Forster.

Dickens, Charles, & Wilkie Collins.
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Disraeli, Benjamin, Lord Beaconsfield, † 1881.
Coningsby 1 v. — Sybil 1 v. — Contarini Fleming (with Portrait) 1 v. — Alroy 1 v. — Tancred 2 v. — Venetia 2 v. — Vivian Grey 2 v. — Henrietta Temple 1 v. — Lothair 2 v. — Endymion 2 v.

Dixon, Ella Hepworth.
The Story of a Modern Woman 1 v. — One Doubtful Hour 1 v.

Dixon, W. Hepworth, † 1879.
Personal History of Lord Bacon 1 v. — The Holy Land 2 v. — New America 2 v. — Spiritual Wives 2 v. — Her Majesty's Tower 4 v. — Free Russia 2 v. — History of two Queens 6 v. — White Conquest 2 v. — Diana, Lady Lyle 2 v.

Dixon, Jr., Thomas, (Am.).
The Leopard's Spots 2 v.

Dougall, L. (Am.).
Beggars All 2 v.

Dowie, Ménie Muriel.
A Girl in the Karpathians 1 v.

Doyle, Sir A. Conan.
The Sign of Four 1 v. — Micah Clarke 2 v. — The Captain of the Pole-Star, and other Tales 1 v. — The White Company 2 v. — A Study in Scarlet 1 v. — The Great Shadow, and Beyond the City 1 v. — The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — The Refugees 2 v. — The Firm of Girdlestone 2 v. — The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — Round the Red Lamp 1 v. — The Stark Munro Letters 1 v. — The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard 1 v. — Rodney Stone 2 v. — Uncle Bernac 1 v. — The Tragedy of the Korosko 1 v. — A Duet 1 v. — The Green Flag 1 v. — The Great Boer War 2 v. — The War in South Africa 1 v. — The Hound of the Baskervilles 1 v. — Adventures of Gerard 1 v. — The Return of Sherlock Holmes 2 v.

Drummond, Professor Henry, † 1897.
The Greatest Thing in the World; Pax Vobiscum; The Changed Life 1 v.

Dufferin, the Earl of.
Letters from High Latitudes 1 v.

Duncan, Sara Jeannette: *vide* Mrs. Cotes.

Dunton: *vide* **Th. Watts-Dunton.**

Earl, the, and the Doctor.
South Sea Bubbles 1 v.

Eastwick, Edward B., † 1883.
Autobiography of Lutfullah 1 v.

Edgeworth, Maria, *vide* Series for the Young, p. 29.

Edwardes, Mrs. Annie.
Archie Lovell 2 v. — Steven Lawrence, Yeoman 2 v. — Ought we to visit her? 2 v. — A Vagabond Heroine 1 v. — Leah: A Woman of Fashion 2 v. — A Blue-Stocking 1 v. — Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune? 1 v. — Vivian the Beauty 1 v. — A Ball-room Repentance 2 v. — A Girton Girl 2 v. — A Playwright's Daughter, and Bertie Griffiths 1 v. — Pearl-Powder 1 v. The Adventuress 1 v.

Edwards, Amelia B., † 1892.
Barbara's History 2 v. — Miss Carew 2 v. — Hand and Glove 1 v. — Half a Million of Money 2 v. — Debenham's Vow 2 v. — In the Days of my Youth 2 v. — Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys 1 v. — Monsieur Maurice 1 v. — A Night on the Borders of the Black Forest 1 v. — A Poetry-Book of Elder Poets 1 v. — A Thousand Miles up the Nile 2 v. — A Poetry-Book of Modern Poets 1 v. — Lord Brackenbury 2 v.

Edwards, M. Betham-: *vide* **Betham.**

Edward, Eggleston (Am.).
The Faith Doctor 2 v.

Elbon, Barbara (Am.).
Bethesda 2 v.

Eliot, George (Miss Evans—Mrs. Cross), † 1880.
Scenes of Clerical Life 2 v. — Adam Bede 2 v. — The Mill on the Floss 2 v. — Silas Marner 1 v. — Romola 2 v. — Felix Holt 2 v. — Daniel Deronda 4 v. — The Lifted Veil, and Brother Jacob 1 v. — Impressions of Theophrastus Such 1 v. — Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book 1 v. — George Eliot's Life, edited by her Husband, J. W. Cross 4 v.

"Elizabeth and her German Garden," Author of.
Elizabeth and her German Garden 1 v. — The Solitary Summer 1 v. — The Benefactress 2 v.

Elliot, Mrs. Frances, † 1898.
Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy 2 v. — Old Court Life in France 2 v. — The Italians 2 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in Sicily 1 v. — Pictures of Old Rome 1 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in Spain 2 v. — The Red Cardinal 1 v. — The Story of Sophia 1 v. — Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople 1 v. — Old Court Life in Spain 2 v. — Roman Gossip 1 v.

"Englishwoman's Love-Letters, an," Author of.
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters 1 v.

Erroll, Henry.
An Ugly Duckling 1 v.

Esler, E. Rentoul.
The Way they loved at Grimpat 1 v.

"Essays and Reviews," the Authors of.
Essays and Reviews. By various Authors 1 v.

"Estelle Russell," Author of.
Estelle Russell 2 v.

Esterre-Keeling, Elsa D'.
Three Sisters 1 v. — A Laughing Philosopher 1 v. — The Professor's Wooing 1 v. — In Thoughtland and in Dreamland 1 v. — Orchardscroft 1 v. — Appassionata 1 v. — Old Maids and Young 2 v. — The Queen's Serf 1 v.

"Euthanasia," Author of.
Euthanasia 1 v.

Ewing, Juliana Horatia, † 1885.
Jackanapes; The Story of a Short Life; Daddy Darwin's Dovecot 1 v. — A Flat Iron for a Farthing 1 v. — The Brownies, and other Tales 1 v.

"Expiated," Author of.
Expiated 2 v.

Fargus, F. J.: *vide* **Hugh Conway.**

Farrar, F. W. (Dean), † 1903.
Darkness and Dawn 3 v.

"Fate of Fenella, the," Authors of.
The Fate of Fenella, by 24 Authors 1 v.

Felkin, Alfred Laurence: *vide* **E. T. Fowler.**

Felkin, Mrs.: *vide* **E. T. Fowler.**

Fendall, Percy: *vide* **F. C. Philips.**

Fenn, George Manville.
The Parson o' Dumford 2 v. — The Clerk of Portwick 2 v.

Fielding, Henry, † 1754.
Tom Jones 2 v.

Findlater, Mary and Jane: *vide* **Kate Douglas Wiggin.**

Five Centuries
of the English Language and Literature: John Wycliffe. — Geoffrey Chaucer. — Stephen Hawes. — Sir Thomas More. — Edmund Spenser. — Ben Jonson. — John Locke. — Thomas Gray (vol. 500, published 1860) 1 v.

Fleming, George (Am.).
Kismet 1 v. — Andromeda 2 v.

Forbes, Archibald, † 1900.
My Experiences of the War between France and Germany 2 v. — Soldiering and Scribbling 1 v. — Memories and Studies of War and Peace 2 v. — *Vide* also "Daily News," War Correspondence.

Forrest, R. E.
Eight Days 2 v.

Forrester, Mrs.
Viva 2 v. — Rhona 2 v. — Roy and Viola 2 v. — My Lord and My Lady 2 v. — I have Lived and Loved 2 v. — June 2 v. — Omnia Vanitas 1 v. — Although he was a Lord, and other Tales 1 v. — Corisande, and other Tales 1 v. — Once Again 2 v. — Of the World, Worldly 1 v. — Dearest 2 v. — The Light of other Days 1 v. — Too Late Repented 1 v.

Forster, John, † 1876.
The Life of Charles Dickens (with Illustrations and Portraits) 6 v. — Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith 2 v.

Fothergill, Jessie.
The First Violin 2 v. — Probation 2 v. — Made or Marred, and "One of Three" 1 v. — Kith and Kin 2 v. — Peril 2 v. — Borderland 2 v.

"Found Dead," Author of: *vide* **James Payn.**

Fowler, Ellen Thorneycroft (Mrs. Alfred Laurence Felkin).
A Double Thread 2 v. — The Farringdons 2 v. — Fuel of Fire 1 v. — Place and Power 2 v.

Fowler, Ellen Thorneycroft (Mrs. A. L. Felkin) & Alfred Laurence Felkin.
Kate of Kate Hall 2 v.

Fox, Caroline, † 1871.
Memories of Old Friends from her Journals and Letters, edited by Horace N. Pym 2 v.

"Frank Fairlegh," Author of (F. E. Smedley), † 1864.
Frank Fairlegh 2 v.

Francis, M. E.
The Duenna of a Genius 1 v.

Frederic, Harold (Am.), † 1898.
Illumination 2 v. — March Hares 1 v.

Freeman, Edward A., † 1892.
The Growth of the English Constitution 1 v. — Select Historical Essays 1 v. — Sketches from French Travel 1 v.

Froude, James Anthony, † 1894.
Oceana 1 v. — The Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays 1 v.

Fullerton, Lady Georgiana, † 1885.
Ellen Middleton 1 v. — Grantley Manor 2 v. — Lady Bird 2 v. — Too Strange not to be True 2 v. — Constance Sherwood 2 v. — A Stormy Life 2 v. — Mrs. Geralds' Niece 2 v. — The Notary's Daughter 1 v. — The Lilies of the Valley, and The House of Penarvan 1 v. — The Countess de Bonneval 1 v. — Rose Leblanc 1 v. — Seven Stories 1 v. — The Life of Luisa de Carvajal 1 v. — A Will and a Way, and The Hand-

kerchief at the Window 2 v. — Eliane 2 v. (by Mrs. Augustus Craven, translated by Lady Fullerton). — Laurentia 1 v.

Gardiner, Marguerite: *vide* **Lady Blessington.**

Gaskell, Mrs., † 1865.

Mary Barton 1 v. — Ruth 2 v. — North and South 1 v. — Lizzie Leigh, and other Tales 1 v. — The Life of Charlotte Brontë 2 v. — Lois the Witch, etc. 1 v. — Sylvia's Lovers 2 v. — A Dark Night's Work 1 v. — Wives and Daughters 3 v. — Cranford 1 v. — Cousin Phillis, and other Tales 1 v.

"Geraldine Hawthorne," Author of: *vide* **Author of "Miss Molly."**

Gerard, Dorothea (Madame Longard de Longgarde).

Lady Baby 2 v. — Recha 1 v. — Orthodox 1 v. — The Wrong Man 1 v. — A Spotless Reputation 1 v. — A Forgotten Sin 1 v. — One Year 1 v. — The Supreme Crime 1 v. — The Blood-Tax 1 v. — Holy Matrimony 1 v. — The Eternal Woman 1 v. — Made of Money 1 v. — The Bridge of Life 1 v. — The Three Essentials 1 v. — The Improbable Idyl 1 v.

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Giberne, Agnes.

The Curate's Home 1 v.

Gissing, George, † 1903.

Demos. A Story of English Socialism 2 v. — New Grub Street 2 v.

Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., † 1898.

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Glyn, Elinor.

The Visits of Elizabeth 1 v. — The Reflections of Ambrosine 1 v. — The Vicissitudes of Evangeline 1 v.

Godfrey, Hal (Charlotte O'Conor-Eccles).

The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore 1 v.

Goldsmith, Oliver, † 1774.

Select Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Goodman, Edward J.

Too Curious 1 v.

Gordon, Julien (Am.).

A Diplomat's Diary 1 v.

Gordon, Major-Gen. C. G., † 1885.

His Journals at Kartoum. Introduction and Notes by A. E. Hake (with eighteen Illustrations) 2 v.

Gore, Mrs., † 1861.

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Grand, Sarah.

Our Manifold Nature 1 v. — Babs the Impossible 2 v.

Grant, Miss.

Victor Lescar 2 v. — The Sun-Maid 2 v. — My Heart's in the Highlands 2 v. — Artiste 2 v. — Prince Hugo 2 v. — Cara Roma 2 v.

Gray, Maxwell.

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Grenville: Murray, E. C. (Trois-Etoiles), † 1881.

The Member for Paris 2 v. — Young Brown 2 v. — The Boudoir Cabal 3 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk *(First Series)* 2 v. — The Russians of To-day 1 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk *(Second Series)* 2 v. — Strange Tales 1 v. — That Artful Vicar 2 v. — Six Months in the Ranks 1 v. — People I have met 1 v.

Grimwood, Ethel St. Clair.

My Three Years in Manipur (with Portrait) 1 v.

Grohman, W. A. Baillie.

Tyrol and the Tyrolese 1 v.

Gunter, Archibald Clavering (Am.).

Mr. Barnes of New York 1 v.

Guthrie, F. Anstey: *vide* Anstey.

"Guy Livingstone," Author of (George Alfred Laurence), † 1876.

Guy Livingstone 1 v. — Sword and Gown 1 v. — Barren Honour 1 v. — Border and Bastille 1 v. — Maurice Dering 1 v. — Sans Merci 2 v. — Breaking a Butterfly 2 v. — Anteros 2 v. — Hagarene 2 v.

Habberton, John (Am.).

Helen's Babies & Other People's Children 1 v. — The Bowsham Puzzle 1 v. — One Tramp; Mrs. Mayburn's Twins 1 v.

Haggard, H. Rider.

King Solomon's Mines 1 v. — She 2 v. — Jess 2 v. — Allan Quatermain 2 v. — The Witch's Head 2 v. — Maiwa's Revenge 1 v. — Mr. Meeson's Will 1 v. — Colonel Quaritch, V. C. 2 v. — Cleopatra 2 v. — Allan's Wife 1 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Dawn 2 v. — Montezuma's Daughter 2 v. — The People of the Mist 2 v. — Joan Haste 2 v. — Heart of the World 2 v. — The Wizard 1 v. — Doctor Therne 1 v. — Swallow 2 v. — Black Heart and White Heart, and Elissa 1 v. — Lysbeth 2 v. — A Winter Pilgrimage 2 v. — Pearl-Maiden 2 v. — Stella Fregelius 2 v. — The Brethren 2 v. — Ayesha. The Return of 'She' 2 v.

Haggard, H. Rider, & Andrew Lang.

The World's Desire 2 v.

Hake, A. E.: *vide* Gen. Gordon.

Hall, Mrs. S. C., † 1881.

Can Wrong be Right? 1 v. — Marian 2 v.

Hamerton, Philip Gilbert, † 1894.

Marmorne 1 v. — French and English 2 v.

Hardy, Miss Iza: *vide* Author of "Not Easily Jealous."

Hardy, Thomas.

The Hand of Ethelberta 2 v. — Far from the Madding Crowd 2 v. — The Return of the Native 2 v. — The Trumpet-Major 2 v. — A Laodicean 2 v. — Two on a Tower 2 v. — A Pair of Blue Eyes 2 v. — A Group of Noble Dames 1 v. — Tess of the D'Urbervilles 2 v. — Life's Little Ironies 1 v. — Jude the Obscure 2 v.

Harland, Henry.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box 1 v. — The Lady Paramount 1 v. — My Friend Prospero 1 v.

Harraden, Beatrice.

Ships that pass in the Night 1 v. — In Varying Moods 1 v. — Hilda Strafford, and The Remittance Man 1 v. — The Fowler 2 v. — Katharine Frensham 2 v.

Harrison, Agnes.

Martin's Vineyard 1 v.

Harte, Bret (Am.), † 1902.

Prose and Poetry (Tales of the Argonauts: — The Luck of Roaring Camp; The Outcasts of Poker Flat, etc. — Spanish and American Legends; Condensed Novels; Civic and Character Sketches; Poems) 2 v. — Idyls of the Foothills 1 v. — Gabriel Conroy 2 v. — Two Men of Sandy Bar 1 v. — Thankful Blossom, and other Tales 1 v. — The Story of a Mine 1 v. — Drift from Two Shores 1 v. — An Heiress of Red Dog, and other Sketches 1 v. — The Twins of Table Mountain, and other Tales 1 v. — Jeff Briggs's Love Story, and other Tales 1 v. — Flip, and other Stories 1 v. — On the Frontier 1 v. — By Shore and Sedge 1 v. — Maruja 1 v. — Snow-bound at Eagle's, and Devil's Ford 1 v. — The Crusade of the "Excelsior" 1 v. — A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready, and other Tales 1 v. — Captain Jim's Friend, and the Argonauts of North Liberty 1 v. — Cressy 1 v. — The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, and other Tales 1 v. — A Waif of the Plains 1 v. — A Ward of the Golden Gate 1 v. — A Sappho of Green Springs, and other Tales 1 v. — A First Family of Tasajara 1 v. — Colonel Starbottle's Client, and some other People 1 v. — Susy 1 v. — Sally Dows, etc. 1 v. — A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, etc. 1 v. — The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, etc. 1 v. — Clarence 1 v. — In a Hollow of the Hills, and The Devotion of Enriquez 1 v. — The Ancestors of Peter Atherly, etc. 1 v. — Three Partners 1 v. — Tales of Trail and Town 1 v. — Stories in Light and Shadow 1 v. — Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation, and other Stories 1 v. — From Sand-Hill to Pine 1 v. — Under the Redwoods 1 v. — On the Old Trail 1 v. — Trent's Trust 1 v.

Havelock, Sir Henry: *vide* Rev. W. Brock.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (Am.), † 1864.

The Scarlet Letter 1 v. — Transformation (The Marble Faun) 2 v. — Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne 2 v.

Hector, Mrs.: *vide* **Mrs. Alexander.**

"Heir of Redclyffe, the," Author of: *vide* **Charlotte M. Yonge.**

Helps, Sir Arthur † 1875.

Friends in Council 2 v. — Ivan de Biron 2 v.

Hemans, Mrs. Felicia, † 1835.

Select Poetical Works 1 v.

Hewlett, Maurice.

The Forest Lovers 1 v. — Little Novels of Italy 1 v. — The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay 2 v. — New Canterbury Tales 1 v. — The Queen's Quair; or, The Six Years' Tragedy 2 v. — Fond Adventures 1 v.

Hichens, Robert.

Flames 2 v. — The Slave 2 v. — Felix 2 v. — The Woman with the Fan 2 v. — The Garden of Allah 2 v. — The Black Spaniel, and Other Stories 1 v.

Hobart Pasha, Admiral, † 1886.

Sketches from my Life 1 v.

Hobbes, John Oliver.

The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham 1 v. — The Serious Wooing 1 v.

Hoey, Mrs. Cashel.

A Golden Sorrow 2 v. — Out of Court 2 v.

Holdsworth, Annie E.

The Years that the Locust hath Eaten 1 v. — The Gods Arrive 1 v. — The Valley of the Great Shadow 1 v. — Great Lowlands 1 v. — A Garden of Spinsters 1 v.

Holme Lee: *vide* **Harriet Parr.**

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (Am.), † 1894.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Professor at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Poet at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — Over the Teacups 1 v.

Hope, Anthony (Hawkins).

Mr. Witt's Widow 1 v. — A Change of Air 1 v. — Half a Hero 1 v. — The Indiscretion of the Duchess 1 v. — The God in the Car 1 v. — The Chronicles of Count Antonio 1 v. — Comedies of Courtship 1 v. — The Heart of Princess Osra 1 v. — Phroso 2 v. — Simon Dale 2 v. — Rupert of Hentzau 1 v. — The King's Mirror 2 v. — Quisanté 1 v. — Tristram of Blent 2 v. — The Intrusions of Peggy 2 v. — Double Harness 2 v. — A Servant of the Public 2 v.

Hopkins, Tighe.

An Idler in Old France 1 v. — The Man in the Iron Mask 1 v. — The Dungeons of Old Paris 1 v. — The Silent Gate 1 v.

"Horace Templeton," Author of.

Diary and Notes 1 v.

Hornung, Ernest William.

A Bride from the Bush 1 v. — Under Two Skies 1 v. — Tiny Luttrell 1 v. — The Boss of Taroomba 1 v. — My Lord Duke 1 v. — Young Blood 1 v. — Some Persons Unknown 1 v. — The Amateur Cracksman 1 v. — The Rogue's March 1 v. — The Belle of Toorak 1 v. — Peccavi 1 v. — The Black Mask 1 v. — The Shadow of the Rope 1 v. — No Hero 1 v. — Denis Dent 1 v. — Irralie's Bushranger and The Unbidden Guest 1 v. — Stingaree 1 v. — A Thief in the Night 1 v.

"Household Words."

Conducted by Charles Dickens. 1851-56. 36 v. — Novels and Tales reprinted from Household Words by Charles Dickens. 1856-59. 11 v.

Houstoun, Mrs.: *vide* **"Recommended to Mercy."**

"How to be Happy though Married," Author of.

How to be Happy though Married 1 v.

Howard, Blanche Willis (Am.), † 1899.

One Summer 1 v. — Aunt Serena 1 v. — Guelph 2 v. — Tony, the Maid, etc. 1 v. — The Open Door 2 v.

Howard, Blanche Willis, † 1899, & William Sharp.

A Fellowe and His Wife 1 v.

Howells, William Dean (Am.).

A Foregone Conclusion 1 v. — The Lady of the Aroostook 1 v. — A Modern

Instance 2 v. — The Undiscovered Country 1 v. — Venetian Life (with Portrait) 1 v. — Italian Journeys 1 v. — A Chance Acquaintance 1 v. — Their Wedding Journey 1 v. — A Fearful Responsibility, and Tonelli's Marriage 1 v. — A Woman's Reason 2 v. — Dr. Breen's Practice 1 v. — The Rise of Silas Lapham 2 v. — A Pair of Patient Lovers 1 v. — Miss Bellard's Inspiration 1 v.

Hughes, Thomas, † 1898.

Tom Brown's School-Days 1 v.

Hungerford, Mrs. (Mrs. Argles), † 1897.

Molly Bawn 2 v. — Mrs. Geoffrey 2 v. — Faith and Unfaith 2 v. — Portia 2 v. — Loÿs, Lord Berresford, and other Tales 1 v. — Her First Appearance, and other Tales 1 v. — Phyllis 2 v. — Rossmoyne 2 v. — Doris 2 v. — A Maiden all Forlorn, etc. 1 v. — A Passive Crime, and other Stories 1 v. — Green Pleasure and Grey Grief 2 v. — A Mental Struggle 2 v. — Her Week's Amusement, and Ugly Barrington 1 v. — Lady Branksmere 2 v. — Lady Valworth's Diamonds 1 v. — A Modern Circe 2 v. — Marvel 2 v. — The Hon. Mrs. Vereker 1 v. — Under-Currents 2 v. — In Durance Vile, etc. 1 v. — A Troublesome Girl, and other Stories 1 v. — A Life's Remorse 2 v. — A Born Coquette 2 v. — The Duchess 1 v. — Lady Verner's Flight 1 v. — A Conquering Heroine, and "When in Doubt" 1 v. — Nora Creina 2 v. — A Mad Prank, and other Stories 1 v. — The Hoyden 2 v. — The Red House Mystery 1 v. — An Unsatisfactory Lover 1 v. — Peter's Wife 2 v. — The Three Graces 1 v. — A Tug of War 1 v. — The Professor's Experiment 2 v. — A Point of Conscience 2 v. — A Lonely Girl 1 v. — Lovice 1 v. — The Coming of Chloe 1 v.

Hunt, Mrs.: *vide* Averil Beaumont.

Hunt, Violet.

The Human Interest 1 v.

Ingelow, Jean, † 1897.

Off the Skelligs 3 v. — Poems 2 v. — Fated to be Free 2 v. — Sarah de Berenger 2 v. — Don John 2 v.

Inglis, the Hon. Lady.

The Siege of Lucknow 1 v.

Ingram, John H.: *vide* E. A. Poe.

Iota: *vide* Mrs. Mannington Caffyn.

Irving, Washington (Am.), † 1859.

The Sketch Book (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Life of Mahomet 1 v. — Lives of the Successors of Mahomet 1 v. — Oliver Goldsmith 1 v. — Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost 1 v. — Life of George Washington 5 v.

Jackson, Mrs. Helen (H. H.) (Am.), † 1885.

Ramona 2 v.

Jacobs, W. W.

Many Cargoes 1 v. — The Skipper's Wooing, and The Brown Man's Servant 1 v. — Sea Urchins 1 v. — A Master of Craft 1 v. — Light Freights 1 v. — At Sunwich Port 1 v. — The Lady of the Barge 1 v. — Odd Craft 1 v. — Dialstone Lane 1 v.

James, Charles T. C.

Holy Wedlock 1 v.

James, G. P. R., † 1860.

Morley Ernstein (with Portrait) 1 v. — Forest Days 1 v. — The False Heir 1 v. — Arabella Stuart 1 v. — Rose d'Albret 1 v. — Arrah Neil 1 v. — Agincourt 1 v. — The Smuggler 1 v. — The Step-Mother 2 v. — Beauchamp 1 v. — Heidelberg 1 v. — The Gipsy 1 v. — The Castle of Ehrenstein 1 v. — Darnley 1 v. — Russell 2 v. — The Convict 2 v. — Sir Theodore Broughton 2 v.

James, Henry (Am.).

The American 2 v. — The Europeans 1 v. — Daisy Miller; An International Episode; Four Meetings 1 v. — Roderick Hudson 2 v. — The Madonna of the Future, etc. 1 v. — Eugene Pickering, etc. 1 v. — Confidence 1 v. — Washington Square, etc. 2 v. — The Portrait of a Lady 3 v. — Foreign Parts 1 v. — French Poets and Novelists 1 v. — The Siege of London; The Point of View; A Passionate Pilgrim 1 v. — Portraits of Places 1 v. — A Little Tour in France 1 v.

Jeaffreson, J. Cordy.

A Book about Doctors 2 v. — A Woman in spite of Herself 2 v. — The Real Lord Byron 3 v.

Jenkin, Mrs. Charles, † 1885.
"Who Breaks—Pays" 1 v. — Skirmishing 1 v. — Once and Again 2 v. — Two French Marriages 2 v. — Within an Ace 1 v. — Jupiter's Daughters 1 v.

Jenkins, Edward.
Ginx's Baby, his Birth and other Misfortunes; Lord Bantam 2 v.

"Jennie of 'The Prince's,'" Author of: *vide* B. H. Buxton.

Jerome, K. Jerome.
The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Diary of a Pilgrimage, and Six Essays 1 v. — Novel Notes 1 v. — Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green 1 v. — The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Three Men on the Bummel 1 v. — Paul Kelver 2 v. — Tea-Table Talk 1 v. — Tommy and Co. 1 v. — Idle Ideas in 1905 1 v.

Jerrold, Douglas, † 1857.
History of St. Giles and St. James 2 v. — Men of Character 2 v.

"John Halifax, Gentleman," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Craik.

Johnny Ludlow: *vide* Mrs. Henry Wood.

Johnson, Samuel, † 1784.
Lives of the English Poets 2 v.

Jolly, Emily.
Colonel Dacre 2 v.

"Joshua Davidson," Author of: *vide* Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

Kavanagh, Miss Julia, † 1877.
Nathalie 2 v. — Daisy Burns 2 v. — Grace Lee 2 v. — Rachel Gray 1 v. — Adèle 3 v. — A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies 2 v. — Seven Years, and other Tales 2 v. — French Women of Letters 1 v. — English Women of Letters 1 v. — Queen Mab 2 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Sybil's Second Love 2 v. — Dora 2 v. — Silvia 2 v. — Bessie 2 v. — John Dorrien 3 v. — Two Lilies 2 v. — Forget-me-nots 2 v. — *Vide* also Series for the Young, p. 29.

Keary, Annie, † 1879.
Oldbury 2 v. — Castle Daly 2 v.

Keeling, D'Esterre-: *vide* Esterre.

Kempis, Thomas a.
The Imitation of Christ. Translated from the Latin by W. Benham, B.D. 1 v.

Kimball, Richard B. (Am.), †
Saint Leger 1 v. — Romance of Student Life Abroad 1 v. — Undercurrents 1 v. — Was he Successful? 1 v. — To-Day in New York 1 v.

Kinglake, Alexander William, † 1891.
Eothen 1 v. — The Invasion of the Crimea 14 v.

Kingsley, Charles, † 1875.
Yeast 1 v. — Westward ho! 2 v. — Two Years ago 2 v. — Hypatia 2 v. — Alton Locke 1 v. — Hereward the Wake 2 v. — At Last 2 v. — His Letters and Memories of his Life, edited by his Wife 2 v.

Kingsley, Henry, † 1876.
Ravenshoe 2 v. — Austin Elliot 1 v. — Geoffry Hamlyn 2 v. — The Hillyars and the Burtons 2 v. — Leighton Court 1 v. — Valentin 1 v. — Oakshott Castle 1 v. — Reginald Hetherege 2 v. — The Grange Garden 2 v.

Kinross, Albert.
An Opera and Lady Grasmere 1 v.

Kipling, Rudyard.
Plain Tales from the Hills 1 v. — The Second Jungle Book 1 v. — The Seven Seas 1 v. — "Captains Courageous" 1 v. — The Day's Work 1 v. — A Fleet in Being 1 v. — Stalky & Co. 1 v. — From Sea to Sea 2 v. — The City of Dreadful Night 1 v. — Kim 1 v. — Just So Stories 1 v. — The Five Nations 1 v. — Traffics and Discoveries 1 v.

Laffan, May.
Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor, etc. 1 v.

Lamb, Charles, † 1834.
The Essays of Elia and Eliana 1 v.

Lang, Andrew: *vide* H. Rider Haggard.

Langdon, Mary (Am.).
Ida May 1 v.

"Last of the Cavaliers, the," Author of (Miss Piddington).
The Last of the Cavaliers 2 v. — The Gain of a Loss 2 v.

Łaszowska, Mme de: *vide* **E. Gerard.**

Laurence, George Alfred, Author of: *vide* **"Guy Livingstone."**

Lawless, the Hon. Emily.
Hurrish 1 v.

"Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands:" *vide* **Victoria R. I.**

Lee, Holme, †1900: *vide* **Harriet Parr.**

Le Fanu, J. S., † 1873.
Uncle Silas 2 v. — Guy Deverell 2 v.

Lemon, Mark, † 1870.
Wait for the End 2 v. — Loved at Last 2 v. — Falkner Lyle 2 . — Leyton Hall, and other Tales 2 v. — Golden Fetters 2 v.

"Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth, the," Author of: *vide* **W. R. H. Trowbridge.**

Lever, Charles, † 1872.
The O'Donoghue 1 v. — The Knight of Gwynne 3 v. — Arthur O'Leary 2 v. — Harry Lorrequer 2 v. — Charles O'Malley 3 v. — Tom Burke of "Ours" 3 v. — Jack Hinton 2 v. — The Daltons 4 v. — The Dodd Family Abroad 3 v. — The Martins of Cro' Martin 3 v. — The Fortunes of Glencore 2 v. — Roland Cashel 3 v. — Davenport Dunn 3 v. — Confessions of Con Cregan 2 v. — One of Them 2 v. — Maurice Tiernay 2 v. — Sir Jasper Carew 2 v. — Barrington 2 v. — A Day's Ride 2 v. — Luttrell of Arran 2 v. — Tony Butler 2 v. — Sir Brook Fossbrooke 2 v. — The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly 2 v. — A Rent in a Cloud 1 v. — That Boy of Norcott's 1 v. — St. Patrick's Eve; Paul Gosslett's Confessions 1 v. — Lord Kilgobbin 2 v.

Levett-Yeats, S.
The Honour of Savelli 1 v. — The Chevalier d'Auriac 1 v. — The Traitor's Way 1 v. — The Lord Protector 1 v. — Orrain 1 v.

Lewes, G. H., † 1878.
Ranthorpe 1 v. — The Physiology of Common Life 2 v. — On Actors and the Art of Acting 1 v.

Linton, Mrs. E. Lynn, † 1898.
The true History of Joshua Davidson 1 v. — Patricia Kemball 2 v. — The Atonement of Leam Dundas 2 v. — The World well Lost 2 v. — Under which Lord? 2 v. — With a Silken Thread, and other Stories 1 v. — Todhunters' at Loanin' Head, and other Stories 1 v. — "My Love!" 2 v. — The Girl of the Period, and other Social Essays 1 v. — Ione 2 v.

Lockhart, Laurence W. M., † 1882.
Mine is Thine 2 v.

Loftus, Lord Augustus.
Diplomatic Reminiscences 1837 - 1862 (with Portrait) 2 v.

Longard, Mme de: *vide* **D. Gerard.**

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (Am.), † 1882.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 3 v. — The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri 3 v. — The New-England Tragedies 1 v. — The Divine Tragedy 1 v. — Flower-de-Luce, and Three Books of Song 1 v. — The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems 1 v.

Lonsdale, Margaret.
Sister Dora (with a Portrait of Sister Dora) 1 v.

Lorimer, George Horace (Am.).
Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son 1 v. — Old Gorgon Graham 1 v.

"Lost Battle, a," Author of.
A Lost Battle 2 v.

Lubbock, Sir John (Lord Avebury).
The Pleasures of Life 1 v. — The Beauties of Nature (with Illustrations) 1 v. — The Use of Life 1 v. — Scenery of Switzerland (with Illustrations) 2 v. — Essays and Addresses 1900-1903 1 v.

"Lutfullah": *vide* Eastwick.

Lyall, Edna, † 1903.
We Two 2 v. — Donovan 2 v. — In the Golden Days 2 v. — Knight-Errant 2 v. — Won by Waiting 2 v. — Wayfaring Men 2 v. — Hope the Hermit 2 v. — Doreen 2 v. — In Spite of All 2 v. — The Hinderers 1 v.

Lytton, Lord: *vide* E. Bulwer.

Lytton, Robert Lord (Owen Meredith), † 1891.
Poems 2 v. — Fables in Song 2 v.

Maartens, Maarten.
The Sin of Joost Avelingh 1 v. — An Old Maid's Love 2 v. — God's Fool 2 v. — The Greater Glory 2 v. — My Lady Nobody 2 v. — Her Memory 1 v. — Some Women I have known 1 v. — My Poor Relations 2 v. — Dorothea 2 v.

M^{c}Aulay, Allan: *vide* Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Macaulay, Lord, Thomas Babington, † 1859.
History of England (with Portrait) 10 v. — Critical and Historical Essays 5 v. — Lays of Ancient Rome 1 v. — Speeches 2 v. — Biographical Essays 1 v. — William Pitt, Atterbury 1 v. — (See also Trevelyan).

M^{c}Carthy, Justin.
The Waterdale Neighbours 2 v. — Dear Lady Disdain 2 v. — Miss Misanthrope 2 v. — A History of our own Times 5 v. — Donna Quixote 2 v. — A short History of our own Times 2 v. — A History of the Four Georges vols. 1 & 2. — A History of our own Times vols. 6 & 7 (supplemental). — A History of the Four Georges and of William IV. Vols. 3, 4 & 5 (supplemental).

Mac Donald, George, † 1905.
Alec Forbes of Howglen 2 v. — Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood 2 v. — David Elginbrod 2 v. — The Vicar's Daughter 2 v. — Malcolm 2 v. — St. George and St. Michael 2 v. — The Marquis of Lossie 2 v. — Sir Gibbie 2 v. — Mary Marston 2 v. — The Gifts of the Child Christ, and other Tales 1 v. — The Princess and Curdie 1 v.

Mackarness, Mrs., † 1881.
Sunbeam Stories 1 v. — A Peerless Wife 2 v. — A Mingled Yarn 2 v.

Mackay, Eric, † 1898.
Love Letters of a Violinist, and other Poems 1 v.

M^{c}Knight, Charles (Am.).
Old Fort Duquesne 2 v.

Maclaren, Ian.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush 1 v. — The Days of Auld Langsyne 1 v. — His Majesty Baby 1 v.

Macleod, Fiona.
Wind and Wave 1 v. — The Sunset of Old Tales 1 v.

Macleod, Norman, † 1872.
The Old Lieutenant and his Son 1 v.

Macpherson, James, † 1796: *vide* Ossian.

Macquoid, Mrs.
Patty 2 v. — Miriam's Marriage 2 v. — Pictures across the Channel 2 v. — Too Soon 1 v. — My Story 2 v. — Diane 2 v. — Beside the River 2 v. — A Faithful Lover 2 v.

"Mademoiselle Mori," Author of (Miss Roberts).
Mademoiselle Mori 2 v. — Denise 1 v. — Madame Fontenoy 1 v. — On the Edge of the Storm 1 v. — The Atelier du Lys 2 v. — In the Olden Time 2 v.

Mahon, Lord: *vide* Stanhope.

Maine, E. S.
Scarscliff Rocks 2 v.

Malet, Sir Edward, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.
Shifting Scenes 1 v.

Malet, Lucas.
Colonel Enderby's Wife 2 v. — The History of Sir Richard Calmady 3 v.

Malmesbury, the Earl of, G.C.B.
Memoirs of an Ex-Minister 3 v.

Mann, Mary E.
A Winter's Tale 1 v. — The Cedar Star 1 v.

Mansfield, Robert Blachford.
The Log of the Water Lily 1 v.

Mark Twain: *vide* **Twain.**

"Marmorne," Author of: *vide* **P. G. Hamerton.**

Marryat, Capt., † 1848.

Jacob Faithful (with Portrait) 1 v. — Percival Keene 1 v. — Peter Simple 1 v. — Japhet in Search of a Father 1 v. — Monsieur Violet 1 v. — The Settlers in Canada 1 v. — The Mission 1 v. — The Privateer's-Man 1 v. — The Children of the New-Forest 1 v. — Valerie 1 v. — Mr. Midshipman Easy 1 v. — The King's Own 1 v.

Marryat, Florence, † 1899.

Love's Conflict 2 v. — For Ever and Ever 2 v. — The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt 2 v. — Nelly Brooke 2 v. — Véronique 2 v. — Petronel 2 v. — Her Lord and Master 2 v. — The Prey of the Gods 1 v. — Life and Letters of Captain Marryat 1 v. — Mad Dumaresq 2 v. — No Intentions 2 v. — Fighting the Air 1 v. — A Star and a Heart; An Utter Impossibility 1 v. — The Poison of Asps, and other Stories 1 v. — A Lucky Disappointment, and other Stories 1 v. — "My own Child" 2 v. — Her Father's Name 1 v. — A Harvest of Wild Oats 2 v. — A Little Stepson 1 v. — Written in Fire 1 v. — Her World against a Lie 2 v. — A Broken Blossom 2 v. — The Root of all Evil 2 v. — The Fair-haired Alda 2 v. — With Cupid's Eyes 2 v. — My Sister the Actress 2 v. — Phyllida 2 v. — How they loved Him 2 v. — Facing the Footlights (with Portrait) 2 v. — A Moment of Madness, and other Stories 1 v. — The Ghost of Charlotte Cray, and other Stories 1 v. — Peeress and Player 2 v. — Under the Lilies and Roses 2 v. — The Heart of Jane Warner 2 v. — The Heir Presumptive 2 v. — The Master Passion 2 v. — Spiders of Society 2 v. — Driven to Bay 1 v. — A Daughter of the Tropics 2 v. — Gentleman and Courtier 2 v. — On Circumstantial Evidence 2 v. — Mount Eden. A Romance 2 v. — Blindfold 2 v. — A Scarlet Sin 1 v. — A Bankrupt Heart 2 v. — The Spirit World 1 v. — The Beautiful Soul 1 v. — At Heart a Rake 2 v. — The Strange Transfiguration of Hannah Stubbs 1 v. — The Dream that Stayed 1 v. — A Passing Madness 1 v. — The Blood of the Vampire 1 v. — A Soul on Fire 1 v. — Iris the Avenger 1 v.

Marsh, Mrs. Anne (Caldwell), † 1874.

Ravenscliffe 2 v. — Emilia Wyndham 2 v. — Castle Avon 2 v. — Aubrey 2 v. — The Heiress of Haughton 2 v. — Evelyn Marston 2 v. — The Rose of Ashurst 2 v.

Marshall, Mrs. Emma, † 1899.

Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal 1 v. — Benvenuta 1 v. — Lady Alice 1 v. — Dayspring 1 v. — Life's Aftermath 1 v. — In the East Country 1 v. — No. XIII; or, The Story of the Lost Vestal 1 v. — In Four Reigns 1 v. — On the Banks of the Ouse 1 v. — In the City of Flowers 1 v. — Alma 1 v. — Under Salisbury Spire 1 v. — The End Crowns All 1 v. — Winchester Meads 1 v. — Eventide Light 1 v. — Winifrede's Journal 1 v. — Bristol Bells 1 v. — In the Service of Rachel Lady Russell 1 v. — A Lily among Thorns 1 v. — Penshurst Castle 1 v. — Kensington Palace 1 v. — The White King's Daughter 1 v. — The Master of the Musicians 1 v. — An Escape from the Tower 1 v. — A Haunt of Ancient Peace 1 v. — Castle Meadow 1 v. — In the Choir of Westminster Abbey 1 v. — The Young Queen of Hearts 1 v. — Under the Dome of St. Paul's 1 v. — The Parson's Daughter 1 v.

Mason, A. E. W.

The Four Feathers 2 v. — Miranda of the Balcony 1 v. — The Courtship of Morrice Buckler 2 v. — The Truants 2 v. — The Watchers 1 v.

Mathers, Helen (Mrs. Henry Reeves).

"Cherry Ripe!" 2 v. — "Land o' the Leal" 1 v. — My Lady Green Sleeves 2 v. — As he comes up the Stair, etc. 1 v. — Sam's Sweetheart 2 v. — Eyre's Acquittal 2 v. — Found Out 1 v. — Murder or Manslaughter? 1 v. — The Fashion of this World (80 Pf.) — Blind Justice, and "Who, being dead, yet Speaketh" 1 v. — What the Glass Told, and A Study of a Woman 1 v. — Bam Wildfire 2 v. — Becky 2 v. — Cinders 1 v. — "Honey" 1 v. — Griff of Griffithscourt 1 v. — The New Lady Teazle, and Other Stories and Essays 1 v. — The Ferryman 1 v.

Maurice, Colonel.

The Balance of Military Power in Europe 1 v.

Maurier, George du, † 1896.

Trilby 2 v. — The Martian 2 v.

Maxwell, Mrs.: *v.* **Miss Braddon.**

Maxwell, W. B.

The Ragged Messenger 2 v.

"Mehalah," Author of: *vide* **Baring-Gould.**

Melville, George J. Whyte, † 1878.

Kate Coventry 1 v. — Holmby House 2 v. — Digby Grand 1 v. — Good for Nothing 2 v. — The Queen's Maries 2 v. — The Gladiators 2 v. — The Brookes of Bridlemere 2 v. — Cerise 2 v. — The Interpreter 2 v. — The White Rose 2 v. — M. or N. 1 v. — Contraband 1 v. — Sarchedon 2 v. — UncleJohn 2 v. — Katerfelto 1 v. — Sister Louise 1 v. — Rosine 1 v. — Roys' Wife 2 v. — Black but Comely 2 v. — Riding Recollections 1 v.

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Meredith, George.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel 2 v. — Beauchamp's Career 2 v. — The Tragic Comedians 1 v. — Lord Ormont and his Aminta 2 v. — The Amazing Marriage 2 v.

Meredith, Owen: *vide* **Robert Lord Lytton.**

Merrick, Leonard.

The Man who was good 1 v. — This Stage of Fools 1 v. — Cynthia 1 v. — One Man's View 1 v. — The Actor-Manager 1 v. — The Worldlings 1 v. — When Love flies out o' the Window 1 v. — Conrad in Quest of His Youth 1 v. — The Quaint Companions 1 v.

Merriman, Henry Seton, † 1903.

Young Mistley 1 v. — Prisoners and Captives 2 v. — From One Generation to Another 1 v. — With Edged Tools 2 v. — The Sowers 2 v. — Flotsam 1 v. — In Kedar's Tents 1 v. — Roden's Corner 1 v. — The Isle of Unrest 1 v. — The Velvet Glove 1 v. — The Vultures 1 v. — Barlasch of the Guard 1 v. — Tomaso's Fortune, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Last Hope 2 v.

Merriman, H. S., & S. G. Tallentyre.

The Money-Spinner, etc. 1 v.

Milne, James.

The Epistles of Atkins 1 v.

Milton, John, † 1674.

Poetical Works 1 v.

"Molly, Miss," Author of.

Geraldine Hawthorne 1 v.

"Molly Bawn," Author of: *vide* **Mrs. Hungerford.**

Montgomery, Florence.

Misunderstood 1 v. — Thrown Together 2 v. — Thwarted 1 v. — Wild Mike 1 v. — Seaforth 2 v. — The Blue Veil 1 v. — Transformed 1 v. — The Fisherman's Daughter, etc. 1 v. — Colonel Norton 2 v. — Prejudged 1 v. — An Unshared Secret, and Other Tales 1 v.

Moore, Frank Frankfort.

"I Forbid the Banns" 2 v. — A Gray Eye or So 2 v. — One Fair Daughter 2 v. — They Call it Love 2 v. — The Jessamy Bride 1 v. — The Millionaires 1 v. — Nell Gwyn—Comedian 1 v. — A Damsel or Two 1 v. — Castle Omeragh 2 v. — Shipmates in Sunshine 2 v. — The Original Woman 1 v. — The White Causeway 1 v.

Moore, George.

Celibates 1 v. — Evelyn Innes 2 v. — Sister Teresa 2 v. — The Untilled Field 1 v. — Confessions of a Young Man 1 v.

Moore, Thomas, † 1852.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.

Morgan, Lady, † 1859.

Memoirs 3 v.

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Of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. With Facsimiles of the Signatures of Authors in the Tauchnitz Edition (v. 2000, published 1881) 1 v.

Morris, William.

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Tales of Mean Streets 1 v. — A Child of the Jago 1 v. — To London Town 1 v. — Cunning Murrell 1 v. — The Hole in the Wall 1 v. — The Green Eye of Goona 1 v. — Divers Vanities 1 v.

Muirhead, James Fullarton.

The Land of Contrasts 1 v.

Mulock, Miss: *vide* **Mrs. Craik.**

Murray, David Christie.

Rainbow Gold 2 v.

Murray, Grenville: *v.* **Grenville.**

"My Little Lady," Author of: *vide* **E. Frances Poynter.**

New Testament, the.
The Authorised English Version, with Introduction and Various Readings from the three most celebrated Manuscripts of the Original Text, by Constantine Tischendorf (vol. 1000, published 1869) 1 v.

Newby, Mrs. C. J.
Common Sense 2 v.

Newman, Dr. J. H. (Cardinal Newman), † 1890.
Callista 1 v.

Nicholls, Mrs.: *vide* **Currer Bell.**

"Nina Balatka," Author of: *vide* **Anthony Trollope.**

"No Church," Author of (F. Robinson).
No Church 2 v. — Owen:—a Waif 2 v.

Noel, Lady Augusta.
From Generation to Generation 1 v. — Hithersea Mere 2 v.

Norris, Frank (Am.), † 1902.
The Octopus 2 v. — The Pit 2 v.

Norris, W. E.
My Friend Jim 1 v. — A Bachelor's Blunder 2 v. — Major and Minor 2 v. — The Rogue 2 v. — Miss Shafto 2 v. — Mrs. Fenton 1 v. — Misadventure 2 v. — Saint Ann's 1 v. — A Victim of Good Luck 1 v. — The Dancer in Yellow 1 v. — Clarissa Furiosa 2 v. — Marietta's Marriage 2 v. — The Fight for the Crown 1 v. — The Widower 1 v. — Giles Ingilby 1 v. — The Flower of the Flock 1 v. — His Own Father 1 v. — The Credit of the County 1 v. — Lord Leonard the Luckless 1 v. — Nature's Comedian 1 v. — Nigel's Vocation 1 v. — Barham of Beltana 1 v.

Norton, Hon. Mrs., † 1877.
Stuart of Dunleath 2 v. — Lost and Saved 2 v. — Old Sir Douglas 2 v.

"Not Easily Jealous," Author of (Miss Iza Hardy).
Not Easily Jealous 2 v.

"Novels and Tales": *vide* **"Household Words."**

O'Conor-Eccles, Charlotte: *vide* **Hal Godfrey.**

Oliphant, Laurence, † 1888.
Altiora Peto 2 v. — Masollam 2 v.

Oliphant, Mrs., † 1897.
The Last of the Mortimers 2 v. — Mrs. Margaret Maitland 1 v. — Agnes 2 v. — Madonna Mary 2 v. — The Minister's Wife 2 v. — The Rector and the Doctor's Family 1 v. — Salem Chapel 2 v. — The Perpetual Curate 2 v. — Miss Marjoribanks 2 v. — Ombra 2 v. — Memoir of Count de Montalembert 2 v. — May 2 v. — Innocent 2 v. — For Love and Life 2 v. — A Rose in June 1 v. — The Story of Valentine and his Brother 2 v. — Whiteladies 2 v. — The Curate in Charge 1 v. — Phœbe, Junior 2 v. — Mrs. Arthur 2 v. — Carità 2 v. — Young Musgrave 2 v. — The Primrose Path 2 v. — Within the Precincts 3 v. — The Greatest Heiress in England 2 v. — He that will not when he may 2 v. — Harry Joscelyn 2 v. — In Trust 2 v. — It was a Lover and his Lass 3 v. — The Ladies Lindores 3 v. — Hester 3 v. — The Wizard's Son 3 v. — A Country Gentleman and his Family 2 v. — Neighbours on the Green 1 v. — The Duke's Daughter 1 v. — The Fugitives 1 v. — Kirsteen 2 v. — Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife 2 v. — The Little Pilgrim in the Unseen 1 v. — The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent 2 v. — The Sorceress 2 v. — Sir Robert's Fortune 2 v. — The Ways of Life 1 v. — Old Mr. Tredgold 2 v.

"One who has kept a Diary": *vide* **George W E. Russell.**

Osbourne, Lloyd.
Baby Bullet 1 v.

Ossian.
The Poems of Ossian. Translated by James Macpherson 1 v.

Ouida.
Idalia 2 v. — Tricotrin 2 v. — Puck 2 v. — Chandos 2 v. — Strathmore 2 v. — Under two Flags 2 v. — Folle-Farine 2 v. — A Leaf in the Storm; A Dog of Flanders; A Branch of Lilac; A Provence Rose 1 v. — Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Madame la Marquise, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Pascarèl 2 v. — Held in Bondage 2 v. — Two little Wooden Shoes 1 v. — Signa (with Portrait) 3 v. — In a Winter City 1 v. — Ariadnê 2 v. —

Friendship 2 v. — Moths 3 v. — Pipistrello, and other Stories 1 v. — A Village Commune 2 v. — In Maremma 3 v. — Bimbi 1 v. — Wanda 3 v. — Frescoes and other Stories 1 v. — Princess Napraxine 3 v. — Othmar 3 v. — A Rainy June (60 Pf.). Don Gesualdo (60 Pf.). — A House Party 1 v. — Guilderoy 2 v. — Syrlin 3 v. — Ruffino, and other Stories 1 v. — Santa Barbara, etc. 1 v. — Two Offenders 1 v. — The Silver Christ, etc. 1 v. — Toxin, and other Papers 1 v. — Le Selve, and Tonia 1 v. — The Massarenes 2 v. — An Altruist, and Four Essays 1 v. — La Strega, and other Stories 1 v. — The Waters of Edera 1 v. — Street Dust, and Other Stories 1 v. — Critical Studies 1 v.

"Outcasts, the," Author of: *vide* **"Roy Tellet."**

Parker, Sir Gilbert.

The Battle of the Strong 2 v. — Donovan Pasha, and Some People of Egypt 1 v. — The Seats of the Mighty 2 v.

Parr, Harriet (Holme Lee), † 1900.

Basil Godfrey's Caprice 2 v. — For Richer, for Poorer 2 v. — The Beautiful Miss Barrington 2 v. — Her Title of Honour 1 v. — Echoes of a Famous Year 1 v. — Katherine's Trial 1 v. — The Vicissitudes of Bessie Fairfax 2 v. — Ben Milner's Wooing 1 v. — Straightforward 2 v. — Mrs. Denys of Cote 2 v. — A Poor Squire 1 v.

Parr, Mrs.

Dorothy Fox 1 v. — The Prescotts of Pamphillon 2 v. — The Gosau Smithy, etc. 1 v. — Robin 2 v. — Loyalty George 2 v.

Paston, George.

A Study in Prejudices 1 v. — A Fair Deceiver 1 v.

Paul, Mrs.: *vide* **Author of "Still Waters."**

"Paul Ferroll," Author of (Mrs. Caroline Clive), † 1873.

Paul Ferroll 1 v. — Year after Year 1 v. — Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife 1 v.

Payn, James, † 1898.

Found Dead 1 v. — Gwendoline's Harvest 1 v. — Like Father, like Son 2 v. — Not Wooed, but Won 2 v. — Cecil's Tryst 1 v. — A Woman's Vengeance 2 v. — Murphy's Master 1 v. — In the Heart of a Hill, and other Stories 1 v. — At Her Mercy 2 v. — The Best of Husbands 2 v. — Walter's Word 2 v. — Halves 2 v. — Fallen Fortunes 2 v. — What He cost Her 2 v. — By Proxy 2 v. — Less Black than we're Painted 2 v. — Under one Roof 2 v. — High Spirits 1 v. — High Spirits *(Second Series)* 1 v. — A Confidential Agent 2 v. — From Exile 2 v. — A Grape from a Thorn 2 v. — Some Private Views 1 v. — For Cash Only 2 v. — Kit: A Memory 2 v. — The Canon's Ward (with Portrait) 2 v. — Some Literary Recollections 1 v. — The Talk of the Town 1 v. — The Luck of the Darrells 2 v. — The Heir of the Ages 2 v. — Holiday Tasks 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales *(First Series)* 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales *(Second Series)* 1 v. — A Prince of the Blood 2 v. — The Mystery of Mirbridge 2 v. — The Burnt Million 2 v. — The Word and the Will 2 v. — Sunny Stories, and some Shady Ones 1 v. — A Modern Dick Whittington 2 v. — A Stumble on the Threshold 2 v. — A Trying Patient 1 v. — Gleams of Memory, and The Eavesdropper 1 v. — In Market Overt 1 v. — The Disappearance of George Driffell, and other Tales 1 v. — Another's Burden etc. 1 v. — The Backwater of Life, or Essays of a Literary Veteran 1 v.

Peard, Frances Mary.

One Year 2 v. — The Rose-Garden 1 v. — Unawares 1 v. — Thorpe Regis 1 v. — A Winter Story 1 v. — A Madrigal, and other Stories 1 v. — Cartouche 1 v. — Mother Molly 1 v. — Schloss and Town 2 v. — Contradictions 2 v. — Near Neighbours 1 v. — Alicia Tennant 1 v. — Madame's Granddaughter 1 v. — Donna Teresa 1 v. — Number One and Number Two 1 v. — The Ring from Jaipur 1 v.

Pemberton, Max.

The Impregnable City 1 v. — A Woman of Kronstadt 1 v. — The Phantom Army 1 v. — The Garden of Swords 1 v. — The Footsteps of a Throne 1 v. — Pro Patria 1 v. — The Giant's Gate 2 v. — I crown thee King 1 v. — The House under the Sea 1 v. — The Gold Wolf 1 v. — Doctor Xavier 1 v. — Red Morn 1 v. — Beatrice of Venice 2 v. — Mid the Thick Arrows 2 v.

Percy, Bishop Thomas, † 1811.

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 3 v.

Philips, F. C.

As in a Looking Glass 1 v. — The Dean and his Daughter 1 v. — Lucy Smith 1 v. — A Lucky Young Woman 1 v. — Jack and Three Jills 1 v. — Little Mrs. Murray 1 v. — Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship 1 v. — Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Extenuating Circumstances, and A French Marriage 1 v. — More Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Constance 2 v. — That Wicked Mad'moiselle, etc. 1 v. — A Doctor in Difficulties, etc. 1 v. — Black and White 1 v. — "One Never Knows" 2 v. — Of Course 1 v. — Miss Ormerod's Protégé 1 v. — My little Husband 1 v. — Mrs. Bouverie 1 v. — A Question of Colour, and other Stories 1 v. — A Devil in Nun's Veiling 1 v. — A Full Confession, and other Stories 1 v. — The Luckiest of Three 1 v. — Poor Little Bella 1 v. — Eliza Clarke, Governess, and Other Stories 1 v. — Marriage, etc. 1 v. — Schoolgirls of To-day, etc. 1 v. — If Only, etc. 1 v. — An Unfortunate Blend 1 v.

Philips, F. C. & Percy Fendall.

A Daughter's Sacrifice 1 v. — Margaret Byng 1 v.

Philips, F. C. & C. J. Wills.

The Fatal Phryne 1 v. — The Scudamores 1 v. — A Maiden Fair to See 1 v. — Sybil Ross's Marriage 1 v.

Phillpotts, Eden.

Lying Prophets 2 v. — The Human Boy 1 v. — Sons of the Morning 2 v. — The Good Red Earth 1 v. — The Striking Hours 1 v. — The Farm of the Dagger 1 v.

Piddington, Miss: *vide* **Author of "The Last of the Cavaliers."**

Poe, Edgar Allan (Am.), † 1849.

Poems and Essays, edited with a new Memoir by John H. Ingram 1 v. — Tales, edited by John H. Ingram 1 v.

Pope, Alexander, † 1744.

Select Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Poynter, Miss E. Frances.

My Little Lady 2 v. — Ersilia 2 v. — Among the Hills 1 v. — Madame de Presnel 1 v.

Praed, Mrs. Campbell.

Zéro 1 v. — Affinities 1 v. — The Head Station 2 v.

Prentiss, Mrs. E. (Am.), † 1878.

Stepping Heavenward 1 v.

Prince Consort, the, † 1861.

His Principal Speeches and Addresses (with Portrait) 1 v.

Pryce, Richard.

Miss Maxwell's Affections 1 v. — The Quiet Mrs. Fleming 1 v. — Time and the Woman 1 v.

Pym, Hor. N.: *v.* **Caroline Fox.**

Queen, H. M. the: *vide* **Victoria R. I.**

Quiller-Couch, A. T. (Q.)

Noughts and Crosses 1 v. — I Saw Three Ships 1 v. — Dead Man's Rock 1 v. — Ia and other Tales 1 v. — The Ship of Stars 1 v. — The Adventures of Harry Revel 1 v. — Fort Amity 1 v.

Rae, W. Fraser, † 1905.

Westward by Rail 1 v. — Miss Bayle's Romance 2 v. — The Business of Travel 1 v.

Raimond, C. E. (Miss Robins).

The Open Question 2 v. — The Magnetic North 2 v. — A Dark Lantern 2 v.

"Rajah's Heir, the," Author of.

The Rajah's Heir 2 v.

Reade, Charles, † 1884.

"It is never too late to mend" 2 v. — "Love me little, love me long" 1 v. — The Cloister and the Hearth 2 v. — Hard Cash 3 v. — Put Yourself in his Place 2 v. — A Terrible Temptation 2 v. — Peg Woffington 1 v. — Christie Johnstone 1 v. — A Simpleton 2 v. — The Wandering Heir 1 v. — A Woman-Hater 2 v. — Readiana 1 v. — Singleheart and Doubleface 1 v.

"Recommended to Mercy," Author of (Mrs. Houstoun).

"Recommended to Mercy" 2 v. — Zoe's "Brand" 2 v.

Reeves, Mrs.: *v.* **Helen Mathers.**

Rhys, Grace.

Mary Dominic 1 v. — The Wooing of Sheila 1 v.

Rice, James: *v.* **Walter Besant.**

Richards, Alfred Bate, † 1876.

So very Human 3 v.

Richardson, S., † 1761.
Clarissa Harlowe 4 v.

Riddell, Mrs. (F. G. Trafford).
George Geith of Fen Court 2 v. — Maxwell Drewitt 2 v. — The Race for Wealth 2 v. — Far above Rubies 2 v. — The Earl's Promise 2 v. — Mortomley's Estate 2 v.

"Rita."
Souls 1 v. — The Jesters 1 v. — The Masqueraders 2 v. — Queer Lady Judas 2 v.

Ritchie, Mrs. Anne Thackeray: *vide* **Miss Thackeray.**

Roberts, Miss: *vide* **Author of "Mademoiselle Mori."**

Robertson, Rev. Frederick W., † 1853.
Sermons 4 v.

Robins, Miss: *vide* **Raimond.**

Robinson, F.: *vide* **Author of "No Church."**

Ross, Charles H.
The Pretty Widow 1 v. — A London Romance 2 v.

Ross, Martin: *vide* **Somerville.**

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, † 1882.
Poems 1 v. — Ballads and Sonnets 1 v.

"Roy Tellet."
The Outcasts 1 v. — A Draught of Lethe 1 v. — Pastor and Prelate 2 v.

Ruffini, J., † 1881.
Lavinia 2 v. — Doctor Antonio 1 v. — Lorenzo Benoni 1 v. — Vincenzo 2 v. — A Quiet Nook in the Jura 1 v. — The Paragreens on a Visit to Paris 1 v. — Carlino, and other Stories 1 v.

Russell, W. Clark.
A Sailor's Sweetheart 2 v. — The "Lady Maud" 2 v. — A Sea Queen 2 v.

Russell, George W. E.
Collections and Recollections. By One who has kept a Diary 2 v. — A Londoner's Log-Book 1 v.

Sala, George Augustus, † 1895.
The Seven Sons of Mammon 2 v.

Saunders, John.
Israel Mort, Overman 2 v. — The Shipowner's Daughter 2 v. — A Noble Wife 2 v.

Saunders, Katherine (Mrs. Cooper).
Joan Merryweather, and other Tales 1 v. — Gideon's Rock, and other Tales 1 v. — The High Mills 2 v. — Sebastian 1 v.

Savage, Richard Henry (Am.), † 1903.
My Official Wife 1 v. — The Little Lady of Lagunitas (with Portrait) 2 v. — Prince Schamyl's Wooing 1 v. — The Masked Venus 2 v. — Delilah of Harlem 2 v. — The Anarchist 2 v. — A Daughter of Judas 1 v. — In the Old Chateau 1 v. — Miss Devereux of the Mariquita 2 v. — Checked Through 2 v. — A Modern Corsair 2 v. — In the Swim 2 v. — The White Lady of Khaminavatka 2 v. — In the House of His Friends 2 v. — The Mystery of a Shipyard 2 v. — A Monte Cristo in Khaki 1 v.

Schreiner, Olive.
Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland 1 v.

Scott, Sir Walter, † 1832.
Waverley (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Antiquary 1 v. — Ivanhoe 1 v. — Kenilworth 1 v. — Quentin Durward 1 v. — Old Mortality 1 v. — Guy Mannering 1 v. — Rob Roy 1 v. — The Pirate 1 v. — The Fortunes of Nigel 1 v. — The Black Dwarf; A Legend of Montrose 1 v. — The Bride of Lammermoor 1 v. — The Heart of Mid-Lothian 2 v. — The Monastery 1 v. — The Abbot 1 v. — Peveril of the Peak 2 v. — Poetical Works 2 v. — Woodstock 1 v. — The Fair Maid of Perth 1 v. — Anne of Geierstein 1 v.

Seeley, Prof. J. R., M.A., † 1895.
Life and Times of Stein (with a Portrait of Stein) 4 v. — The Expansion of England 1 v. — Goethe 1 v.

Sewell, Elizabeth.
Amy Herbert 2 v. — Ursula 2 v. — A Glimpse of the World 2 v. — The Journal of a Home Life 2 v. — After Life 2 v. — The Experience of Life 2 v.

Shakespeare, William, † 1616.
Plays and Poems (with Portrait) *(Second Edition)* 7 v. — Doubtful Plays 1 v.
Shakespeare's Plays may also be had in 37 numbers, at *M* 0,30. each number.

Sharp, William: *vide* **Miss Howard and Swinburne.**

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, † 1822.
A Selection from his Poems 1 v.

Sheppard, Nathan (Am.), † 1888.
Shut up in Paris 1 v.

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, † 1816.
The Dramatic Works 1 v.

Shorthouse, J. Henry.
John Inglesant 2 v. — Blanche, Lady Falaise 1 v.

Slatin Pasha, Rudolf C., C.B
Fire and Sword in the Sudan (with two Maps in Colours) 3 v.

Smedley, F. E.: *vide* Author of "Frank Fairlegh."

Smollett, Tobias, † 1771.
Roderick Random 1 v. — Humphry Clinker 1 v. — Peregrine Pickle 2 v.

"Society in London," Author of.
Society in London. By a Foreign Resident 1 v.

Somerville, E. Œ., & Martin Ross.
Naboth's Vineyard 1 v. — All on the Irish Shore 1 v.

"Spanish Brothers, the," Author of
The Spanish Brothers 2 v.

Stanhope, Earl (Lord Mahon), † 1875.
The History of England 7 v. — Reign of Queen Anne 2 v.

Steel, Flora Annie.
The Hosts of the Lord 2 v. — In the Guardianship of God 1 v.

Steevens, G. W., † 1900.
From Capetown to Ladysmith 1 v.

Sterne, Laurence, † 1768.
Tristram Shandy 1 v. — A Sentimental Journey (with Portrait) 1 v.

Stevenson, Robert Louis, † 1894.
Treasure Island 1 v. — Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and An Inland Voyage 1 v. — Kidnapped 1 v. — The Black Arrow 1 v. — The Master of Ballantrae 1 v. — The Merry Men, etc. 1 v. — Across the Plains, etc. 1 v. — Island Nights' Entertainments 1 v. — Catriona 1 v. — Weir of Hermiston 1 v. — St. Ives 2 v. — In the South Seas 2 v. — Tales and Fantasies 1 v.

"Still Waters," Author of (Mrs. Paul).
Still Waters 1 v. — Dorothy 1 v. — De Cressy 1 v. — Uncle Ralph 1 v. — Maiden Sisters 1 v. — Martha Brown 1 v. — Vanessa 1 v.

Stirling, M. C.: *vide* G. M. Craik.

Stockton, Frank R. (Am.).
The House of Martha 1 v.

"Story of a Penitent Soul, the," Author of.
The Story of a Penitent Soul 1 v.

"Story of Elizabeth, the," Author of: *vide* Miss Thackeray.

Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher (Am.), † 1896.
Uncle Tom's Cabin (with Portrait) 2 v. — A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin 2 v. — Dred 2 v. — The Minister's Wooing 1 v. — Oldtown Folks 2 v.

"Sunbeam Stories," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Mackarness.

Swift, Jonathan (Dean Swift), † 1745.
Gulliver's Travels 1 v.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles.
Atalanta in Calydon: and Lyrical Poems (edited, with an Introduction, by William Sharp) 1 v. — Love's Cross-Currents 1 v.

Symonds, John Addington, † 1893.
Sketches in Italy 1 v. — New Italian Sketches 1 v.

Tallentyre, S. G.: *v.* H. S. Merriman.

Tasma.
Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill 2 v.

Tautphoeus, Baroness, † 1893.
Cyrilla 2 v. — The Initials 2 v. — Quits 2 v. — At Odds 2 v.

Taylor, Col. Meadows, † 1876.
Tara; a Mahratta Tale 3 v.

Templeton: *vide* Author of "Horace Templeton."

Tennyson, Alfred (Lord), † 1892.
Poetical Works 8 v. — Queen Mary

1 v. — Harold 1 v. — Becket; The Cup; The Falcon 1 v. — Locksley Hall, sixty Years after; The Promise of May; Tiresias and other Poems 1 v. — A Memoir. By His Son (with Portrait) 4 v.

Testament, the New: *vide* New.

Thackeray, William Makepeace, † 1863.

Vanity Fair 3 v. — Pendennis 3 v. — Miscellanies 8 v. — Henry Esmond 2 v. — The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century 1 v. — The Newcomes 4 v. — The Virginians 4 v. — The Four Georges; Lovel the Widower 1 v. — The Adventures of Philip 2 v. — Denis Duval 1 v. — Roundabout Papers 2 v. — Catherine 1 v. — The Irish Sketch Book 2 v. — The Paris Sketch Book (with Portrait) 2 v.

Thackeray, Miss (Mrs. Ritchie).

The Story of Elizabeth 1 v. — The Village on the Cliff 1 v. — Old Kensington 2 v. — Bluebeard's Keys, and other Stories 1 v. — Five Old Friends 1 v. — Miss Angel 1 v. — Out of the World, and other Tales 1 v. — Fulham Lawn, and other Tales 1 v. — From an Island. A Story and some Essays 1 v. — Da Capo, and other Tales 1 v. — Madame de Sévigné; From a Stage Box; Miss Williamson's Divagations 1 v. — A Book of Sibyls 1 v. — Mrs. Dymond 2 v. — Chapters from some Memoirs 1 v.

Thomas a Kempis: *v.* Kempis.

Thomas, A. (Mrs. Pender Cudlip).

Denis Donne 2 v. — On Guard 2 v. — Walter Goring 2 v. — Played Out 2 v. — Called to Account 2 v. — Only Herself 2 v. — A Narrow Escape 2 v.

Thomson, James, † 1748.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

"Thoth," Author of.

Thoth 1 v.

"Tim," Author of.

Tim 1 v.

Trafford, F. G.: *v.* Mrs. Riddell.

Trevelyan, Right Hon. Sir George Otto.

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay (with Portrait) 4 v. — Selections from the Writings of Lord Macaulay 2 v. — The American Revolution (with a Map) 2 v.

Trois-Etoiles, *vide* Grenville: Murray.

Trollope, Anthony, † 1882.

Doctor Thorne 2 v. — The Bertrams 2 v. — The Warden 1 v. — Barchester Towers 2 v. — Castle Richmond 2 v. — The West Indies 1 v. — Framley Parsonage 2 v. — North America 3 v. — Orley Farm 3 v. — Rachel Ray 2 v. — The Small House at Allington 3 v. — Can you forgive her? 3 v. — The Belton Estate 2 v. — Nina Balatka 1 v. — The Last Chronicle of Barset 3 v. — The Claverings 2 v. — Phineas Finn 3 v. — He knew he was right 3 v. — The Vicar of Bullhampton 2 v. — Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite 1 v. — Ralph the Heir 2 v. — The Golden Lion of Granpere 1 v. — Australia and New Zealand 3 v. — Lady Anna 2 v. — Harry Heathcote of Gangoil 1 v. — The Way we live now 4 v. — The Prime Minister 4 v. — The American Senator 3 v. — South Africa 2 v. — Is He Popenjoy? 3 v. — An Eye for an Eye 1 v. — John Caldigate 3 v. — Cousin Henry 1 v. — The Duke's Children 3 v. — Dr. Wortle's School 1 v. — Ayala's Angel 3 v. — The Fixed Period 1 v. — Marion Fay 2 v. — Kept in the Dark 1 v. — Frau Frohmann, and other Stories 1 v. — Alice Dugdale, and other Stories 1 v. — La Mère Bauche, and other Stories 1 v. — The Mistletoe Bough, and other Stories 1 v. — An Autobiography 1 v. — An Old Man's Love 1 v.

Trollope, T. Adolphus, † 1892.

The Garstangs of Garstang Grange 2 v. — A Siren 2 v.

Trowbridge, W. R. H.

The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth 1 v. — A Girl of the Multitude 1 v. — That Little Marquis of Brandenburg 1 v.

Twain, Mark (Samuel L. Clemens) (Am.).

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer 1 v. — The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrims' Progress 2 v. — A Tramp Abroad 2 v. — "Roughing it" 1 v. — The Innocents at Home 1 v. — The Prince and the Pauper 2 v. — The Stolen White Elephant, etc. 1 v. — Life on the Mississippi 2 v. — Sketches (with Portrait) 1 v. — Huckleberry Finn 2 v. — Selections from American Humour 1 v. — A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur 2 v. — The American Claimant 1 v. — The £ 1 000 000 Bank-Note and other new Stories 1 v. — Tom Sawyer Abroad 1 v. — Pudd'nhead Wilson 1 v. — Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc 2 v. — Tom Sawyer, Detective

and other Tales 1 v. — More Tramps Abroad 2 v. — The Man that corrupted Hadleyburg, etc. 2 v. — A Double-Barrelled Detective Story, etc. 1 v.

"Two Cosmos, the," Author of.
The Two Cosmos 1 v.

"Venus and Cupid," Author of.
Venus and Cupid 1 v.

"Vèra," Author of.
Vèra 1 v. — The Hôtel du Petit St. Jean 1 v. — Blue Roses 2 v. — Within Sound of the Sea 2 v. — The Maritime Alps and their Seaboard 2 v.—Ninette 1 v.

Victoria R. I.
Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861 1 v. — More Leaves, etc. from 1862 to 1882 1 v.

"Virginia," Author of.
Virginia 1 v.

Vizetelly, Ernest Alfred.
With Zola in England 1 v.

Walford, L. B.
Mr. Smith 2 v. — Pauline 2 v. — Cousins 2 v. — Troublesome Daughters 2 v. — Leddy Marget 1 v.

Wallace, D. Mackenzie.
Russia 3 v.

Wallace, Lew. (Am.), † 1905.
Ben-Hur 2 v.

Warburton, Eliot, † 1852.
The Crescent and the Cross 2 v. — Darien 2 v.

Ward, Mrs. Humphry.
Robert Elsmere 3 v. — David Grieve 3 v. — Miss Bretherton 1 v. — Marcella 3 v. Bessie Costrell 1 v. — Sir George Tressady 2 v. — Helbeck of Bannisdale 2 v. — Eleanor 2 v. — Lady Rose's Daughter 2 v. — The Marriage of William Ashe 2 v.

Warner, Susan *vide*: **Wetherell.**

Warren, Samuel, † 1877.
Diary of a late Physician 2 v. — Ten Thousand a-Year 3 v. — Now and Then 1 v. — The Lily and the Bee 1 v.

"Waterdale Neighbours, the," Author of: *v.* **Justin McCarthy.**

Watts-Dunton, Theodore.
Aylwin 2 v.

Wells, H. G.
The Stolen Bacillus, etc. 1 v. — The War of the Worlds 1 v. — The Invisible Man 1 v. — The Time Machine, and The Island of Doctor Moreau 1 v. — When the Sleeper Wakes 1 v. — Tales of Space and Time 1 v. — The Plattner Story, and Others 1 v. — Love and Mr. Lewisham 1 v.—The Wheels of Chance 1 v. — Anticipations 1 v. — The First Men in the Moon 1 v. — The Sea Lady 1 v.—Mankind in the Making 2 v.—Twelve Stories and a Dream 1 v. — The Food of the Gods 1 v. — A Modern Utopia 1 v.

Westbury, Hugh.
Acte 2 v.

Wetherell, Elizabeth (Susan Warner) (Am.), † 1885.
The wide, wide World 1 v. — Queechy 2 v. — The Hills of the Shatemuc 2 v. — Say and Seal 2 v. — The Old Helmet 2 v.

Weyman, Stanley J.
The House of the Wolf 1 v. — The Story of Francis Cludde 2 v. — A Gentleman of France 2 v. — The Man in Black 1 v. — Under the Red Robe 1 v. — My Lady Rotha 2 v. — From the Memoirs of a Minister of France 1 v. — The Red Cockade 2 v. — Shrewsbury 2 v. — The Castle Inn 2 v. — Sophia 2 v. — Count Hannibal 2 v. — In Kings' Byways 1 v. — The Long Night 2 v. — The Abbess of Vlaye 2 v. — Starvecrow Farm 2 v.

"Whim, a, and its Consequences," Author of.
A Whim, and its Consequences 1 v.

Whitby, Beatrice.
The Awakening of Mary Fenwick 2 v. — In the Suntime of her Youth 2 v.

White, Percy.
Mr. Bailey-Martin 1 v.—The West End 2 v. —The New Christians 1 v. — Park Lane 2 v. — The Countess and The King's Diary 1 v. — The Triumph of Mrs. St. George 2 v. — A Millionaire's Daughter 1 v. — A Passionate Pilgrim 1 v. — The System 2 v. — The Patient Man 1 v.

White, Walter.
Holidays in Tyrol 1 v.

Whiteing, Richard.
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